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EXAMPLES

OF

YOUTHFUL PIETY;

PRINCIPALLY INTENDED

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION OF YOUNG PERSONS

BY THOMAS EVANS.

"Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years, but *wisdom* is the gray hair unto men, and an *unspotted life* is old age."—WISDOM.

PHILADELPHIA:
FOR SALE AT FRIENDS' BOOK STORE,
No. 84 MULBERRY STREET.
1847.

PRINTED BY SMITH AND PETERS,
Franklin Buildings, 6th St., below Arch.

PREFACE.

THE following pages have been compiled with a view of exhibiting to young persons the happy effects and peaceful termination of a religious life, in those of their own age. The materials for the narratives have been principally obtained from the different volumes of Piety Promoted, and other authentic memoirs; but as many of the accounts were more detailed than appeared necessary to answer the design of the present work, they have been written anew, and in some instances abridged. For the liberty thus taken, it is hoped the desirable object of embracing as much instructive matter in as small a space as practicable, will be considered a sufficient apology.

The frequent vocal reading of the Holy Scriptures and other religious books in families, is a practice which has been productive of good to many. It not only accustoms children to habits of stillness and sobriety, but is often a means of making serious impressions on their minds, which exercise a salutary influence over their characters and conduct through life. There are probably few persons, whose privilege it has been to receive an education in families where this Christian duty has been observed, who cannot recur to some of these seasons of religious retirement, as times of heavenly visitation, wherein their spirits have been contrited before the Lord, and induced to enter into covenant with Him.

Those who are duly sensible of the great responsibility which attaches to the parental relation, and who feel a correspondent engagement faithfully to discharge their duty towards their families, cannot neglect the practice of collecting them, either for silent waiting or

devotional reading. Where this is done with minds reverently disposed to seek the Divine blessing on their endeavours, we cannot doubt but that He who hears and answers prayer, and who beholds with approbation the tender solicitude of pious parents for the everlasting welfare of their offspring, will graciously assist them by the influences of his Holy Spirit. And although it may sometimes be the case that but little benefit is apparent, at the time, from the labour thus bestowed, yet this should not be made an apology for its discontinuance. The lessons of religious instruction thus imparted may prove as "bread cast upon the waters," the advantages of which will be seen and felt after many days. Even if the exertions of parents to "lead their children in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake," should not ultimately be crowned with complete success; yet, if they honestly endeavour, by precept and example, to train them up in a holy life and conversation, they will enjoy the consoling reflection of having discharged their duty as regards this important part of their stewardship.

In the list of religious books, the inspired writings are, unquestionably, pre-eminent. But while we cheerfully bear our testimony to their superior excellence as an external means of moral and religious instruction, and desire to see them made the subject of attentive daily perusal, it is proper that we should also avail ourselves of other helps which are offered to us. Of these we may safely place next to the Sacred Volume, the history of the closing days of those who, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, have had an interest in Him, and enjoyed, in their dying hours, "a hope full of immortality and eternal life." Their blameless and consistent walk; the unspotted example which they maintained amid the corruptions and temptations of the world; their unshaken confidence in the goodness of God; the divine support which they experienced in the hour of disease and death, and the glorious prospects which brightened their hopes in looking beyond the grave, have justly been considered among the most powerful incentives to virtue. The reading of these narratives to children has

often been found to kindle in their minds, even at a very early age, ardent desires to live the life of the righteous, that at last they may die the same peaceful and triumphant death as those of whom they hear such happy accounts.

In an age like the present, when the allurements to vice are numerous and seductive, and their pernicious tendency heightened by the demoralizing influence of libertine principles, it becomes parents to watch over their children with the most sedulous attention; to use every means for guarding them from the prevailing contamination; to cherish and strengthen their feeble aspirations after heaven and holiness, and to instruct them thoroughly in the doctrines of the Gospel, which form the only solid basis for a religious life, and furnish the alone certain hope of a glorious immortality.

An attentive observer of youth cannot fail to perceive that their minds are the subjects of divine visitation at a very early period. The Holy Spirit, "which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour," pleads with them for sin and invites them to godliness, when they are so young as scarcely to be capable of appreciating its high origin. It is, then, both the interest and the duty of those who are their nearest friends and the natural guardians of their infancy, to teach them that it is the voice of their heavenly Father pleading with them in love; to impress upon them the great importance of yielding obedience to His gentle intimations in the secret of their minds; and, as Eli instructed Samuel, reverently to answer His sacred calls in the submissive language, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

In the morning of life, while the animal spirits are buoyant, the physical powers vigorous and teeming with health, the imagination lively and the senses susceptible of vivid impressions from external objects, the world, with its pursuits and pleasures, presents strong attractions to the youthful mind. All is bright and cheering; and in that mistaken confidence which is the result of inexperience, children are apt to conclude that all will continue to be bright and happy.

Should a transient shade be thrown over their joyous path by some unexpected cloud of sorrow, the impression is quickly effaced by a succession of new and pleasing objects. They dwell only on the bright side of the picture, and readily conclude, that as they have good health and spirits, kind friends, and fair prospects of a long and happy life, it will be time enough some years hence, to become religious and prepare for death. In the midst of these pleasing but deceptive anticipations, how many have suddenly been cut down and consigned to the cold and silent grave!

It is important, therefore, for those who have the charge of children, early to impress their minds with a deep sense of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; of the emptiness and transitory nature of all temporal enjoyments; the unspeakable importance of an early and entire surrender of the heart to God, and a timely preparation for that solemn period when they must bid a final farewell to all visible objects. Their accountability to their heavenly Father should also form a prominent feature in early education. That as he is everywhere present with them, on all occasions, and privy to the most secret thoughts and intentions of the heart, whatever they think, or say, or do, is known and remembered by him, and must be accounted for in that day when they shall stand before his judgment-seat, to receive a reward according to their deeds, whether they have been good or evil. They should be taught that the great business of life is to serve and glorify their Creator, and thus prepare for their transition to another state of existence, which will be eternally happy or miserable, according as they obey or reject the religion of Christ Jesus their Lord.

A common error, and one which has a pernicious tendency on the minds of youth, is the false idea that a religious life is one of gloomy privation and sadness. To the correction of this perversion, the force of parental example and precept should be perseveringly directed. The conduct of parents should evince to their offspring, that although religion always leads to seriousness and self-denial, it is never incom-

patible with innocent cheerfulness and affability, nor with the proper enjoyment of those outward blessings which a kind and beneficent Father has poured forth around us. That while it teaches us to use the present world as not abusing it, there are consolations and pleasures springing from true religion as a perpetual fountain, more pure, elevated, and permanent, than any thing this changeful life can give; and although, from the necessity of our present condition, we pursue the lawful avocations requisite to provide for our short and uncertain stay on earth, yet that our highest enjoyments are derived from the life that is to come, and our hearts and affections set on things in heaven, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

Where parents preserve this heavenly temper and lead a life corresponding thereto, the work of religious education will be greatly facilitated. Children are not only very observant, but they are imitative creatures. They are quick to perceive what objects predominate in the minds of their parents, and where their attachments and pursuits are mainly directed; while from affection and the confidence they place in them, as well as the disposition to copy after others, they will soon be brought to love and to pursue the same objects. If parents are making the acquisition of riches a primary object, or are delighting in the fashions and pleasures of the world, living in a costly and luxurious manner, and taking their comfort in the good things of this life; their profession of a self-denying religion, or their lessons on the vanity and emptiness of worldly enjoyments, will be likely to have but little weight with their children. How important is it, then, that they should steadily watch over and regulate their own hearts, by the restraining influences of the spirit of Christ, and live such lives as they would wish to see imitated by their beloved offspring!

When we contemplate the endless duration and unchangeable nature of that "recompense of reward" which is reserved in heaven for the self-denying and devoted Christian, a foretaste of which is vouchsafed to him, at seasons, in his pilgrimage through time; and

contrast with it the short and uncertain tenure of human life, the emptiness of all earthly enjoyments, and the lightness of those afflictions which are but for a moment, who but must adopt the language of the inspired preacher, respecting the highest temporal gratifications, "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity. To fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man."

Such considerations will animate us to pursue with greater diligence "the things which make for our everlasting peace;" to count the riches, the pleasures, and the pursuits of time as dross, in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, if, happily, we may at last "be found in Him, not having our own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ—the righteousness which is of God by faith."

That the perusal of the following pages may be a means of promoting this blessed work, by kindling, in the minds of youth, availing desires after pure and undefiled religion, and strengthening their resolutions to walk in "the narrow way which leads to life," is the sincere wish of the compiler.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH, 1846.

EXAMPLES

OF

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.—*Matt.* xxi. 16.

Elizabeth C. Secor was born at New Rochelle, in the State of New York, in the first month, 1814.

In very early life she manifested an uncommon gravity and seriousness in her deportment, was scrupulously careful not to do anything which she thought wrong, and was remarkably cleanly and neat in her person and habits. Towards her parents, she evinced a tender and affectionate attachment, cheerfully obeying all their commands, and avoiding whatever she apprehended would give them uneasiness.

When about two years and a half old, she desired her uncle to read in the Bible for her; he accordingly read the narrative of Abraham's offering up his son Isaac, at which she was greatly affected, and requested him to read no more, as she could not help crying.

Some Friends intending to have a religious opportunity in the family, she appeared anxious for the time to arrive; sat with becoming gravity while it continued, and expressed a wish that they might have more such seasons, saying, "I had no idea that we should have such a good meeting."

It was her wish to attend religious meetings, but the delicate state of her health mostly prevented her from going. In the spring of 1818, her parents removed to Long Island, where the change of air and frequent riding, so improved her health, that she was able to go to meetings, in which she was an ex-

ample of stillness, and observed to her friends that she well knew the intent of assembling for divine worship. Conversing with her mother on one occasion, she said, "I try, when at meeting, to sit still and think of the great and Almighty Being, and to love him. I love him better than I do my parents, because he is so good as to let me have my parents. He is very kind to us. We have a great many good things. I think we are greatly blessed. I love my parents next to Him, and I love every body." She frequently concluded her observations with the expression "I love every body."

She was endowed with a sympathetic mind, and showed great sensibility for the wants and sufferings of the indigent. A poor woman having called on her mother to solicit some necessaries, Elizabeth heard her say that her children would be glad of the crumbs she and her sister threw away, which affected her greatly; and ever after, she was careful not to waste anything.

She spent many hours in reading, and became very conversant with the New Testament, often repeating to her mother the particulars of what she read there. Hearing one of her acquaintances tell an untruth, Elizabeth told her that it was a very wicked thing, and she should not dare to do it; "because," continued she, "the great and Almighty Being sees and knows everything we do: He knows all our thoughts; He knows what I am now doing, and what I am now thinking." She then got her Testament and read the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; and also repeated a dialogue on the subject of lying, which she had learned from one of her school books—telling her acquaintance the consequence of speaking falsely, and remarking again, "I should be afraid of doing so, it is so wicked."

Sitting at the table one day, after the family had finished their meal, she said, "Mother, O! how I love that Almighty Being who is so good to me! He permits me to have so many excellent things. He has a number of names—I have read them in my Testament. He is called Lord, sometimes God, and sometimes Jesus Christ; but they all mean one."

She was frequently engaged in contemplating the solemn subject of death, bringing it home to herself, and speaking of it in a manner that reminded her parents she was not to continue long with them. When expressing her intention to do anything, it was her practice to make this reserve, "If I should live and nothing prevent;" and on being asked by her mother why she spoke so, she answered, "Mother, I do not know that I shall live until then—I do not know that I shall live until to-morrow morning. What a wonderful thing it would be to you, if I should be taken away!"

Alluding to one of her acquaintances, who was lately deceased, she observed, "I want to see her, but I know I cannot, for she is now a spirit. When we die, our bodies go to the dust; it is only our spirits that live; and if we are good they live forever with Him who gave them to us."

On the 20th of the ninth month, 1820, she was taken ill with a fever, and her sickness soon became alarming. Her mind, however, was preserved very calm and pleasant, and she bore her sufferings with great patience, to the admiration of those who saw her; remarking cheerfully, when her pain appeared almost insupportable, "I do not know that I groan."

She manifested much concern for her mother, lest she should be wearied with nursing her, frequently saying, very tenderly, "Mother, do lay down behind me and take a little rest."

She desired that the Bible might be read to her during her sickness, although she could not bear to hear much at a time, owing to the extreme irritability of her system. Being requested to take something, she replied "O! mother, I cannot live,—I cannot get well." Her mother observed that she could not give her up, and wished her to do everything that might conduce to her recovery; Elizabeth answered, "Well, then, I am willing to try and take everything you wish me—I have suffered much to get well, and cannot."

Observing her mother grieve, she said, very affectionately, "Don't, mother, do so—why dost thou cry—wilt thou not go with me?" Her mother replying that she could not help

weeping to see her suffer so much, she said, "I do not suffer much—I am better than I appear to be." She desired some of her relations to be sent for, and seemed anxious for their arrival, saying, "If they do not come soon, I cannot wait." Just before her close, she requested her father to call all into the room—and being in extreme pain, her mother asked her if she was going. "Yes," said she, "the doctor cannot cure me," and soon after, "Mother, wilt thou come? Father, wilt thou come with mother?"—and was gone immediately without a groan or struggle, as if she had fallen into a sweet sleep. She died the 1st of tenth month, 1820, aged six years and eight months.

The short, but exemplary and instructive life of this dear child, furnishes abundant evidence that she had early submitted to the tendering visitations of divine grace, and carefully improved those outward means of religious instruction with which a kind Providence had blessed her. There is no doubt but she was accepted through the merits and mercy of her Lord and Saviour, and is now one of that happy number, concerning whom He said, "their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." After observing what grace accomplished in her, who was but an infant, surely none can say they are too young to become religious. Her early removal out of this world, ought to incite little children to serious reflection, and to an earnest endeavour to follow in her footsteps, that if it should please the Lord to call them also away, they may experience that happy state of preparation, in which they can say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly, thy servant is ready."

Mary Post was born in London, in the year 1703. Her disposition was amiable, inclined to religious thoughtfulness, and her deportment grave and sober beyond her years. Through submission to the operations of divine grace, she became an example of humility and of plainness in dress and address, manifesting a dislike to every appearance of pride and

of finery in apparel. The sweetness of her temper and the solidity of her manners rendered her company pleasant and instructive, and endeared her to her friends.

When about eight years of age, visiting one of her acquaintances who was much attached to her, and who indulged in gaiety of apparel, she said to her, "Anna, what signify these fine things thou hast on? They will not carry thee to heaven." To which her friend answered, "Pride is not in the things; it is in the heart." "But," said Mary, "if your minds were not proud, you would not wear them." She remarked to her mother, that she greatly wondered at the pride she observed in some of the youth who professed to be Friends, adding, "I hope I shall never be like them." Her mother said "I hope thou never wilt be like them, but be an orderly child, that thou mayest be in favour with God;" at which Mary wept and said, "If I should love fine things, I must alter much; what signify fine things when folks come to die?"

The day before she was taken ill, she was sent on an errand, and her brother having lately come from the country, she desired him to go with her, which he refused. She stood by him awhile, and then with a serious countenance said, "Wilt thou not go with me? It may be, the next time thou comest up, thou mayest not have a sister to go with."

In the time of her sickness, being in pain, she often said, with uplifted hands, "O! dear Lord, if thou seest fit, give me a little ease;" and again, "I had rather die than live: through mercy I am not afraid to die; I shall go to rest, where I shall feel no more pain."

Her mother standing by her and sorrowing at the prospect of her dissolution, the child said to her, "Mother, do not cry; let us be contented; the Lord can lay me low, and He can raise me again,—If I were dead He can raise me again."

Through the mercy of God she was prepared for death; and appearing anxious to die and go to rest, her mother said to her, "Why art thou so earnest to die? the Lord can ease thee of thy pain and give thee thy life." She replied "I must die once; and if I recover now I may be sick again; and I had ra-

ther die while I am young. If I should live until I am older, the devil might tempt me to be naughty, and I might offend the Lord. I am not afraid to die; through mercy I shall go to my rest. If I live I am satisfied, and if I die I am satisfied. I am willing to die,—I had rather die than live."

Expressing a wish to see her brother, her mother said she would send for him; but inquired what she desired to say to him, in case a change should take place before he arrived. She replied, "If I can speak, I will bid him be a good boy, and fear God, that he may go to God Almighty."

A little while before her death, she lamented that people should be taking pleasure and not considering the love of God to their souls; and the last words she was heard to express were, "Dear Lord God Almighty, open the door." In this heavenly frame of mind she departed to her everlasting rest, aged about eight years.

Rebecca Shewell, of Camberwell, in Surrey, England, was a child adorned with meekness, humility and innocence; dutiful to her parents and affectionate to her brothers and sisters. She loved the servants of Christ—was fond of perusing the Holy Scriptures, and often contrited while reading them, so that those who heard her were edified thereby.

Being attacked with an illness which continued for many months, she bore it with patience and resignation; expressing her belief that she should die, and desiring her mother to pray for her; and her mother being enabled to do so, it appeared to afford much relief to the child. A few days after, she observed, "I have often been desirous of recovering; but I find desires will not do, I must have patience." Some remarks being made respecting the pleasing things of this world, and what she might enjoy of them, she answered, "I have no desire for these things; I had rather die and go to Christ." She was frequently engaged in prayer, and desired to have the curtains drawn about her bed, and to be left alone, evincing an earnest engagement of mind to be prepared for her great change.

On the day before her decease, her mother inquiring if she thought she should die, she replied "yes, and I would rather die than live, but am afraid I am not good enough." Her mother expressing her belief that a mansion in heaven was prepared for her, the child said she was willing to go to it, and again entreated her mother to pray for her. Her mother answered "I do—dost thou do it thyself?" She replied, "I do, I do;" and being asked if it was with words, she said very fervently "no, no—in my heart." She appeared to be quite easy in mind, bade the family farewell, and quietly departed this life, aged eight years and four months.

SARAH CAMM, of Camsgill, in Westmoreland, was visited with illness when about nine years of age. She expressed a belief that she should be taken away by death, saying, "I am neither afraid nor unwilling to die, but am freely given up thereto in the will of God."

Her father asking her if she could not pray to the Lord for help, she answered that she could and did pray, and further said "it was her belief that the Lord, the great God of heaven and earth, would keep and preserve her soul, whatever might become of her body."

On the fifth day of her sickness, she was under more than usual exercise of mind, and raising herself up in the bed, she said, with a cheerful countenance, "My sins are forgiven me, and I shall have a resting place in heaven." Then, looking at her mother, proceeded, "O! my mother, there is also a place prepared for thee in heaven, and thou shalt as certainly enjoy it as any here. I do not desire my mother's death or removal from you, yet we shall meet in heaven in God's time." Seeing her friends weep, she said, "O! you should not do so—I am well—I am well," alluding to the happy and heavenly state of her mind; and soon after added, "Shall I go down to the horrible pit? Nay—the Lord hath redeemed my soul."

After addressing her brother in a lively and sensible manner,

she spoke to her sister, saying, "Be content, for it is, and it will be, well with me. I must go to a more fair place than ever my eyes beheld. It will be well with me, and with all them that fear the Lord, for we shall have everlasting joy in heaven, when the wicked shall be tormented in hell." Observing her sister weep, she said "Do not cry, my dear Mary, lest thou grieve the Lord. Be subject to the Lord's will in all things; love and be faithful to the truth, and do not forsake thy religion whatever thou mayest suffer for it."—Again, "I am satisfied with my religion—I will not forsake it, although I should be fed with the bread of adversity and the water of affliction. Oh! praises, praises, to my God and my Father. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors: And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever. Amen." She repeated the Lord's prayer twice, and the third time until she came to the petition "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven," which she spoke very deliberately, and signified to those about her that they were all to mind that—adding, "I am freely given up to his blessed will in all things; praises to my God—bless his name; Oh, my soul!"

On one occasion, her father having taken her in his arms, she said to him "O, my dear father, thou art tender and careful over me, and hast taken great pains with me in my sickness, but it availeth not. There is no help for me in the earth; it is the Lord who is my health and my physician, and he will give me ease and rest everlasting."

Near her close she took leave of all the family, saying, with a pleasant voice, "farewell—farewell to you all—only farewell;" intimating that now she had nothing more to do but to praise the Lord; and thus, in a sweet frame of mind, she departed to her eternal rest.

Such are the happy effects of an early surrender of the will and affections to God; denying ourselves those things which

are displeasing in his sight, and through the aid of his blessed spirit, endeavouring to follow Christ Jesus in the way of humility and self-denial.

REBECCA MILNES of Botley-Carr, near Dewsbury, England, was an invalid for about two years before her death, during a part of which time her sufferings were great. Her patience under affliction; her humble resignation, her sense of the need of forgiveness, her love for her Saviour, and her hope of salvation through Him, showed that thus early in life she had experienced the great work of regeneration to be begun and carried on, and that she was, as she herself expressed, "one of the lambs of Christ's fold." She remarked, on one occasion, "Ah, mother, what should I do without a Saviour? He died for us, that we might be saved." When in great pain she would frequently pray for patience and strength to bear it, in a most affecting manner, saying, "Oh! dear Lord, do give me patience; do please, Lord, to give me strength to bear it!"—At another time she said, "I believe I shall go to heaven. I believe I am one of the [Saviour's] dear little lambs."—When asked how she knew she was so, she replied, "He loves those that love him, and I love him very dearly."

About two months before her death, she wrote thus to her sister; "I have a great deal of pain; but I am very happy and comfortable. I hope thou wilt pray to God to give thee a new heart. I pray to him every night to blot out all my sins, and to give me a new heart; and to give me less pain and more patience." While having her wounds dressed, she prayed very fervently for patience, saying; "O! Father in heaven, be pleased to give me less pain. Have mercy on me, O Lord." Afterward with much feeling, she repeated the prayer which our Lord taught his disciples, dwelling particularly on the words, "Thy will be done."

She deceased the 2nd of fifth month 1842, aged 8 years.

JENNET B. MOTT was born at Nine Partners, in the State of New York, in the year 1803. In her third year she received an injury in the back, by a fall from a chair, which was productive of severe and long continued sufferings. Her back became deformed, and her debility increased so much that she was often incapable of taking a step for some minutes. She was put under strict diet, and had two blisters applied every day for six months, which occasioned much pain ; but she bore it with remarkable patience, often saying, " Dear mother, I will try to be patient ;" and when medicine was given her, she would take it without the least complaint, manifesting great self-command and obedience. It was distressing to behold the sufferings she passed through. Before she was five years old, she was so reduced by a white swelling, that for many months she could not bear her own weight, and when a little recovered had to learn to walk as though she had been an infant.

After being permitted to enjoy the pleasure of walking again, for a short time, she was, in the next spring, brought down to the borders of the grave ; in which illness, as well as in the former, she often spoke in a manner far beyond her years, respecting her own situation and the Lord's power, of which she manifested a lively sense.

Her conversation was marked by a peculiar strength of mind and ripeness of judgment ; her observations on the conduct of persons and on circumstances which happened, bespeaking a degree of reflection rarely found in a child. She enjoyed the company of grown people more than childish play, and was particularly attentive to such as she thought pious. During religious opportunities, though often in bodily distress, she would sit or lie very still, and with a becoming solemnity of manner ; and at the pause usually observed before and after meals, her countenance evinced that her mind reverently acknowledged the bounty of our heavenly Father, of which she often spoke. On one of these occasions, she remarked while sitting at table after tea, " How many good things we have—we don't deserve half [of them :] we deserve very little." After being put to bed one night, she said " O, mother, how good

the Lord is, to let us have such a good bed, when so many poor little children have not any to lay on!"

Her compassion for the poor and afflicted was worthy of imitation, speaking of them with tenderness, and contrasting the comforts she enjoyed with their privations, as an incitement to gratitude and thankfulness. She frequently asked to hear the Holy Scriptures read, and would remember and apply them to herself and others; the tenderness of her spirit on hearing particular passages of them, was very affecting.

A neighbour speaking of the distress she had witnessed, in consequence of the storekeepers selling liquor to intemperate men, for the money which their wives and children needed for their support; Jennet listened to the conversation with evident sorrow and concern; and in the evening said to her mother, "Since we talked of [the storekeeper] this afternoon, I have been thinking he will see the cup of bitterness before he dies." She was then so much affected that she paused; adding, afterwards, "If he could see all the people he sells rum to, I don't believe he would do it any more. He don't think how many it is, because he don't see them all together; but he ought to think and take time to reflect: Is it not strange, mother, he is such a clever man in other things, and yet does so wrong in this?" Being told that it showed how easy it was for us to do wrong, if we did not reflect properly, she replied, very earnestly, "Ah, but it is very easy for us to do right too, if we would but think."

When about seven years old, after a Friend had prayed and preached in the family, she seemed much comforted, saying, "I loved to hear him—I could have set all day, it was so sweet"—showing that she loved religion and serious things more than any other. In the evening, her breathing being oppressed, she was moved, when she said, "Now I am comfortable, only this pain in my breast, and nothing can make that comfortable but patience, and I do try to be patient." Afterwards she remarked, "I have been very quiet in my mind today;—I have been thinking a great deal about what the Friend said this morning;" and, on going to bed, alluded to the sub-

ject again, saying, "If I was able, I should love to go to meetings."

Although her sufferings were extreme, and, in the ordering of inscrutable wisdom, so long protracted, she never questioned the Lord's goodness, never murmured or repined at her situation; yet she often spoke of her deformity and trials in a moving manner. On one occasion, when she was so sore and weak that it was difficult to move her, she said to her mother, "Ah! dearest mother, thou hast had many doctors to me, and they cannot cure me; but the Lord can cure me if he pleases; and if it is not his will, I am willing to be sick to the day that I die."

Thus did she learn in the school of affliction, and through the teaching of the grace of God, the important lesson, so necessary for all to know—the reduction of her will and the subjection of her temper, which were strong, and to endure with patience and quietude, becoming a Christian, such things as were a great cross to her natural inclination.

A short time previous to her decease, a Friend expressed a belief that her heavenly Father would soon release her from her sufferings and take her to himself. She was much affected at the time, and on its being afterwards mentioned to her as a consolation, she signified she had not doubted before that she should go to happiness, assuring her mother, with great firmness and composure, that she was not afraid to die. She related the particulars of the death of a religious woman who had been long sick and dreaded the conflict of dissolution; but who prayed very fervently, that she might go easily, and that she did drop away like one going to sleep. As she narrated this, her eyes filled with tears, and the expression of her countenance and her manner evinced that she felt the same desire, though she only added, "Mother, don't thou think the Lord heard her prayer?"

Not long after this, He who regarded her tears and had her sighs and sufferings in remembrance, was pleased to spare her the apprehension of death by taking her to Himself, as in the twinkling of an eye, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, which

quickly stopped her breath, without a struggle, on the 14th of second month, 1812, aged eight years and eight months.

Her sudden removal from works to rewards, ought to be a solemn warning to children to prepare for death while in the enjoyment of health, because they know not how soon, or how suddenly, it may come to them. Her unspotted life, her patience and resignation under suffering, and her constant dependence and trust in the Lord's mercy and goodness, furnish an example for the imitation of all those who desire to enter into that rest which is prepared for the people of God.

Thomas Hains, of Southwark, England, was educated by his parents in the principles of truth, as professed by the people called Quakers. He was a dutiful child, and cherished the fear of God in his mind, so that he behaved during his sickness more like a man than an infant, (as he called himself,) being concerned lest he should even say a word amiss. He was very grateful for the love and tender care of his parents towards him, and several times expressed it to them; and when he took anything which refreshed him he would acknowledge it with much thankfulness, evincing that he was a grateful receiver of the Lord's mercies. He bore his illness with patience, and often expressed his willingness to die, saying, "It is better for me to die—this is a troublesome world—we should every day and every moment think upon the Lord." A short time before his decease, he uttered many expressions in prayer and praises to the Lord; saying, "Thou art a God of love—thou art a God of mercy—thou knowest the hearts of them that love thee—Lord, remember thy people—thou knowest the hearts of the ungodly—thou hast nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against thee." He also mentioned the care we ought to take of the never-dying soul.

At another time, speaking of the satisfaction he had in the prospect of a future state of joy and blessedness, he said "Glory—glory—joy—joy—come mother, come father, come

all;—it is a brave place,—there are no tears or sorrow." He then praised God, saying, "Thou art worthy to have the honour and the glory for evermore, for to thee it doth belong. Thou art God of heaven, and of the whole earth"—and so continued, about a quarter of an hour, in prayer to the Lord, observing, "I am an infant, and cannot do anything without thee." One evening, several Friends coming to visit him, he desired their prayers, and the next day prayed again himself, saying, "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors: And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever. Amen." Afterwards he remarked, "It is a brave thing to be at peace with the Lord." His end drawing near, he exclaimed, "Father—Father," (his father being present, asked what he desired; to which he answered, "I do not speak to thee, but to my heavenly Father,") "have mercy on me." After expressing the joy he had with the Lord, he desired of those about him, that he might be still; and laid praising the Lord. A few hours before he died, he said, "I come,—Father, I come"—being very weak, his voice was low, yet he was heard to say, "God is my Father," and so quietly finished his days; between nine and ten years old.

Those who desire to have God for their Father, and to be the friends of Christ, must imitate the example of this pious child, and live in the fear of the Lord, obeying his will instead of following the evil propensities of their own corrupt hearts, "For," saith the Lord Jesus, "ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Rebecca Toovey, daughter of Joseph and Rebecca Toovey of London, was a dutiful and pious child, a frequent reader, and a lover of the Holy Scriptures, and other religious books.

Although young in years, it pleased the Lord to endow her with a large understanding in things natural and divine, and being of an innocent and prudent demeanour, her company and conversation were pleasing and instructive. She was virtuous in her practices, quick of apprehension, just and equal in all she undertook, and was never known to tell a lie, or to speak an ill word. She loved to attend religious meetings, saying, "It was sweet to her." Some few weeks before her sickness she was at a meeting, in which a Friend exhorted the children present to make choice of the blessed truth for their portion, whilst in the enjoyment of health, that they might be prepared for their dying hour; to which she was very attentive, and was melted into tears; and after the meeting was over retired by herself to read, which was her usual practice.

Having lived in the fear of the Lord, which preserves from evil, when taken with her last illness, though her body was in great pain, her heart was filled with the sweet incomes of the Lord's love and mercy, which caused her to utter many heavenly expressions.

She endured her suffering with much patience and resignation, and was observed to be in solemn supplication to the Lord, in a humble and submissive manner, saying, when the pain was very severe, "Sweet Jesus, give me ease—Sweet Jesus, look down with an eye of pity upon thy poor, poor servant." Some time after, she said, "O! Lord, thou desirest not the death of a sinner; but rather that he would repent, return and live," adding, "I know it to be so." At another time, "Lord, if thou pleasest, thou canst give me ease;" and again, "Lord, thou wilt help them that love and fear thee. O! Lord, remember thy poor servant, and give me a little ease."

One of her attendants being affected to tears at her sufferings, the child observed it, and said, "Do not cry, I shall be well in a while." Perceiving her school mistress to be troubled for her, she desired her not to do so, saying, "there is a rest prepared for the righteous; there is no ease here; but there is ease in heaven." On another occasion she observed,

"It is a sad thing to speak bad words, and to tell lies; which I never did." Having, through divine mercy, a well-grounded hope of acceptance, through Jesus Christ our Lord, she was not afraid to die; but bade her relations and acquaintances farewell; and in a heavenly frame of mind departed this life, aged nine years.

GEORGE POWELL, son of Jonathan and Mary Powell, near Colchester, England, deceased the 3rd of seventh month, 1822. The precious effects of submission to the visitations of divine love, were strikingly exhibited in the subject of this memoir at a very early age, by a meek and exemplary demeanour, beyond most of his years. He was a dutiful son, and affectionately attached to his parents, brothers and sisters. He was fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and other works of a serious character, and delighted much to read to the servants, and converse with them on religious subjects; and from his solid deportment in meetings for divine worship, there is good reason to believe that he was made acquainted with that worship in spirit and in truth which is acceptable to the Almighty.

When about eight years of age, one of his school-fellows having misused him, he was advised, by another boy, to resent it, to which he calmly replied, "I do not read so in my testament."

About two weeks before his death, he was taken unwell, and during the course of his illness uttered many expressions which served to show the heavenly state of his mind, and his preparation for that kingdom where nothing that is impure or unholy can enter. On the 25th of sixth month, most of the family sitting around him, he said, "Wait patiently;—that when He comes we may be ready, for here is nothing but trouble—I shall die and leave all my relations. I delight in thy word; strengthen me, O! Lord, according to thy will." Again, "Praise Him; praise Him; and that for evermore; that He may be with us in all the paths of our lives; then we shall have peaceful days." Soon after, he said, "I have felt

it in my mind to say something to you: 'Affliction cometh not of itself, neither doth trouble spring out of the dust; but man is born to trouble as the sparks fly up.' 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all!' O! Lord, deliver—Jesus Christ deliver." Then asking for two of his brothers, he put out his hand and said, "Farewell—farewell, all!"

About four o'clock in the morning, as his sister was sitting by him, he looked at her with a pleasant countenance and remarked, "I am going to enter an everlasting kingdom;" and awhile after, "Angels and archangels wait to receive me—I go triumphant." From this time his weakness was so great as to render articulation difficult; yet his mind continued calm and composed, and he was favoured with much stillness until he departed; aged nine years and six months.

JANE BENNIS, of Limerick, in Ireland, died in the first month, 1840, aged nine years.

During most of her life she was a constant sufferer from sickness, and though of a pleasant and cheerful disposition, yet a gravity and seriousness of demeanour always attended her. She loved plainness and simplicity, and delighted much in reading the holy Scriptures, the writings of Friends, and other religious books. While able, she was a diligent attender of religious meetings, in which her solid deportment was remarkable for one of her years. Much of her time was passed in retirement and meditation, and it was instructive to sit with her. Frequently, before retiring to rest, she was engaged to kneel in prayer to her heavenly Father and beg for preservation from evil, and the remarkably circumspect tenor of her life evinced that her petitions were granted.

When her disorder, which was consumption, assumed a more serious aspect, she said, "At one time I was afraid to die, but now I am not. I do not wish to live—I am going fast; but I feel comfortable and happy. The fear of death is taken away. I know I am going to heaven. I am now too

weak to pray for myself; pray for me." The day before her decease, she had her brothers and sisters called to take leave of them, one by one, and seemed particularly concerned for one of her brothers, that he might be a good boy. A chapter in the bible being read, on hearing that verse, 'The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof,' she expressed in a very animated manner the joy she felt in the prospect of so soon being there; and in a little while after peacefully departed.

Sarah Lidbetter, daughter of Bridger and Elizabeth Lidbetter, of Brighton, England, was born the 3rd of third month, 1822. From a very little child, she was fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and showed a decided preference for works of a religious character,—Piety Promoted, The Guide to True Peace, The Saints' Rest, and Pilgrims' Progress, being her favourite choice. She was of a very unassuming, diffident disposition; yet her observations on subjects that were discussed in her hearing, evinced that her understanding was good, and that she was a child of quick perception and mature judgment. She much enjoyed meetings for divine worship, and mentioned the comfort and instruction she received in attending them, even when they were held in silence. Being fond of retirement and waiting on the Lord, she early experienced the benefits and comfort of secret prayer, endeavouring to bear in mind that she was always in the presence of her heavenly Father, and must seek for the aid of His Spirit, to teach her to pray aright.

To her parents she was dutiful, obliging and affectionate—orderly in her behaviour, and of but few words. She loved her brothers and sisters tenderly, watching over them for good, and when they had done amiss, would plead with them in a very affectionate manner, often saying on such occasions, "thou wilt displease thy heavenly Father;" evincing that her infant mind was supported and directed by Divine wisdom,

and the love of her heavenly Father shed abroad in her heart This preserved her in such fear of offending the Lord, and such great tenderness of conscience, that if at any time she said or did any thing amiss, her sorrow and grief were very great.

From the age of seven years, it was her daily practice to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures to the other children, endeavouring to impress it on their minds, by asking them questions upon what they had heard. This she continued until within about two months of her decease, having them around her bed: and exhorted them (when she became too weak herself to do so) that they should continue in the frequent practice of reading the Bible; "which," she added, "is the best of books."

She was from early life a child of prayer; and on one occasion asked her mother if she thought the Almighty required that persons should always kneel when they prayed. On her mother replying that she believed every prayer that came from a sincere heart was accepted, whether with or without that form; the child answered very sweetly, "so I think, mother."

When about eight years of age, she was attacked with an alarming disease, of the danger of which she seemed fully aware; remarking one evening to an acquaintance, that she should like to live and help her mother and be a comfort to her, but added, "If I die I shall only go out of a wicked world where there are many troubles and temptations. Her patience during this illness was exemplary, and proved an alleviation and comfort to her mother under the affliction.

She recovered so far as to be able to attend school, in which she took much delight, particularly in the Scripture lessons, saying they often cheered and comforted her mind, and that she considered it a privilege to be able to learn and hear others repeat the chapters and hymns. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was one that she greatly enjoyed.

About the beginning of the year 1831, she was visited with another illness, of a more painful and distressing nature; yet her anxiety to be useful to her mother, and to repay her, in

some measure, for the care she had taken of her, induced her to exert herself—and even after her symptoms had become very doubtful, to look forward with a hope that her health might be restored. Her anxious mother felt concerned at this, and wished her to be fully aware of her critical situation; and as they were sitting together one first-day, Sarah said to her, "Mother, which would thou rather, see me in perfect health, enjoying the pleasures of this world, or afflicted and suffering, as I now am?" Her mother replied, "My dear, far rather as thou now art:" to which the child rejoined—"O, so would I, —so would I:" adding, "Mother, I have for some time wished and prayed to be resigned to die, and this evening I have been made to believe that I shall soon die, and I am so happy to feel I am quite resigned; thou canst not think how happy it makes me. I feel so full of joy to think I am going out of this wicked world into heaven, to my Saviour. Oh, mother! it seems as if a heavenly voice said, 'The gates of heaven will be open to receive thee.' How glad I am—how thankful I am!"

For some days afterward her mind seemed wholly engaged with the delightful prospect; and though her bodily sufferings became excruciating, yet her subsequent expressions evince how patient and resigned she was to the will of her heavenly Father. She showed much concern on account of the Jews, lamenting their want of belief in the Saviour, saying, "What should I do without a Saviour now?—Oh! how much they miss!—what a sad thing! cannot something be done for them?"

For weeks together her limbs were paralyzed, from the violence of her disease and the greatness of her sufferings, yet never did a murmur escape her lips, but she often remarked, "I have never once thought my situation hard—I have not one pain too many." She one day inquired of her grandmother how much longer she thought she should live, and being told that the time for her release would soon come, though none of them could tell *when*, she replied, as though checking herself for the question, "Never mind how long—a crown of glory is worth waiting for." Being questioned one day respecting the state of her mind, she said,

"'All gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I welcome now the heaviest grief,
Which brings me nearer Thee.'

This is the state of my mind at this time, mother."

Her mother grieving over her accumulated sufferings, she seemed anxious to console her, and observed, "Mother, I think this is not all on my own account; but I believe thou wilt live to see for whom, and why, I have suffered so long." During the night, when she had severe spasms in her side, so that the perspiration would trickle down her face from the violence of the pain, she would say, with a sweet smile, "Mother, how these pains remind me of the sufferings of my Saviour!" One of her cousins, to whom she was much attached, calling to see her, expressed a desire that she might be entirely resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, whether it was to live or die, and experience the everlasting arms of Divine love underneath, to support her through all her sufferings—tenderly inquiring if she did not experience this. Sarah meekly replied, "I don't know that I do." Her cousin encouraged her by saying, "I have no doubt, dear, but thou wilt; these feelings are not at our command." Some time after this, having been favoured to partake largely of the sweet feeling of Divine support, when in much pain, and also entire resignation to her heavenly Father's will, she said, "Now, dear mother, if cousin was here, I could join with her and tell her that I have experienced what it is to be resigned, and to feel, as it were, my Saviour's arms open to receive me; this makes me very thankful and happy."

About three weeks before her death, she called her sister, her little brother, and two young relations, who lived in the family, around her bed; to each of whom she gave much suitable advice, part of which is as follows. Addressing the elder of them, aged eight years, she said, with much earnestness: "I am very soon going to die, and perhaps may not be able to speak to thee again; and although thou sees me so ill, I am very happy, for I know that I am going to my heavenly Father in heaven, among happy angels, who are constantly singing

praises, where I shall see my dear Saviour, whom I love, face to face. Now I want thee to be a good boy, that when thou dies, thou may be permitted to meet me there: but there must be a great change in thee, for thou art very naughty: thou must pray earnestly to thy heavenly Father to make thee a better boy; and never tell stories, or fight, for these ways are very displeasing to thy heavenly Father. I do not remember ever to have told a story, or hurt any body, but I have often sinned, and sin will follow us while in this world; but I prayed to my heavenly Father very earnestly, and kept on until I was forgiven, so that now I have nothing to trouble me; and sometimes am so happy, I seem as if I could sing for joy. Try to be a good boy, and read the Bible very often, and pray to be made a good boy; for what a sad thing it would be, when thou dies, to see me happy among holy angels, and for thee to be miserable in the wicked place, shut away for ever. Now, Thomas, wilt thou try to pray earnestly to thy heavenly Father? for he can and will make thee a good boy, if thou pray to Him, and try to love and fear Him and serve Him; think of this when I am gone, often think to thyself how happy I must be in heaven—that will help thee to try to be good—and there is nothing in this world that can make thee happy."

Then looking towards her sister with a lovely smile, she said, "Betsy, I am soon going to my heavenly Father in heaven; in such a beautiful place, among happy angels, who wear crowns on their heads, and are always singing praises,—won't that be delightful? And there I shall be quite well, never sick any more, nor grieve any more, nor do wrong any more. Wouldst thou like me to go there out of all my suffering, and wouldst thou not like to meet me there, with our dear mother, and all our dear relations, in that beautiful place? Well, then, thou must be a good girl, and never tell stories, nor give thy mind to be proud, nor give way to thy temper; but pray to thy heavenly Father very often indeed, to make thee a good girl. Love good things, and read thy Bible, and pray when thou reads it, then thou wilt learn many things: And as thou will be mother's oldest daughter, when I am gone, thou must try to

comfort her; and when thou sees her tried, (for mother has many trials,) thou must look about, and see what thou canst do to help her, and be very good to her, and pray for her, as I used to do. Never want anything she refuses, for mother does a great deal for us, and we want a good deal of money for shoes and food; so thou must be satisfied with what thou hast. Take care of the children, and then thy heavenly Father will love thee, and as thou prays to Him, He will make thee grow better and better; and when thou art laid on a bed of sickness, He will make it easy to thee. See how He enables me to bear my sufferings, and how happy I am, because I know I am soon going to Him. So thou wilt try and remember what I have said to thee, dear, won't thou? and then thou wilt some day come to me in heaven, where we shall never have to part again, and be so happy for ever."

To her cousin, a little girl about six years of age, she affectionately said, "Dost thou know I am going to die? I am very glad, because I shall be happy; I shall go to heaven, where I shall see my heavenly Father, and His holy angels, and where I shall be happy, and shall never more suffer pain. Would thou like to meet me there, in that beautiful, happy place, when it pleases Providence thou should die? Well, then, thou must be a good girl: now thou art a little child, and knows but very little, so if thou wish to grow a good girl, thou must be humble and very attentive when mother talks to thee, or reads to thee, or any other friends; that will be the way for thee to learn a good deal. Try to remember their advice, and always think, if thou art doing anything wrong, that if my mother does not see thee, thy heavenly Father sees, and can punish thee much more than mother, for He can make thee very miserable here, and when thou dies He can cast thee into the wicked place—how shocking that would be! But if thou art good, thou wilt go to heaven and be happy: but thou must pray very much—thou art old enough to pray—thou knows how to ask mother for any nice thing, and so thou knows how to ask thy heavenly Father to make thee good, and that is praying; and when thou art old enough, thou must

read the Holy Scriptures, and they will teach thee a great deal. Dost thou understand me? Well, then, try to think of it when I am gone, and never tell stories, or be sly, for that will grow, and thou wilt get worse and worse, if thou dost not try to pray to have thy temper changed;—and thou wishes to be good, don't thou? Well, then, thy heavenly Father will make thee good if thou prayest to him." She also spoke in a sweet, kind manner, to her little brother.

Once she said, "Dear mother, this has been a day of prayer for thee, that thou mayest be supported through all. Do not grieve for me when I am taken; I know thou wilt feel it much, but I have prayed for thee to be supported; as to myself, I seem to have nothing to do but to wait my dismission; I think the words in my mind are, 'I am preparing a mansion for thee,' so I have no cause to be unhappy."

She much enjoyed having the Bible and other good books and hymns read to her, and selected several passages and verses, which she requested her mother to write on cards, with her love to several of her near relations; to be sealed up and delivered to them after her decease, as mementoes of her regard. One morning as the children were preparing to go out, and planning their amusements for the day, one of them said, "that will be a change." Sarah observed it, but not in a fretful or impatient manner, and remarked, "there is no change for me, but from one pain to another; the spasm, the cold fit, the fever, and convulsion." Her mother said, "No, my dear, there is not indeed;" but she quickly replied, "All will be made up in the end." After two or three days, she said, "Mother, how grieved I have felt, that I should have suffered such a murmuring word to escape me." Her mother said, "What word, my dear? I have not heard thee murmur." She replied, "Oh, yes! I said, no change for me, the other day; how wrong—when I am soon to have so glorious a change."

On fifth-day, the 18th of eighth month, when the whole length of her spine was much inflamed, she said, "Oh! my dear mother, the pain, the pain in my back is extreme; pray for me. Oh! my dear, my gracious Saviour, if it be thy holy

will, take me to thyself, or give me patience to endure this suffering;" this she repeated several times, and added, "Oh! my beloved mother, if my prayer is not heard—I seem as if I could not pray; what, if after all, I should be turned out and go among the wicked, what shall I do? Oh! my dear mother, there seems a doubt; do pray for me." The perspiration flowed at the thought, and she exclaimed, "But oh! my dear, my own heavenly Father, take me to thyself." On her mother saying that she believed this to be a temptation of the enemy, who was permitted at times to tempt Christians almost to the last, she became quiet, and after a time of silence, she sweetly smiled, and soon after, in an ecstasy of joy, exclaimed, "Oh mother! now I can pray; how comforted I feel that I can pray! I know not how to be thankful enough for this favour; the word in me is, 'I will deliver thee from the power of the enemy, and take thee shortly into heaven.' How happy I am," she added, in a feeble voice, "I believe the worst of my sufferings are over; I do not know how to be thankful enough to my heavenly Father for ease; I feel so happy I am able to pray; and though you cannot hear me, that does not matter; though my lips do not utter, I pray inwardly." After remaining some time in this happy state, she said, "Oh that great enemy, I hope he will not again be suffered to tempt me; I seem to think I have gone through the worst."

On sixth-day, the 19th, after a quiet, but sleepless night, free from those acute spasms and convulsive throes, from which she had lately suffered so much, she appeared unusually low, and her mother anxiously inquired the cause. After a little reluctance, and shedding many tears, she said, "I believe I am better, and perhaps likely to live some time longer—this is a great trial to me. Oh! the impatience I suffer to be gone; oh! pray for me, that I may get rid of such anxious thoughts, for how wrong it must be to feel so impatient; oh! that my faith and patience may hold out to the end." After this she enjoyed some hours of calm, and smiling, said, "Mother, now I seem not to mind pain; and though sharp, I can rejoice in the midst of it; I feel so sure it will be well with me, and so

comforted in thinking, that every pain makes me weaker, and brings me nearer heaven."

At another time she said, "Oh! my dear mother, the heavenly voice (I think it is,) says, 'Thy day's work is done, thou hast only to wait.' Oh! how full of love I feel for my dear Saviour! his arms are open! how I long to rush into them and embrace him, for the happiness I this moment enjoy! I am happier now than I have ever been; oh! how thankful I ought to be! He seems to say, I am preparing a mansion for thee. All my will is gone, I have no will but to wait his time, that is the best time." Soon after, "Mother, how I feel for thee! the separation will be keen, very keen. I have asked my cousins to come and see thee, and comfort thee, and have no doubt they will do their best; but *pray*, dear mother; that is the best way; God is the best friend. I've no doubt it will be made up to thee. When ill, if thou should have to feel much pain, think of me; think how it has been made up to me, how every pain is made up in the joy I now feel."

As she drew nearer the close, her weakness and difficulty of respiration, which seemed to threaten suffocation for several days before the event, increased her wish to be gone; and her anxious inquiry of her medical attendants, "How long do you think I shall last?" was very affecting. One of them remarking, "you have lived, my dear, much longer than I expected," she said, "Dost thou think I shall go through the week?" On his replying, "It is not likely you will," she said, when he left, "Oh, mother! it felt as if my hands would clap together of themselves for joy!" Yet her desire for faith and patience to hold out to the end, was very strong, and she would often request those about her to pray that they might not fail.

On seventh-day afternoon, the 3rd of ninth month, she requested her mother to come to her bed-side, saying, "Mother, I believe my breath is going: give me a sweet kiss, and send for my dear father and uncle up stairs, that I may bid them farewell." This being done, she took an affectionate leave of them, and said, "I feel cold chills in my chest: are they not the cold chills of death?" She then repeated,

" That voice, oh ! believer, shall cheer and protect thee,
When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom invades.'

But soon added, " I will say no more of these feelings, they may make me shrink at death, which I do not wish to do." Soon after she said, " Farewell, my dearly beloved mother, if I should go in my sleep, as I feel very heavy for sleep." She dozed until within five minutes of her death, and agreeably to her earnest prayer to retain her senses to the last, was enabled to speak with her latest breath; for on her saying her head was uneasy, her mother remarked, " My dear, thou art just entering into glory," when with a smile and the inquiry, " Am I ?" she ceased to breathe, without a struggle, or even a sigh. Thus died this lovely, pious child, on the day she was nine years and a half old.

May the foregoing narrative prove an incitement to those into whose hands it comes, often to ponder seriously the injunction of our blessed Lord, " Be ye also ready," that by living in the fear of God and in obedience to the manifestations of his Holy Spirit, whether they are called out of time sooner or later, they may at that solemn period be prepared to die, and have only to wait their dismission from this life, to be received into the arms of our dear Redeemer.

George Chalkley, son of Thomas Chalkley, of Frankford, in Pennsylvania, delighted in reading the Holy Scriptures and other good books, was obliging and obedient to his parents, and ready to do any service he could for his friends. He was diligent in attending religious meetings, and loved the company of pious persons. To his mother he was, in an uncommon degree, kind and affectionate, cheerfully doing whatever he could to serve her, and requested her not to do some things which he thought too much for her; saying, " Mother, let me do it, for if I was a man thou shouldst not do anything at all," —meaning as to labour. His filial love and care for her, in her husband's absence, were truly affecting and grateful to her.

In reading the Holy Scriptures, or other religious works, he

was in the practice of writing down such passages as particularly interested him, and committing them to memory. One text which he had thus copied, was the fifteenth verse of the fifty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, which seemed applicable to his own state, viz : " For thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy ; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

He was taken ill, and during the course of his sickness behaved more like a wise man than a child of ten years old—being often very fervent in prayer, not only on his own account, but also entreated that God would preserve his people all the world over. His father was absent in another part of the world, and he would gladly have seen him, yet he said he should never see him more, desiring his mother to give his dear love to him, and tell him that he was gone to his heavenly Father.

On one occasion, being in great pain, he prayed, " Sweet Jesus,—blessed Jesus,—give me patience to bear my misery and pain, for my misery is greater than I can well bear. O! come, sweet Jesus ;—why art thou so long in coming? I had rather be with thee than in the finest places in the world." At another time he said, " my misery and pain is very great, but what would it be if the wrath of God was in my soul?" His heart was full of love to his relations and friends who came to see him, and he took a last leave of them with a sweetness and tenderness which affected many. He died in peace, aged ten years.

CHARLES PARRY, of Rochdale, England, died the 12th of fifth month, 1842, aged 10 years.

This dear child had been early instructed in the school of Christ, and by obedience to the manifestations of divine grace, verified in his experience the truth of the Scripture promise: "They that seek me early shall find me." He evinced great tenderness of conscience, feeling sorrow for his sins, whenever

he had done anything wrong, and desiring forgiveness both of his parents and of his heavenly Father. He was fond of reading the Bible and other religious books, and took good notice of what he read, often making pertinent observations respecting it. During his sickness he often desired his mother to pray for him; and once on being reminded that he must endeavour to pray for himself, he replied, "Yes—I do pray for myself every night and many times in the night. Last night, I prayed to my heavenly Father that a crown of glory might be prepared for me, and that I might sit at the right hand of God." Another time he was heard to pray that the Lord would be pleased to release him, if it were consistent with his will; and though he suffered much, desired to be preserved in patience, and expressed his belief that when released from the pains of mortality, "heaven would be his home."

MARY ANN CLAPP died in the year 1816, in the eleventh year of her age. When quite young she loved to hear religious conversation, and to read in the Bible, Hymns for Children, and other religious books. She frequently retired alone for prayer, and would sometimes tenderly and solemnly reprove her brother and sisters for their faults, and exhort them to pray to God for forgiveness.

Her mother hearing her cry one night, inquired the cause of it; the child replied that some time before, she had spoken what was not strictly true, and she was now grieved that ever she had committed so great a sin, fearing her Maker would not forgive her.

When about five years old she lost a sister, which much affected her mind; and afterwards, in alluding to it, she said, "I thought I might die too, and I felt afraid if I did die, that I should not go to heaven." Being asked what she did when she felt these fears, she answered, "I used to go by myself and cry, and pray."

When taken ill, she was under concern of mind about her future state, and being asked whether she was willing to die,

she replied, "I should be willing, if I knew that my sins were pardoned;" adding, "I should be glad to be one of the little flock, which the Saviour carries in his arms." But, through the condescending mercy of God, this anxiety of mind did not continue long before she received a comfortable evidence that her sins were forgiven. She desired her mother to pray with her and soon became quiet, saying, "My doubts are now all removed—my sins are forgiven; I am willing to die, at any time, when God shall please." She requested her mother to read to her out of the Bible and other good books, and although she could repeat the following lines, yet it was her wish to have them read, viz:

> "See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
> With all engaging charms:
> Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
> And folds them in his arms."

She frequently spoke of dying, saying, "I long to be in my Saviour's arms;—there are no terrors in death to them that love God." After alluding to the kindness of her parents, she observed, "I shall not feel the want of father or mother in heaven; my Saviour will be all in all."

Her uncle and aunt being about to return home, she took leave of them, and desired her love to be given to her cousins, saying, "Tell them to be good girls and seek the Lord early, and they will surely find Him." On another occasion, "I am sure that I love God, because he is good—good to me; He has given me many good things; He preserved me, and he has forgiven my sins; I am sure that I love God with all my heart." A Friend praying with her, she desired him to pray for other little children also, that they all might become good and be happy. Being asked whether she felt assured of going to heaven, she said, "I think I cannot be deceived—I think shall certainly go to heaven, because I love God with all my heart, and he will never cast off any who love him so much." Inquiry being made whether she had thought of God that morning, she replied, "O! yes, I love him, and have been thinking of him with pleasure."

The rehearsal of the following lines afforded her much satisfaction:

"Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky:
The *promise* guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to sense, invite
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasures bloom to fade no more."

While having her apparel changed, she remarked, "I shall not need clothes much longer—I shall soon be clothed in the robes of the Saviour's righteousness;" and, at another time, "I shall soon be in that happy place—soon shall rest my head on my Saviour's bosom: why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?"

It being observed to her that she had lost much sleep in her sickness, "Yes," said she, "but

"In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind."

By her request a number of her companions were sent for, whom she addressed with much tenderness, gave them good advice, and bade them an affectionate farewell. Being in great distress of body, she said, "O, these are pleasant groans to me, for they are my last," and then repeated these lines:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

To those who stood around her dying bed, she said, "I wish you were all as happy as I am," and frequently mentioned her prospect of future felicity, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." After alluding again to the peace and joy which she felt, she quietly fell asleep in the Lord Jesus.

William Tyler Barling, of Witham, Essex, England; died 24th of tenth month, 1839; aged ten years.

This dear child was naturally of an affectionate and tractable disposition; and though before his illness not remarkably

serious, he showed at times much tenderness of conscience When between five and six years of age, on returning one evening from a visit, his mother observed him appear dejected, and asked him if he had been good. He said, "No; please take me to ——, (naming a friend.) I am so unhappy; I met with an accident, and did not tell her; I cannot go to bed." His mother went with him, and he directly told the friend what he had done, and asked her to excuse him. When he returned home and was put to bed, he told his mother he was very sorry, and hoped he should not make her unhappy any more. May those little children who read this account, be induced to follow his example.

A short time before he was confined to his couch, he lost a little friend to whom he had been much attached; and whose illness and death made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind. At about seven years of age, he was visited by severe illness; it was succeeded by a spine complaint, which, with little exception, confined him for nearly four years to his bed or couch. During this period his sufferings were at times very great; but it pleased his heavenly Father to render this affliction the means of his becoming a remarkable instance of early piety. He was made willing to bear his privations with cheerful patience, and sweetness of spirit; evincing the sufficiency of divine grace, which enabled him, while yet a little child, to love his Saviour; and by his meek and quiet submission to pain and suffering, to be a striking example to those around him. He passed the greater part of his long confinement in pursuing different branches of study, and was particularly interested with books of geography, or of voyages and travels. Those of a trifling and unedifying nature he invariably declined, having no relish for them. But his favourite occupation was reading the Holy Scriptures, which was his constant daily practice as long as he had strength to do so. He would have his Bible by his bedside, and read a portion to himself, the first thing after he awoke in the morning, unless he was interrupted by others being in the room; in which case he would wait until he was left alone. It was with difficulty

he could manage to write, yet he occasionally penned memorandums, a few of which are here inserted.

"Eighth month, 1836.—I have now begun to read the Scriptures regularly. I trust Providence will enable me to understand what I read."

"Eleventh month 26th.—I am eight years old to-day. O God! I should very much like to be a better boy, and more patient and good than I now am: be pleased to help me, O Heavenly Father!"

"Third month, 1837.—I was born in Kensington, in the year 1828, on the 26th of the Eleventh month. I lost my father when I was about two years old. Some months after he died, we went to Witham, and from thence to Colchester, where we now reside. I have one brother; and my dear mother keeps a school. I have been more than a year in bed; I am very happy."

"Eighth month 1st.—What is life? 'tis but a vapour, soon it vanishes away."

"Eleventh month 26th.—I am nine years old to-day; I feel stronger than I did last year, for which I hope I am thankful. I trust it will please Providence to make me a good boy; and willing patiently to bear and suffer what He thinks right."

"Second month, 1838.—Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in every thing give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

"Eleventh month 25th.—First-day; to-morrow will be my birth-day. Providence has been pleased to add many favours and mercies during the past year, for which I hope to be thankful; and I hope my Heavenly Father will enable me to resist the temptations of the evil one, and also to spend this year better than the one which is past; and may myself, and my dear mother, and brother, and everybody, increase in all good things spoken of in the Bible. And may it please thee, O Heavenly Father! to protect and direct me, in the way thou wouldst wish me to go, now and ever."

"Twenty-seventh.—Our Saviour Jesus Christ said, 'Suffer

little children to come unto me;' I hope I am one of those that come to him."

The last memorandum he penned was occasioned by reading Sewell's History of Friends, in which he was much interested. The memorandum was left unfinished, viz: "Eighth month, 1839. When reading the lives and sufferings of some of our ancient Friends, I cannot help feeling sorry that we differ so much from them in manners and appearance; and I am ready to fear that if we were called upon to bear—" Here he laid down his pen, but from the tenor of what he has written, we may infer what he designed to add. About this time he requested his mother to let his clothes be made plain, thus showing his conscientious desire to do right, even in little things.

For some weeks prior to this, he had spent most of his time upon an inclined couch, instead of lying on his back; owing to this change his health had derived decided benefit, and he was able to read and write with greater ease. It was about this time that, one morning, this beloved child requested his mother and the servant to lead him to the side of the bed, and leave him a short time, which they did. On going again into the room, his mother found him on his knees in tears. He directly said, "Dear mother, I am sorry to make a display of what I have been doing, but I am too weak to rise from my knees without assistance; and I felt so overcome with the goodness of the Almighty in restoring me thus far, that I dared not go down stairs until I had thanked him on my knees for all his blessings." His health now so much improved, that his mother ventured to indulge the hope of seeing him restored to his natural strength, but Divine Providence had ordered otherwise; and having made him meet for a better world, was pleased to call him early to enjoy his everlasting inheritance. Whilst staying by the sea-side at Walton, his brother and he were seized with scarlet fever. At the commencement of his illness, he expressed his belief that he should not recover, and though at times suffering most severe pain from the violence of the complaint, as well as from the means used to subdue it, he evinced an exemplary patience and submission.

About a week before his decease, on his mother asking him if he thought he should recover, he said, "No, dear mother! I believe I am going to heaven." On being asked if he wished to live, he said, "He had hoped to be a comfort and a support to his mother, and to do good, but for nothing else." Soon after, he told his mother to whom to give all his books; and then said, "To thee, dear mother, I give my Bible; I love that, and I love thee more than I can tell thee." Many times, when sensible, he tried to read his Bible, but could not; and when thus unable, from weakness, would request his mother to read to him. Those about him frequently heard him praying for patience; and he several times said, "Don't grieve, dear mother, there are many more ill than me." When suffering such extreme pain that he could hardly keep a limb still, if his mother sat down and read a chapter from the Bible to him, he was enabled to be calm and quiet; so strikingly did Divine grace, in this interesting child, triumph over his bodily sufferings. On First-day night, the 20th instant, on being asked if he felt comfortable, he said, "O yes! dear mother, I have nothing to do; I have long thought my time in this world would be short; don't, oh please don't grieve. God will comfort thee; he makes me feel so happy." On Second-day, he said sweetly, "No more tears, no more sorrow, no more crying,—all bliss." Soon after, on being turned round, he looked at his mother with an imploring expression, and said, "Dear mother, let me go where angels go; oh let me go where angels go," three times. In the night he repeated the hymn, "Go when the morning shineth," &c. During Third-day he was drowsy; at night he asked his mother to sit on the bed, and read to him, which she did. Between one and two o'clock, he became worse, and requested his brother to be brought in, of whom he took a most affectionate leave, as he did of his mother and an attendant.

On Fourth-day afternoon, the 23rd, the pain was as violent as nature seemed able to bear; yet through all he continued patient, and requested those about him to be still. When the pain was a little subsided, he called out: "Oh, mother, mother!" On her going to him, he said very faintly, "better

now," and soon after added, "I am ready; oh, let me go where angels are. Oh, please, Heavenly Father, take me now!" In a little while, with his eyes turned upwards, he said with much earnestness, "Oh, yes, dear Joseph John, I am coming; it will soon, soon be over." About seven o'clock, on being told the servant was come to take leave of him, he put out his hand, and said, "Farewell, Mary, I am going; be a good girl; think of me: read the Bible: and oh! *really* pray."

The difficulty of breathing now increased; he scarcely spoke till about twelve, when he exclaimed, "Farewell all; I am going to glory, glory, glory; please, Heavenly Father, take me now!" For some time, those about him could only tell what he said, by watching the movement of his lips. At last he exclaimed, "It is all over—victory! victory! victory! Oh, holy!" Then his happy spirit departed from all pain and sorrow, to be for ever with his Lord and Saviour, who had so remarkably, in the case of this beloved child, exemplified the blessed effects resulting from obedience to his gracious invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." His remains were interred at Colchester, on the 27th, in the same grave that contained his former little friend, Joseph John Cross.

Ruth Middleton, daughter of Samuel and Rebecca Middleton of London, died of consumption in the twelfth year of her age. She was a child of innocent and orderly deportment, careful to live in the fear of the Lord, and when attacked with illness, the fear of death was taken away, and an evidence mercifully granted that her sins were forgiven, and a place prepared for her in the mansions of unfading bliss.

The prospect of parting with this beloved child was a source of great affliction to her mother, which Ruth observed, and on one occasion said to her, "What is the matter, my dear mother? do not sorrow for me, I shall be happy. It is the Lord's will that I am thus afflicted, and we must be contented. Thou knowest that Abraham was willing to offer up his only son

Isaac, and thou dost not know, if thou couldst freely give me up, but that the Lord might spare me a little longer to thee; and if it be his good pleasure to take me to himself, his holy name be blessed for ever."

Being asked how she was, she replied, "But indifferent—yet I am well satisfied, for it is the will of God that I am thus afflicted,—O, my dear mother, I should be glad if thou couldst freely give me up." When about to compose herself for sleep, she prayed thus, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come,—thy will be done in me as it is in heaven—O, sweet Lord Jesus, feed me daily with the bread that comes down from heaven. And, Lord, if it be thy will, grant that I may sleep to refresh this poor needy body; but thou, Lord, knowest what I stand in need of, better than I can ask—Lord be with me, and my father, and my mother and brother." On awaking from refreshing sleep, she gratefully acknowledged the favour, and vocally returned thanks to her heavenly Father, saying, "blessed and praised be thy holy name, O, Father of life, for thou hast heard my desires and answered me, for I have slept sweetly."

At another time she said, "The Lord said to his followers, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And if I be not happy, what will become of ungodly men and women, for truly I am afraid of offending any body, for fear I should offend the Lord." A friend expressing a hope that her mind was still directed to the Lord, she answered, "Although I can hardly speak, yet I think upon the Lord, and he knows my thoughts and answers them." Again, "It will not be long before I shall be at rest and peace, where there is no more pain to the body nor to the mind, and where there is nothing but joy for evermore. My dear mother, be willing to part with me, for I am willing to part with you all. I am not at all concerned for myself, but for thee, my poor mother, who dost, and wilt make thy bed a bed of tears for me."

Doubts being expressed as to her recovery, she answered with earnestness "O, what the Lord pleases; for I am not

afraid of death. I never wronged any one of a pin, to my knowledge, nor loved to make excuses. I never told a lie but once,—when I should have said yes, I said no, which has been a great trouble to me; but the Lord, I hope, will forgive me—for I called the maid and told her the truth."

The night before her decease, a Friend having prayed with her, she remarked, "I understand well, and am inwardly refreshed. I am sorry I cannot speak so that the Friend could hear, or else I would give an account of my inward peace with the Lord." Her voice was very weak and low; but a few hours before her close, she was heard to pray thus, "O, Lord, withhold not thy tender mercies from me at the hour of death. O, Lord,—let thy loving kindness continually preserve me." Soon after, "I desire to slumber; but if I die before I awake, I desire the Lord may receive my soul."

She was thankful for the tender care of her mother, and took an affectionate leave of her, saying, "Farewell, dear mother, in the love of the Lord, farewell." She then asked for her brother, and bidding him farewell, desired him to be a good boy. Her father inquiring how she felt, she answered, "I am just spent, but I am very easy and shall be very happy,—my body is full of pain, but the angel of the Lord is with me, and his presence will forever preserve me." She then took a last farewell of all her connexions and friends present, and peacefully departed to her everlasting rest in heaven.

Hannah Hill, daughter of Richard Hill, of Philadelphia, was endowed with good natural abilities, of an amiable and forgiving temper, sober and courteous in her behaviour, and an example of piety, humility and obedience to her parents.

When very young, her mind was visited by the spirit of Christ, and being obedient to his requirings, she grew in grace and religious experience. Her conversation was instructive, adorned with modesty, gravity, and good sense, and free from anything like levity or jesting. She was fond of reading, in which

she spent much of her leisure time, instead of running to play with other children; and took particular delight in perusing the Holy Scriptures, and other works of a serious character. The circumspection and watchfulness of her conduct, the solidity and innocence which clothed her mind, and the maturity of her judgment, rendered her society pleasing to her acquaintances, and afforded a bright example, both to the youth and those of riper age.

In her twelfth year, she was seized with a violent disease which increased so rapidly that in a few days her life was despaired of. Notwithstanding she had lived in so exemplary a manner, yet, during the first few days of her sickness, her mind was under great exercise respecting her future state; frequently exclaiming, "Am I prepared—am I prepared! Oh! that I might die the death of the righteous, and be numbered with those at the right hand. O! Almighty God, prepare me for thy kingdom of glory." She earnestly entreated those around her to help with their prayers, that her passage out of time might be made easy. A Friend present kneeled down and prayed, during which time, notwithstanding her extreme pain, she laid very still, with uplifted hands and eyes, and appeared to be very attentive.

Soon after this, the conflict and anxiety of her mind was mercifully removed, and in the assurance that her sins were forgiven for Christ's sake, and a mansion prepared for her in heaven, she was willing to die, saying to her father, "I shall die, and am now very willing;" and after a little while prayed, "O, most glorious God, give me patience, I beseech thee, with humility to bear what shall please thee to lay upon thy poor afflicted handmaid." She now entirely made death her choice, and would often say, she had rather die and go to God, than continue in this world of trouble; adding, "When will the messenger come? O, hasten thy messenger! Oh! that I could launch away like a boat that sails, so would I go to my dear brother, who is gone to heaven before me."

Doctor Owen coming to visit her, she desired him to sit down by her, and said, "All the town knows thou art a good

doctor; but I knew from the beginning, that I should die, and that all your endeavours would avail nothing. The Lord hath hitherto given me patience, and I still pray to him for more, that I may be enabled to hold out to the end; for my extremity of pain is very great." She earnestly requested her parents to give her up freely to the will of God, observing that it would be better both for them and for her to do so; and when she thought she had prevailed, she added, "Now I am easy in my mind."

Some of her attendants encouraging her with hopes of recovery, she said, "Why is there so much ado about me, who am but poor dust and ashes? We are all but as clay, and must die. I am going now, and another next day, and so, one after another, the whole world passes away." Taking leave of one of her friends, who said he would see her again to-morrow, she replied, "Thou mayest see me, but I shall scarcely see thee any more—though I will not be positive—God's will be done." Observing that those about her were sorrowing at the prospect of her dissolution, she inquired very sweetly, "Why are you troubled and weep, seeing I am going to a better place? O, that the messenger would come—that my glass was run!"

The acuteness and long continuance of her bodily sufferings induced her to fear that the Lord was offended with her, which was a source of additional suffering: but it pleased her heavenly Father to remove these doubts, which she thankfully acknowledged, saying, "I think the Lord has showed me that I do not bear all this for myself only. Glory be to His infinite name, there is nothing can be compared to Him." When the first-day of the week came, she desired that her cousins might go to meeting; "for it may be," said she, "that the Lord will be displeased if all the family stay at home," and she desired them "not to look on one another, but to wait on God."

Her prayers were frequently put up to God, humbly, beseeching that He would be pleased to grant her patience, and refresh her soul with living water which might spring up in her unto eternal life. It pleased the Lord also to clothe her mind with entire resignation to his blessed will; she often said,

that she was freely given up to submit to it, whether for life or death; and not long before her decease, she told her father, "the Lord had assured her that she should be happy." It was observed that such an assurance was comfortable indeed. "Aye," said she, "this is matter of joy and rejoicing can my soul say by living experience."

Taking leave of her sister and a cousin, to whom she was tenderly attached, she said, "Dear sister, my desires are that thou mayest fear God; be dutiful to thy parents; love truth, keep to meetings, and be an example of plainness." To her cousin, "Be a good boy; observe thy uncle's and aunt's advice, and the Lord will bless thee." She spoke several times respecting the manner of her interment, desiring that certain persons might be invited; and commending her spirit to God, saying, "Glory—glory—glory"—as with the sound of a hymn, she triumphantly departed out of time, and joined that happy company of redeemed children, whose spirits always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

ELIZABETH MERRITT was born in Dutchess county, State of New York, in the fourth month, 1807. She possessed an amiable and affectionate disposition, and an extraordinary tenderness towards every animated object around her; and being attentive both to the voice of heavenly wisdom and the instructions of her care-takers, she attained a remarkable judgment in spiritual as well as natural things. Being fond of learning, she soon began to read, and took a great delight in her books, often leaving the company of her little associates for the sake of perusing them. Before she was five years of age, she had, of her own accord, selected and committed to memory the speech of the apostle Paul before king Agrippa; and having remarked to her parents, that she thought it a very extraordinary one, she repeated to them the first twenty-two verses. Thus early was her susceptible mind imbued with the love of the Sacred Volume.

When about nine years old she was taken ill and brought so low that her life was despaired of. While lying in extreme pain, she frequently appeared to be engaged in prayer; but her tongue was so much swollen that her words could not be distinctly understood. She recovered from this attack, and as her bodily strength was renewed, her faith seemed to be more firmly established on the "Rock of ages," her deportment manifesting that she was seeking a kingdom which is not of this world—that is an heavenly. She was desirous of attending religious meetings, and her conduct when there, was solid and exemplary, and some who were older than herself have been reproved by her for misbehaving there, as well as on other occasions.

She was taken ill at Friends' boarding-school at Nine Partners, on the 29th of fourth month, 1818; and, as her disease appeared dangerous, she was removed to the house of her uncle, and her parents sent for. Upon their coming and finding her very ill, they were much affected, which she observed, and said, "O, mother! don't [weep.] I want thee to be reconciled to thy lot, be it what it may—it is what we all have to pass through—I feel perfectly willing to die—perfectly resigned." A few hours after this she informed her mother that she did not feel so happy as in the morning, and being asked the cause, replied, "Oh! my sins—my sins!" She was then engaged in supplicating the throne of grace, but in so low a tone of voice as not to be perfectly understood—there is cause, however, to believe that He who hears the prayers of the sincere penitent, was pleased to forgive her sins for Christ's sake, who died for her, and offered up his precious life a sacrifice for sinners.

The next day, she many times expressed her resignation to the Divine will, and on her mother's manifesting some uneasiness that the doctor did not come so soon as was expected, she said, "There is but one Physician that can help me." On third-day morning her bodily distress was extreme, and she several times remarked that "her pain was greater than tongue could tell, and that if we knew how she felt, we would pity her"—adding, "O mother—supplicate my heavenly Father to

relieve me from my pain"—and in a few minutes after, she was herself engaged in prayer for a considerable time,—the following, is all that could be recollected—

"O, gracious Father! be pleased to relieve thy poor afflicted child, and do with me what thou seest meet—Remember thy afflicted child, who suffers more than tongue can express. Please to look down upon me, who am in thy hand and whom thou hast helped from time to time, as thou hast seen best. O, merciful Father! look not on me alone, but on all thy afflicted children wherever they are,—not only on those who stand strewing their tears around my bed, but on my dear brothers and sisters and the rest of the family who are at home. I have been wonderfully tried since lying here, in looking around, and freely strewing my tears on my pillow, for those dear children, the world over, who are advancing toward their everlasting home, without a knowledge of the blessed Truth; and in prayer that they may not remain in darkness for ever and ever.—O, gracious Father! I pray thee remember my dear parents who are mourning by me. Make them to rejoice in thy righteous Son, and crown their heads with glory. O, most merciful Father! be thou pleased to remember them while advancing in years—be their strength in weakness and support them in all their trials, for it is unto thee alone they have to look, both now and for evermore."

Addressing her parents, she said, "Trust in the Lord and keep his commandments; then will you be good examples to your children, and be crowned with glory when your heads are covered with gray hairs." To her brother, "And now, my dear brother, let me impress upon thy mind this language, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Now whilst thou hearest me speak, stamp these words on thy heart: write them as with iron, so that thou wilt remember them when we are separated never to see each other more, but in happiness, where I hope to see you all. Remember me to my dear brothers and sisters at home,—tell them what thou hast heard and seen—tell them, from a sister that loves them, that they must be good children, and then they will bring a crown of glory on

themselves and their parents. And do thou get the Bible, all the leisure moments thou hast, and read while thy little sisters and brothers are sitting by the fire-side, and not only read, but try to understand what thou readest, so thou wilt be a help to them, and a bright shining light to others. Try to help thy sisters out to meetings—and take thy little brothers, one by one hand and the other by the other, and lead them to meeting —not only go to meeting, but know what thou goest for, and worship in Spirit and Truth—that thou and thy sisters and brothers, may experience a being washed and purified in the blood of Jesus."

After this she appeared very quiet in mind, manifesting entire resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, whether in life or death; and taking leave of her relations, she departed this life the 14th of fifth month, aged about eleven years.

PEACE RING died at Bedminster, near Bristol, England, the 12th of the sixth month, 1825, aged eleven years.

His disposition was meek and affectionate, which endeared him to his friends and relations. In the beginning of the year 1825, he was attacked with cough and hemorrhage from the lungs, with other distressing symptoms indicating the approach of consumption; yet as his sickness became worse, he was mercifully favoured with increased resignation to the will of his heavenly Father.

On the 27th of the month, apprehending that he should not continue much longer, he called the family to his bed-side, and in the most affectionate manner took leave of them all. His mind appearing to be deeply affected on his own account, he uttered the following prayer, "O most gracious Being, forgive all my sins which I have committed in this wicked world;" and then repeated the Lord's prayer, adding, "I am going—pray for me, all of you pray for me."

At another time he expressed, "O, that I may go to the mansions of rest. O, thou most gracious Being, thy will be

done." His sister expressing a belief that he would go to heaven, he said, "I hope I shall; I hope the Lord has forgiven my sins, and that I shall meet thee there, in the presence of God."

Under all his bodily sufferings, he evinced an extraordinary degree of resignation to the Lord's disposal, saying, "I will bear whatever the Lord chooses to lay upon me." On one occasion he said, "Oh! that I had never told a lie to grieve that great Being—Oh! that my sins may be forgiven; gracious Father, take me to the realms of bliss. O, most gracious Being, I am ready when thou mayest choose to take me." A little after, in allusion to the heavenly kingdom, and as if he had a foretaste of blessedness and felicity, he exclaimed, "O that beautiful place where peace reigns and happy spirits dwell!"

Some time after, he addressed his parents, "O my dear father and mother, I don't know how to give you up—but the Lord's will be done — bless the Lord O my soul—Hallelujah—praise the Lord!" Again, "Heavenly Father, keep me—praise the Lord, O my soul!" On the following morning, he said to his brother, "The Lord can strengthen me if he chooses, but his will be done; that great Being has answered my prayers." Being told he was a God who not only heard but answered prayers, he replied, "I have found it so many times." About two weeks after, he departed this life.

MARY SAMM, of Bedfordshire, aged about twelve years, being taken unwell, was under great concern of mind respecting the condition of her soul, and frequently retired alone, weeping in secret before the Lord. Her aunt observing this, inquired the cause, to which she replied, "I am troubled for want of a full assurance of my eternal salvation,—not any one knows my exercise but the Lord alone, what I have gone through since I came to Warwick. It was begun before I came, but it was then small. I thought I should not live long; and that, if I died, I did not know whither my soul would go. But I hope

the Lord will give me satisfaction [herein] before I die. Though it is but hope, yet for this my soul shall praise His name for ever."

Not long after this, she received a greater assurance of future happiness; and some of her friends being in the chamber, she said to them, "I have been twice nigh unto death; but the Lord, in his tender mercy, prolonged my days, that I might seek His face in the light of Christ, and come to be acquainted with Him before I go hence." Again, "If this distemper does not abate, I must die; but my soul shall go to eternal joy; to everlasting life and peace with my God for ever." At another time she said, "They that live longest endure the greatest sorrow—therefore, O Lord, if it be thy will, take me to thyself, that my soul may rest in peace with thee."

On the following day, she desired all to withdraw from her room, that she might be alone; and after a considerable time, her mother and grandfather went in again, when she said, "I have now received full satisfaction of my salvation—it is now done—it is now done—I am very willing to die, that the Lord may glorify His name this day, in His will being done with me." She frequently prayed to the Lord for his gracious assistance, saying, "Help me, O my God, that I may praise thy holy name for ever;" and when one advised her to avoid speaking, probably from a fear that the exertion might injure her, she said, "I shall die; and I cannot but praise the name of the Lord whilst I have a being,—I don't know how to praise him enough."

Her grandfather inquiring how she felt, she answered, "I have had no rest to-night or to-day—I did not know but I should have died this [last] night, but very hardly I got through it. I shall die to-day—and a grave shall be made and my body put into it, but my soul shall go into heavenly joy, and to everlasting peace." Soon after expressing these words, being in a quiet and heavenly frame of spirit, she yielded up her breath to Him who gave it, and entered into that glorious rest which is prepared for the righteous.

Elizabeth Wills, daughter of Daniel Wills of New Jersey, being attacked with severe illness was earnestly engaged in prayer to God, that He would be pleased to be near by His holy spirit and support her under the exercise and suffering which she endured. Being mercifully favoured with an answer to her prayers, she broke forth in grateful commemoration of the Lord's goodness, on this wise, "Now I am well—Lord God of power and glory! all power, glory and honour be given to thee for ever, Amen! Thou hast helped me—thou glorious God of life, thou hast eased my heart—O, praises, and glory and honour be given to thee for ever! O, thou God of eternal glory, what shall I say unto thee—all praises be given unto thy name, for thou hast helped my soul: praises for ever be given unto thee—for ever—and for ever—Amen!"

She expressed much more to the same import, tending to the praise and glory of her Creator, and indicating the gratitude and love which filled her heart for his mercies, often saying, "God is good: He hath touched my heart. Now I am well; I feel no pain; I am willing to live, or I am willing to die." She took an affectionate leave of her parents, brothers and sisters, desiring that they might not improperly grieve at her removal; and asked for a servant lad whom she knew to be negligent in his duty; and he being absent, she requested to see him as soon as he came home. On his return, she steadfastly looked on him and said, "God gave me much to speak last night, and thou wast not here. It were better for thee that thou shouldst walk with God. Thou must die as well as I: thou must go down to the grave as well as I, and if thou dost not do better thou shalt have torment, and I shall have peace. It would be better for thee if thou wouldst walk with God. Time that is past and gone cannot be recalled. Is it not better for thee to do well than ill?" She died in great peace with the Lord, aged twelve years.

Hayes Hamilton, son of Hugh Hamilton, of Ireland, a short time previous to his death observed that several times

when alone, he had enjoyed so much of the comfortable presence of the Lord, in silent waiting upon Him and meditating in His law, that he could have wished to remain in that state of mind for ever. He seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching dissolution, and when about leaving school told his teacher that he should see him go that way no more, until he saw him carried to his burial. His master inquired the reason of his saying so, he replied that he knew he had taken the smallpox and should die of it, which came to pass about twelve days after.

Speaking on the subject of baptism, he said "he could prove from Ephesians, fourth chapter and fifth verse, that there was one Lord, one faith and one baptism. Those who will be satisfied with water [baptism] let them hold it, for my part I depend nothing upon it: I depend only upon the baptism of the spirit. I fear there are many who talk about baptism, who know very little what it is." About a quarter of an hour before he died, he inquired the hour of the day, and then said, "Heaven is not far from me." Being asked if he was willing to go and leave his connexions and the world, he replied, "Yes, I am; it is a sweet change." A relation present desiring that the Lord might prepare him, and clear the way before him, he looked earnestly at her and said, "I know the way, and [Him] who hath cleared it." He departed this life, to a better and more glorious inheritance, aged twelve years and seven months.

William Fennell, of Youghall, in Ireland, was often visited with the love of God; and followed by the reproofs and convictions of the Holy Spirit, when he had been wild and unruly and run with other boys to play. When laid on a sick-bed, he was under much exercise of mind, and desired to have the ten commandments read to him, which being done, he was asked how far he had kept them. He answered, that he had not, as he could remember, ever taken the Lord's name in vain—that he had loved and honoured his father and mo-

ther, and been careful not to tell lies, or false stories on any one—nor had he stolen anything, except once taking some plums, without asking leave; which he hoped the Lord would pass by, with whatever else he had done amiss.

Two friends being in the town, he requested they might have a religious meeting in the chamber with him, with which opportunity he afterwards expressed his satisfaction, and then broke forth in much trembling and humility, saying, "O Lord, forgive all my faults, and have mercy and pity on my poor soul. Keep out the enemy that is ready to come in upon me, for none but thee, O Lord, is able to do it." He called his brothers and sisters and exhorted them to "love and fear God, and to pray to Him to fit them to die; to love truth and go to religious meetings, and wait upon God; to do what their father and mother bade them, and to read in their Bibles, where they would find it was God's command to children to obey their parents, for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord."

One of his companions coming into the room, William said to him, "Dost thou think thou art fit to die? If thou thinkest thou art not, then pray to the Lord and desire Him to make thee fit." He also advised him not to mind play too much, saying "he was very sorry that he himself had so long done so, but hoped the Lord would forgive him." Lying still for some time, and appearing under concern, he was asked what it was, and answered, "I am desiring the Lord to bring me in with the rest of his lost sheep. I have cried unto him many a night since I have been ill, for I have been a wild boy and loved play too well, and when you [meaning his parents] sometimes corrected me, I took it a little hardly, but now I am glad you did, and I cannot express the love I now have for you for taking that care of me—you did well—had you not done it, I might have been wilder. The Lord hath been following me, and striving with me, to bring me down, these two years; and has let me see, when I have been running to play, that if I continued running on to be wild, then weeping, wailing and lamentation would be my portion—and sometimes I have turned back, and gone into the garret and wept bitterly, and have

desired the Lord to help me—but afterwards, when enticed by my comrades to go, I was not able to resist the temptation, which was my great trouble; and I have got into a secret place to endeavour to retire, and often have prayed to the Lord, in the night season, on my knees, when others have been asleep. Oh! He doth not love laughing and joking —I never read that Christ smiled—but often prayed and wept."

Soon after this, he prayed, "O Lord, hear me, and have pity on me, for thou knowest I am very sorely afflicted—Lord, help me—O, none but thou, Lord, can do it. O Lord, be near me, and suffer not the enemy to prevail over me." Speaking on the subject of prayer, this child observed, "I have much lamented to consider how people teach their children the Lord's prayer, without minding the depth there is in it—saying, Our Father which art in heaven—but they that remain in wickedness are not his children, and cannot rightly call him Father. Hallowed be thy name—but too many dishonour it by their wicked words. Thy will be done in earth, that is in our earthen bodies, as it is done in heaven—and we all know there is nothing but the will of God there—Oh, but how little of the Lord's will is done here. Give us this day our daily bread—O Lord, give me daily bread from thee. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us—but Oh, how unwillingly do many people forgive those that trespass against them—how can such expect forgiveness of the Lord! Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, —O, leave me not in temptation, but deliver me from the tempter, for thine is the kingdom, and all power is with thee, and glory for ever. This prayer, people teach their children by heart, and think it is enough. I have been at play with a boy in the street, and his father has called to him, saying, Have you said your prayers to-day? and he has gone in from me and stood behind the door, and said this prayer as fast as he could, for haste to go to play again; I hearkened to him all the while." He lamented much over such careless professors of religion; and to many who visited him he gave good

advice, though his breath begun to grow short; saying, "I desire to please the Lord always."

Through divine mercy he was favoured to feel entire resignation to the will of God, and requested his parents to give him up freely, taking his leave of them and the family with much tenderness and composure. He then paused and said, "O, what joy I feel"—and continuing to praise the Lord as long as his strength remained, he sweetly departed this life; aged twelve years and six months.

ELIZABETH FURLY, of Colchester, in the county of Essex, England, was a child who early loved and feared the Lord, delighted in the society of those who excelled in piety, and abhorred lying. Being taken sick, her heart was filled with the love of God, and two days before her death she uttered many precious expressions, respecting the Lord's mercies to her, and prayed to Him, that she might be preserved faithful to the end.

Several persons being in the room, she supplicated as follows: "Whatever is not of thyself, O Lord, purge out of me, yea, purge me thoroughly,—leave no wicked word in me—thrust away the power of darkness. O, Lord, make me able to praise thee; let me not come into that way which is evil, for if I do, I shall dishonour thee and thy truth: I hope I shall never rebel against thee any more, but have full satisfaction in thee and in thy ways, and not in the evil one and his ways. Wash me, O Lord, thoroughly; let not an unadvised word come out of my mouth. Show those, O Lord, who have done evilly, the evil of their ways; and lay a burden upon their spirits, that they may leave it." Adding, "I feel no pain; the Lord is good to me—good is the will of the Lord; let thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven; everlasting kindness hast thou shown me, and I hope I shall never forget it."

She warned one of her brothers of the danger of an evil life, and affectionately exhorted him to turn to the Lord, saying, "Improve thy time, for thou knowest not how soon thou mayest

be taken away;" and putting her arms about his neck, entreated him to mind what she said. To her other brothers she also imparted tender admonition, saying, "Love the Lord, brothers, love good men; hate the wicked one. O, love the Lord, and then you will be a joy to your father and mother." Observing one of her sisters weeping, she said, "Weep not for me; I am very well. All [of you] serve the Lord, that He may be your portion: in my Father's house there is bread enough; there is fullness, want of nothing; yea, there is fullness of bread, durable riches and honour. I desire never to forget the Lord."

As she had lived in the fear of the Lord and in innocency before him, she was favoured with the enjoyment of sweet peace on her death-bed, and joyfully departed to eternal glory, aged thirteen years.

The instructive and interesting events which occurred during the last illness of JESSE CADBURY, son of Richard and Elizabeth Cadbury, of Birmingham, England, induced a near connexion to preserve a short account of his life and some of his expressions; which furnish even to those of mature years, an example of the Christian's hope and consolation, in the last conflict of nature. To children it may serve to evince the advantage of an early acquaintance with pure religion, and that by following the dictates of the holy spirit of Christ in their hearts, they may become of that happy number, of whom it is declared, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

In the early part of his life he evinced an amiable and grateful disposition, while his steady, consistent and innocent conduct, showed that he had sought an acquaintance with Him who graciously said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." When about nine years of age, symptoms of an alarming and painful disease appeared, which baffled the skill of his physicians, and continued to afflict him during the remainder of his life. The constant irritation occasioned by the malady tended

to produce fretfulness of temper, yet he seldom gave way to this disposition, and for the last two years of his life was enabled, through Divine grace, entirely to control its influence, his mind appearing uniformly placid and grateful for the comforts he enjoyed.

The Holy Scriptures, which were his frequent companion, proved a source of much delight to him; and he took pleasure in reading the Psalms, before bed-time, to his younger sister, to whom he was particularly attached. To the comfort and efficacy of prayer he was no stranger; and on one occasion mentioned to his sister that he awoke in the night with great uneasiness of mind, from having omitted to put up his supplication to the Almighty before he went to sleep. In the attendance of religious meetings, he manifested an exemplary seriousness of deportment; and from the satisfaction he expressed, there is reason to believe that his mind was often made sensible of the tendering influences of divine love.

About the thirteenth year of his age, he was attacked with a severe illness, which continued four weeks, during which time he underwent the most acute sufferings, yet he was preserved in patience and resignation, never uttering a murmur or complaint, but frequently expressing himself with cheerfulness and gratitude to those around him. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the last day of his life, being sensible of his approaching change, and evincing great clearness and serenity, he requested one of his attendants to read a chapter in the Bible, and soon after this was done, he raised himself up and said, "I believe the Lord is near to help me,—I am going to a better world."

To his father, he said, "Farewell, the Lord is on my right hand—I know I shall not be moved." He then took an affectionate leave of his brothers and sisters who were present, and likewise of the servants and assistants, telling them he was going to a better world. A person who was standing by, observing, "I hope we shall meet again in a better world," he replied, "I hope we shall be found worthy to enter the glorious city, to sing praises and hallelujahs to Him that sitteth upon the throne."

During this affecting scene, he uttered many instructive expressions, which showed that amid great bodily suffering, arising from the last conflict of nature, his mind was stayed upon Christ Jesus "the Rock of his salvation," and that he was favoured with a foretaste of that heavenly joy which awaited his redeemed spirit. At one time, however, he was tried with distress of mind; yet through the goodness of the Lord, it was not permitted to continue long; for in a little time he emphatically exclaimed, "O, the beautiful sound! What delightful melody! I see my Saviour coming to meet me with his arms open"—and afterwards "I know that I die in the Lord—I know that I am going to sing praises, high praises, to my God, through Jesus Christ my Lord."

He was frequently engaged in prayer, sometimes his lips moving and his hands raised when no sound could be heard—in a faint voice he supplicated for his brothers and sisters, whose names he mentioned with distinctness. From nine o'clock, he was evidently in the conflict of death, and several times prayed to be released, saying, "O, Lord, pity me—I am willing to go. This is death! O Lord, give me patience to bear my afflictions."

His mother kissing him, he observed to her, "My face is cold—I am going to die—I shall be happy in another world—here there is nothing but trouble." As the clock struck eleven, he remarked, "I have now been two hours dying, by the clock;" and soon after putting out his hand to his mother, he said with much emphasis, "Farewell! Farewell! The Lord is near at hand to bless us! O, grave, where is thy victory! O, death, where is thy sting! O, Lord, please to send death." These were the last words he was heard to utter—turning his head on the pillow, his spirit quietly departed to that happy rest prepared for the righteous. He died on the 19th of ninth month, 1818, aged about thirteen years.

Joseph Briggins, of Bartholomew Close, in London, was taken ill in the fourteenth year of his age, and, the disease

being violent, he was soon reduced very low. His conduct while in health had been orderly and dutiful to his parents; and in the near prospect of death he was favoured with the enjoyment of sweet peace. On one occasion, after having lain still for about an hour, his mind appearing to be filled with joy and pleasantness, he said, "I shall praise the Lord, for He only is to be praised. Oh, I have never heard of any other God but thee, my Holy One,—I have heard of thee, but now I see thee in glory." Calling for his father, he said, "Oh! pure and glorious is my Saviour, who hath appeared and hath taken me into His kingdom. Oh! my eye has seen His glory."

Shortly after this, he prayed very solemnly in the following words, "Thou most glorious God—great and wonderful things are brought to pass by thy own pure, holy power, by which thou hast revealed thy Son. O my King, let all people stand in awe of thy power, by which thou hast gathered many out of their sinful ways, into pure obedience to thee. Thou hast given us a pure knowledge. O pure, glorious and holy God, let thy life reach unto all my dear friends, and keep them that know thee, steadfast on thy holy foundation, Christ Jesus my King; whose appearance is very glorious at this day, and of his government no end is to be; but thousands of thousands shall come to see, and be made partakers of his glorious, bright, and shining day."

At another time he said, "There are many ways and baptisms in the world, but Oh, thou holy One, we have known thy spiritual baptism into Christ Jesus, my Lord, by whom we have known and felt the living water. Oh, it is indeed exceedingly pure, by which we have been washed from all our sins. O my King, thou wast slain, and by the virtue of thy pure blood, we have this given. Oh that all may wait continually upon thee, that they may be kept from all the deceitful ways of the world!" To those standing by him he said, "Mind and serve the Lord in your day; for the holy truth received by you, is the way in which you must wait and obey."

After lying still a short time, he said, "The Lord hath taken me into his kingdom; he hath discovered the fresh springs of

his love to my soul. All you that know the Lord, be obedient to his power and he will discover himself more [fully] to you." Some of his acquaintances wondering to hear him express himself in so remarkable a manner, he told them the Lord had fully made known to his soul, that which he had some feeling of before. On the following day, he was very earnest in prayer, but in a low voice: he also sung of the Olive tree and the fruit thereof, on which his soul fed and was refreshed, and being asked what tree he meant, answered very distinctly, "The tree of life."

SARAH SCOTT, of Hambridge, county of Somerset, England, was of an affectionate and affable temper, and sober behaviour, and not addicted to any bad actions or words.

When laid upon a sick-bed, with but little prospect of recovery, it seemed hard for her to be reconciled to her situation; but in reading several passages in the New Testament, concerning the afflictions and chastisements which the Lord appoints for his children, as Hebrews xii., &c., she was favoured to experience resignation, and afterwards received great comfort, so that her heart was often enlarged in the love of God, to magnify and praise the great Author of her salvation.

Her uncle asking her if she was willing to die, she said, "If I had an assurance of the love of God, I should be;" and on his inquiring if there was any thing which troubled her mind, she answered, "Nothing in particular, except that I have not been more circumspect." Upon his mentioning to her the great mercy of God in Christ Jesus, who died for her, she seemed comforted, and signified that if it was the Lord's will to take her to himself, she was content. She was frequently engaged in secret prayer, and desired to be left alone that she might meditate on God—observing afterwards, that she enjoyed the streams of his love, but found the enemy so busy, that it was hard to keep her mind stayed on the Lord.

She lamented the situation of those who lived in wickedness, especially when they are brought on a death-bed; and sent a

message to one of her acquaintances to take more care of her words and actions, or she would find it hard work to die. Alluding to her own temptations and conflicts, she said, "I have had much trouble, the enemy having been busy when I was in meetings, so that I looked out sometimes and neglected the inward work, for which I have known sorrow.

"I have gone through nights of sorrow and prayer, but now I am made willing to die. I shall go to a glorious place, where there is no temptation or sorrow, and where all tears shall be wiped from the eyes. My spirit is comforted in the love of God; and if I had lived more in the fear of God, I should have been more comforted. The Lord has been good to me—I am willing to die—it has seemed hard to me sometimes, yet now it is made easy."

On another occasion, she expressed, "All must be humbled and brought low one time or other—they must bow; if they will not bow in mercy, they must in judgment. It is well for me that I have been afflicted, else I might not have known the things that belong to my peace; but now I cannot say I do not know them, for I see them and rejoice in them."

Next morning, she expressed much concern on account of a near relation, desiring that she might live in the fear of God; and lamented the folly of those who lived in pride and spent much of their precious time in adorning the poor body and walking wantonly.

She commemorated the Lord's goodness to her, saying, "The Lord is a gracious God, and of great mercy and righteousness, and I trust in Him." One of her acquaintances being present, she gave her much pertinent advice, particularly to be watchful over her words and conduct, and when in religious meetings to have her mind inward, for God was to be worshipped in spirit and in truth; and that as he had given her a measure of his grace, she should serve him while in health, and not to put it off to a sick-bed.

Soon after this, she prayed, "O, Lord Jesus, receive my soul, if it be thy heavenly will. I am truly resigned to thy will. O Lord Jesus, come quickly, if it be thy heavenly will,

and make my passage easy. Send thy angel to conduct me to thy heavenly kingdom—O Lord, hear my prayer, and grant my request, if it be thy heavenly will; give me power over the enemy; he is a cunning enemy, a subtle serpent—O Lord, keep me from his temptations, who lays his baits at every corner." At another time she observed, "There is nothing to be compared to thy love; all the world is but as a fading flower. Oh, what will it avail a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What need have people to go with their heads so high, when they must all be laid in the dust? O Lord, thou art sweet, thy countenance is comely—thou hast refreshed me many a time when I have prayed unto thee; Oh that thou wouldst crown me with glory. Lord Jesus, there is none like unto thee, the Author and Finisher of our faith, to help when none else can."

The day before she died, she again bore testimony to the Lord's power and goodness, saying, "Lord, thou art the great Physician of value—the heavenly Physician, who canst do that which none else can—thou canst raise from the dead. Speak the word and it shall be done; thou art a gracious God, of great mercy and full of righteousness—thy mercies deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance. O Lord Jesus, thou hast tendered my spirit and humbled my soul; thy works are too wonderful to be fully spoken of."

In the evening she appeared to be dying, and took a solemn leave of all who were with her, observing to her aunt, "Now I am just going," and soon after, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; into thy hands I render my soul"—and so passed away without a struggle, aged thirteen years, wanting four days.

Amy Elizabeth Lloyd, daughter of Samuel and Mary Lloyd, of Wednesbury, England, was early visited by the grace of God, which oftentimes tendered her heart, and drew her affections towards heaven and heavenly things.

The following extracts from a diary which she kept, afford

evidence that the Lord's voice is distinctly made known in the soul, in very early years, and that He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is still drawing the lambs unto himself. The first is dated in her 10th year.

"First-day, first month 10th, 1840. I felt very restless in meeting, and it was with great difficulty that I could keep my thoughts to the Lord; and I do not think, I altogether did so."

"17th of fifth month. I felt in meeting to-day the delightful meaning of these words, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' Oh that I might dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

No date. "I lately have not behaved well; I must pray to the Lord to be helped to obey him, not only in the outward appearance, but in the inward also; and may God be with me."

"1st of twelfth month. I hope that I become a better child; till lately I was not sensible of the blessings I receive."

"It is first-day. I could not keep my thoughts, in meeting; they roved away before I was aware of it; but still I tried to wait patiently on the Lord. Oh! that I were good and humble. I ought to be thankful that I know the way to live for ever in heaven, singing praises to Him who died for us, and by whose stripes we are healed."

"7th of twelfth month. I hope the Lord will guide me; for strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life eternal."

"20th of twelfth month. I have been very naughty. I desire to feel thankful for the many blessings I enjoy. O Lord, blot out all my sins from thy book; make me clean through the blood of thy dear Son."

"11th of ninth month, 1842. Last first-day I read my diary through, and think I am more gone back than improved. How to give myself wholly up to Christ, and let Him be all in all, I know not. I should like to be a Christian to-day; but then, instead of thinking that God must do the work, I attempt it myself, and think I am so good. I need God's help. I

know that he would help me. Mother told me this should be our prayer, 'Lord, teach me to know myself and thee.'"

Her standard of holiness was high; and consequently every departure in heart and every failure in her duty, was deeply felt and deplored; and while others would have esteemed her very good, her sensitive mind was the subject of much conflict and suffering from a sense of sin.

In the year 1842, she had a severe illness; and though she recovered so as to resume her duties in the family and school, yet some symptoms gave cause for serious apprehensions as to the result. This had an evident effect in quickening her diligence in spiritual concerns, and in her daily walk there was a constant reference to the things of eternity, and the "one thing needful" appeared to be uppermost in her thoughts. Her mother believing it best to inform her of her critical situation, the child replied, "I am glad thou told me. I hope I shall feel differently before I die—more of the love of Jesus—brighter views of heaven, and a clearer evidence that my sins are forgiven."

In alluding to her sufferings, she remarked, "How light are they, compared to his who bore the weight of our sins in his own body on the tree!" But while she fully acknowledged the truth, and felt the preciousness of the Scripture doctrines respecting the coming, propitiatory sufferings, and death of her dear Redeemer, she was convinced that they could only bring consolation to the soul by submitting to the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart, so as to know them to be applied individually to herself, and to feel the testimony of the Spirit, bearing witness with her spirit that she was the Lord's. She panted after the blessed experience of "being justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. Subsequent to this period of inward exercise, she was made sweetly sensible of the love of Jesus to her soul, in larger measure, which caused her to pour forth the tribute of thanksgiving and praise in simple strains, concluding with the following stanza:

"In thy presence, I am happy;
In thy presence I'm secure;

In thy presence, all affliction
I can easily endure."

She was not forward to speak on sacred subjects; though her mind evidently dwelt almost constantly upon them; she seemed sweetly at rest, reposing in the Lord's will, whether it should be for life or death, desiring to be wholly devoted to His service and glory who had done so much for her. She still suffered at seasons from the buffetings of her soul's enemy, but found the spirit of prayer an unfailing refuge; and when her bodily weakness was so great that she could not distinctly utter the breathings of her soul, the recollection that the Lord knew and graciously regarded the aspiration of the spirit toward Him, was a source of comfort; and He who hears in secret was pleased to reward her openly, by granting her such supplies of faith and patience, as made her more than conqueror through Him who loved her.

Two days previous to her decease, she repeated in feeble but melodious accents the following lines:

"How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease!
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
Come hither, ye laden,—ye weary, draw near.

"There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies;
There's a home for the homeless, prepared in the skies;
There's a joy in believing, a hope, and a stay;
Which the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

"Oh! had I the wings of a dove; I would fly
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky;
When the still and small breathings on earth that are given,
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of heaven."

The solemn period of death being near, she called for one of her sisters, and said to her "These are the damps of death, at least I think so." Her sister asked if she was happy; to which she answered with much emphasis, "Yes—I think I am —hope I am—trust I am." To her younger sister she said, "Annie, I am going to die; I am going to heaven." A smile of tranquillity and peace rested on her countenance, and when

it was remarked to her how mercifully she was dealt with in being permitted to pass away with so little pain or conflict, she calmly said, "Not yet." The power of articulation had nearly failed, but after her position had been a little adjusted, she asked in reference to it, "Am I right?" and soon gently departed under a holy peace and solemnity, which extended to all around her bed, and was a precious evidence that her Saviour was near to receive her into glory. She died fifth month 1st, 1843, aged thirteen years.

THOMAS BURLING, of the city of New York, was taken ill the 8th of third month, 1790. In the fore part of his sickness he appeared to be much concerned about his future happiness, yet his mind was divinely supported under the trying dispensation, and he was enabled to bear his sufferings with patience. On seventh-day morning he grew much worse, and observed to his aunt, "I believe I am going—dost thou not think so?" She did not reply directly to his question, but inquired if he was willing to die—to which he readily answered, "Yes—and shall go to the Lord." He then prayed that the Lord would be pleased to take him and cause him to sit down with Him—observing afterwards, "He hath made my feet like hinds' feet and set me on high places."

In a little while after this, he prayed again with great fervency of spirit, nearly as follows: "O, blessed, holy Father—thou that makest a way in the deep, and paths in the great waters; if it be thy blessed will, with thy dear Son who gave himself for the world, grant that I may witness thy light to shine on my tabernacle, and join angels and archangels, who for ever worship thee, in singing hallelujah, with might, majesty and dominion; for thou art worthy, world without end—amen—amen."

One of his uncles coming in to see him, he said, "Thou hast been very kind to me, I am going to leave thee"—and added that he hoped shortly to be in heaven, should it be the

will of the Lord to allow him a seat in his heavenly mansions, there to join in hallelujahs to his great name.

As there appeared to be no hope of his recovery, he was anxious that his father should freely give him up, saying, "Don't be uneasy, father, about me"—and soon after prayed again in a very affecting manner, making use of expressions, of which until then, they scarcely supposed he had an idea. One of his aunts offered him some drink, he looked at her with a composed countenance, and said, "I shall go before my cousin Benjamin, [who was then supposed to be near his end:] I little thought of being taken away at this time of life." Soon after, "O, that I may be founded and grounded on the mighty Rock of ages;" and being filled with gratitude and praise, he frequently prayed very earnestly and returned thanks unto the Lord, acknowledging, with concern of mind, that he had not aforetime been so thankful as he ought, for the many benefits and mercies he had received.

He was very affectionate to his attendants, often expressing his concern for their religious welfare, that they might be brought into true humility and obedience, so as to worship God in spirit, who alone he said was worthy of all honour and glory. Soon after this he prayed, "Holy Father, if it be thy blessed will, look down on thy poor servant this evening." His strength was much exhausted by frequent speaking, and as his breath was very short, it was proposed to him to lie as quiet as he could, to which he answered, "I cannot help acknowledging the many favours [which] the Lord has bestowed on me."

His end being near, he expressed a wish to take leave of his connexions, which was a very solemn and affecting scene,—he took each one by the hand, saying, "Farewell—I am going—the Lord's will be done." After this he continued praying and praising the Lord, sometimes with a voice so clear and strong as to be heard in an adjoining room, until his gradually declining strength appeared to be exhausted, and he quietly departed the 13th of third month, 1790, aged fourteen years.

Thus died this pious youth—exhibiting in his last moments the blessed fruits of early dedication to the Lord's will, and

such fortitude of mind and resignation to the disposal of Infinite Wisdom, as may serve for an instructive example, not only to the rising generation, but also to those of mature years.

Ann Reeve, daughter of Mark Reeve, of Greenwich, New Jersey, deceased in the eighth month, 1778, aged fourteen years and six months.

Her disposition was amiable and social, and her conduct adorned with modesty and gravity;—she was industrious in her habits and particularly fond of reading, in which she manifested a good judgment, selecting such works as were useful and instructive. She was an affectionate and obedient daughter, careful to consult the wishes of her parents, and to avoid everything which she apprehended might grieve them. Towards her brothers, she acted with much kindness and prudence, evincing an uncommon solicitude for their religious welfare. In retirement and the society of her elder friends, particularly such as were esteemed pious, she took great delight, and though innocently cheerful and affable towards her youthful acquaintances, she seldom went into such company.

When attacked with her last illness she manifested great composure of mind, and expressed her willingness to die if she was prepared. Her mother observing that she hoped she had been preserved in a good degree of innocence and had not done any thing to make her uneasy, she replied, "Not so fully as I ought to have done—I see wherein I have been short; but hope I may be forgiven." On the next day, her father sitting by her and perceiving that she was under exercise, inquired whether she thought she should get better—to which she readily replied, "No—I don't expect it. Some days before I was taken sick I thought I should not live long." Alluding to the death of her brother, who was buried a few days before, she said, "It was such an awakening alarm to me that I thought I should never forget it; yet I found it began to wear off. I

think this season will never be forgotten by me if I should recover, but I do not expect it."

At another time she said to her parents, "I have often thought it would be very hard for me to part with either of you, and it is hard to leave you—there is a great duty due from children to their parents, and I hope you will forgive me wherein I have fallen short." Being answered that she had been very affectionate and dutiful, she continued, "It is very kind; but I see that I have been short, and if I should live I would be much *more* affectionate and dutiful—I have often desired that I might not live to dishonour you—it has seemed to me that young people are ashamed of sobriety." She then mentioned a young woman to whom she had spoken respecting some part of her conduct which she did not approve, and observed that she said there "was no harm in it;" adding, "Our young friends are accounting them little things, but they will become serious things one day or other."

She desired her father to pray for her, and her pain being very severe, she seemed almost ready to complain, but quickly checked herself, saying, "not my will be done." Though favoured with remarkable patience, yet such was her concern lest she should do any thing amiss, that she would often say, "I am afraid I am not patient enough—O, that my time was come; but not my will be done." A person present expressing a hope that she would be supported through the pains of death, though they were hard to bear, she replied, "they were very little to the pains of an endless eternity." "I hope," said her mother, "thou art under no fear on that account." "There is one thing," answered the child, "that lies heavy on my mind, which I am ashamed to let my father and mother know." Being desired to unbosom herself freely, she went on, "I have been, of late, sleepy in meetings sometimes, and I am afraid I have not striven against it in such a manner as I ought." After this acknowledgment she seemed relieved. On the following day, her pain being very severe, she said, "I long to go; but not my will be done." Toward night, her hands growing cold, and apprehending her change was near, she observed

with much composure, "It is hard work for the spirit to be separated from this house of clay," and then took leave of the family in a calm and affectionate manner, giving much good advice to her brothers, saying, "Be loving and dutiful to your parents, and as much as may be in your power make up for their loss—be sure you never grieve them, and by no means dishonour them in any part of your conduct." After this she revived, and on second-day, in a most moving manner, conversed with her two brothers respecting their past conduct, which had been trying to her mind; and in language dictated by heavenly love, advised them respecting their duty towards God and their parents, desiring that they might experience forgiveness for past offences, and rightly improve the time to come, and never dishonour their parents or be ashamed of sobriety, which was too much the case amongst young people. Soon after this she said, "I long for the time to come," and on fourth-day night her spirit departed, we doubt not, to a better inheritance.

PUTNAM F. LOCKE, was born in the county of Rutland, state of Vermont, in the year 1791. In the fifth year of his age he was sent to school, and being of quick apprehension, soon learned to read. It was his practice to rise early in the morning, and the first object of attention was his book. He took much pleasure in reading the Holy Scriptures, and became so well acquainted with their contents, that when only seven years old he could immediately turn to almost any passage. At about eight years of age he grew more serious, manifested some anxiety about the state of his soul, refrained from playing with his associates, and spent his time mostly in reading the Bible. He lamented that boys should use profane language, and would not associate with those who did so.

One morning he was found weeping, and inquiry being made as to the cause, he answered that he had heard a voice which told him he had not long to live in this world. Many arguments were used to compose him, but in vain; he said, "I must

lay aside all play and prepare for death. What shall I do to be saved? Will not the great God have mercy on my soul? I will fall down on my knees and pray to Him that made me, to save me, lest I perish. Let me die at the feet of Jesus, who died to save lost men." He inquired of his mother if she was willing to part with him, saying that if he should die, she would still have one son left to comfort her; that God had the best right to us, and she must glorify Him by giving all up.

He also said, "I am determined to spend the few days I have in this world, in praying and reading good books, not novels and romances, for it may be very hurtful to me, who am but a child, to read anything but the truth. I am very young, but I must have a standard in my own breast. I must never tell a lie—I must not allow myself to speak evil against any person. If I have anything against them, I must first go and tell them. This practice would prevent much uneasiness in the world. If we believe every story we hear, we may not have as good an opinion of people as we ought. We should be very careful of each other's character."

His disposition was sympathetic and charitable, and when he acquired a few pence, he would cast in his mite for the relief of the poor. He was of a mild and amiable temper, obedient and affectionate to his parents, modest and respectful in his deportment to all, patient and tender towards his companions, and remarkable for his love to God and reverence of his great and holy name.

When in the ninth year of his age, he was one day left at home alone, and on the return of his parents, he said to them, "While alone by myself, thinking how my mother had given me up to God, I felt so happy that I fell on my knees in prayer, and gave myself up to the service of the living God. I have now set out to do everything [I can] for his honour and glory. May I never dishonour the cause of religion! I resolve to read much in my Bible, and avoid trifling conversation and vain amusements."

He manifested much solicitude for the education of children; and having a good capacity for teaching, at the age of ten years

he commenced a school, which he continued for three summers in succession, and was very successful in the employ. Being taken ill, and the disorder increasing, he was confirmed in the belief that his dissolution was near; and having his loins girt about, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality, in his fifteenth year, he bid adieu to all things below, and his spirit, we trust, ascended to God who gave it.

Ann Knight, daughter of Edward and Martha Knight, of Great Bardfield, Essex, England, died the 20th of the fourth month, 1806, in the fifteenth year of her age.

She was the eldest child of a numerous family, to whom she was an example of piety. She preferred the company of those advanced in years, to the amusements which commonly engage children, and evinced more than ordinary maturity of understanding. It was her practice when retiring for rest, to examine her conduct during the past day, and if any occasion of regret occurred, she was not satisfied to go to sleep until she felt that peace of mind which results from sincere repentance and forgiveness. On one of these occasions, her mother, going to the bed-side, found her in tears, and inquiring the cause, she replied, "On looking over the day, I find I was out of temper, and too cross to my little sister. I cannot go to sleep until I find forgiveness; and, dear mother, I hope thou wilt forgive me also, and then I can go to rest and sleep sweetly." It should, however, be remarked, that few children were more uniformly affectionate toward their younger brothers and sisters, or used more tender and prudent endeavours to compose their little differences, so that she was early entitled to the blessing pronounced upon the peace-makers.

Returning in ill health from the house of a connexion, she remarked to her father, that she once thought she would like to dress as others did, "but now," said she, "it is all done away—I have no desire for it"—adding, what pleased her parents, would please her, and that she was very sorry to observe

some of her relations run out in dress and deviate from the plain language, and from their profession. "They will find," said she, "that it will not bring peace of mind."

In a few days after this she was confined to the bed, and said to her parents, "I thought I should like to stay a little longer with you, if it had been the Lord's will. It is hard parting with you, but I hope I shall be resigned: you are very near and dear to me, but the Lord can make hard things easy." It was replied that he had many times done this for her; to which, with much emphasis, she answered, "That he has—and I feel easy—I feel nothing to burden my mind, and this is a favour—but I hope I shall see my way clearer before I go."

About two weeks before her death, two of her brothers coming to see her, she exhorted them to fear the Lord and to keep to plainness in language and dress, saying, "If you do not, it will bring a burden on your minds—I do not accuse you—but I know the enemy is very busy to draw away the mind, if you do not keep a watch."

Addressing her parents, she said, "I hope you will give me up to the Almighty's will. He is not a hard Master, but a tender Father to his children that obey Him. I have felt Him underneath, many times, to keep me, when the enemy has been endeavouring to draw me aside from my watch; both when in meetings and out [of them.] But blessed be His holy name, He has preserved me, and He will also preserve you if you obey Him."

She mourned, as has already been mentioned, over some of her connexions, who indulged too much in dress, and desired her father to write down what she had to say respecting it, that they might be made acquainted with the grief she felt that they should waste so much of their precious time. "They wil find," said she, "that it will not bring them peace of mind at such a time as this; and they know not how soon they may be brought as weak as I am."

At another time she lamented the vanity and luxury of the world; remarked how the bountiful Giver had provided food and clothing for all, if they were rightly used, and particularly

regretted the extravagance of dress in such as frequented balls and assemblies. "This is a world of trouble," said she, "and I am freely given up to leave it this night, if it be His will,—as freely as I can sit by that fire-side. Eternity is awful; but I hope and believe I shall be happy."

Towards the close of her time she suffered much pain, which induced her to say, "I hope patience will hold out. Dear father and mother, pray for me, that patience may hold out." It was her earnest desire to be released, if it was consistent with the Lord's will, yet in entire resignation she added, "I hope I shall not be too anxious to be gone." After a violent paroxysm of pain she laid still for a considerable time, and then said, "The Lord has been with me while I laid still. I was so comfortable I thought I was in heaven. I was so happy—happy. Praised be His name for evermore. I cannot praise Him enough, He has been so gracious. I was in hopes I was going—pray do not hold me—I fear you hold me. If my pain come again, I know not what I shall do lest I should murmur, and that would be a sad thing. Now I am happy—I hope patience will hold out."

A few days before her departure she called her mother and said, "I have something to tell thee. This has been a blessed night to me. I have seen heaven, and they are all happy—happy—there. The Almighty has been so near me. I thought he bade me take leave of all the world, which I can freely do, to possess that peace and happiness which I have seen—yea, for the lowest place in heaven; the things of this world signify nothing to me—no, not in the least. No matter what becomes of this bit of clay, when the spirit is gone to heaven. Do not put yourselves to much expense in burying me."

After this she had a convulsion fit, and on reviving from it, said, "I thought I had been going; but I could not go without once more praising the Lord. Where are the dear children? Bid them fear the Lord and love the Lord Jesus." The day before her death she remarked, "It is seventh-day again, and I am here yet—I want to be gone; but hope I shall have patience to wait the Lord's time—that is the best time." She

desired her parents to pray that she might have an easy passage, which petition seemed to be granted. She fell asleep for a few minutes, and without a sigh expired.

ANN HUGHES, daughter of Thomas Hughes of Clonmel, Ireland, deceased the 29th of ninth month, 1820, aged nearly fifteen years.

She took cold in the second month, 1820, and in a short time symptoms of consumption appearing, the physician recommended a change of air; but as her health did not improve she returned home in the seventh month, and continued from that time gradually growing weaker until the 29th of eighth month, when she was attacked with a slight hemorrhage from the lungs. Two days after, a repetition of the same symptoms with increased violence, occasioned some alarm, and in the evening of that day a Friend had a religious opportunity in her chamber, which, with the aforementioned occurrence, seemed to impress her mind with the awfulness of her situation and the great uncertainty of her continuance in this state of being.

On sixth-day night, the 22nd of ninth month, she was seized with a third and more copious discharge of blood from the lungs—so great as almost to produce suffocation; and although the circumstance was affecting to those around her, she was mercifully favoured with calmness and fortitude, saying to her father, although she could only speak at intervals and with difficulty, from the effusion of blood, "Don't be alarmed—I feel easy—perfectly easy—my mind is very calm—I have a kind Providence who is good, very good to me—I hope soon to be in heaven."

At another time she said, "O, what a good thing it is for people to mind their places of worship. I often went to meeting and came home again, as poor and empty as I went there; but now I see the difference." A short time before her decease, she had a visit from two of her relations who indulged

considerable taste for dress. She said but little while they staid; but after they were gone appeared a good deal affected, and remarked to her father, "I have often thought upon the folly of dress, but I think I never saw so plainly the foolishness of it as I now do."

During the latter part of her illness, she spent much of her time in reading the Holy Scriptures and other religious books, and made it her practice to have a few chapters of the Bible read to her after she was settled in bed, and would sometimes ask to have it read during the night. She was entirely resigned to the approach of death, and mentioned that she had no wish to live, though it was trying to part with her connexions; saying, "I am going to leave a good earthly father, but I am going to a very—very—good heavenly Father."

On first-day, the 24th, symptoms of dissolution were apparent. Through most of the day a death-like coldness pervaded her enfeebled frame, but in the evening she revived a little, and requested to have the Bible read, saying, "I think it comforts me; read in the New Testament about our Saviour, that I may try to get some instruction." Observing that her father grieved at the prospect of parting with her, she said, "I don't like to see thee so, or any of you—I think you ought all to be glad to give me up—I am going early from a world of snares and temptations."

On fourth-day, several of the family standing about her bed, she broke forth very sweetly, "He that was with Moses in the burning bush, the great I AM, is a present help. I often admire at His goodness who has made my cup, as it were, to overflow; and though at times I feel empty, I know it to be the work of the enemy—I am going a short road to a beautiful mansion." On perceiving her brother John, who had come to her bed-side, she said to him, "I hope thou wilt mind and grow steady, and not try to please the world, for that is all vanity; but take up the cross and despise the shame. No cross—no crown—that is true; without we take up the cross we cannot win the crown—I have often thought there was a great deal in these words, No cross—no crown. I feel a great

deal of love for you all. I hope to be happy through the mercy of my Redeemer—He is strong and powerful."

On the following day, a Friend inquiring how she was, she replied, "Middling—but I am finely in mind, and what is the body to that—I never thought I was good enough to be cared for. I have been cleansed and purified in the fire. I hope it is not presumption; but I feel very easy. I do not like to complain, when I think of our Saviour's sufferings, and many others we read of." The following day she quietly passed away from time to a blessed and happy eternity.

Lydia R. Smith, of Smithfield, Rhode Island, deceased the 29th of eleventh month, 1821, in the fifteenth year of her age.

Her disposition was lively, her apprehension quick, and her temper kind and forgiving. She early evinced a nice sense of right and wrong, and her tender mind was grieved with the evils she saw, especially the sin of intemperance. She loved to read books of a religious character and to attend meetings for divine worship, and manifested a strong dislike to the vain fashions and customs of the world. When attacked by the lingering illness which eventually terminated her life, she expressed doubts of her recovery, but showed no alarm; the calm and collected state of her mind evincing that she was sustained by that food which nourishes the soul up unto eternal life.

The remedies used for her recovery failed to procure any amendment in the disease; but her love for her Saviour seemed to increase as her bodily powers were enfeebled, and also her love to those around her, often expressing her gratitude for their kind attentions, and for the blessings dispensed to her by Him from whom every good and perfect gift comes. The critical state she was in being mentioned to her, and the question asked, whether she felt anything in her way, she replied with a composed countenance, that she was not sensible there was much stood in her way to happiness—though she felt that she had sometimes been too rude, and feelingly commented on the vanity and emptiness of the things of this world.

On the 25th of eleventh month, 1821, she became much worse, and it being proposed to call in a physician, she seemed unwilling, saying, "A physician can do me no good,"—and next day remarked that she felt easy in her mind and willing to die.

On the 27th, she said to her eldest brother, "Thou hast lost a dear babe and brother, and wilt soon lose a sister,—O be prepared to follow them. Our heavenly Father's house is open to receive all those who are willing to come unto Him. Thou must repent and believe in Him whom God hath sent;" exhorting him to seek the pearl of great price.

On the 28th, she observed, "I shall soon be taken from a world of trouble to a world of rest—Yes—I shall be at peace." Seeing her mother and sisters weep, she said, "I do not like to see you weep. We must all die some time, and why should not I now? I shall be happy in my heavenly Father's kingdom, where joys are ever new. Do not mourn for me. You have done a great deal for me, and I hope you will be rewarded and prepared to meet me in the heavenly kingdom," adding, very impressively, "you ought to have your lamps trimmed and burning. I love you all—but he that loveth father or mother, or any other thing more than Christ, is not worthy of him."

She exhorted her sisters to be kind to their mother, and endeavour to support her in her trials, and then solemnly took her leave of them. Her father and youngest brother coming into the room, she remarked that "they had been kind to her, and she humbly hoped they would be rewarded by that Being before whom we must all give an account of the deeds done in the body. Dear father, I hope thou wilt meet me in that kingdom where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Dear brother, I hope thou wilt be kind to our parents and mind their counsel. I am the youngest of the family—you know not how soon it may be your turn —O, be prepared."

Shortly after this a relation came into the room whom she had desired to see; and after a silent pause, she said to her,

"Thy dress is not becoming a Friend—I advise thee not to curl thy hair or to wear gay clothing—thou oughtest not to spend thy precious time in such vanities. Thou must not follow the fashions of this world—remember thou must be laid upon a death-bed. Thy mind must be changed, then thou wilt be clothed with innocence, and resemble the dove returning to the ark with the olive leaf in her mouth. This world has nothing to bestow upon thee. He that loveth anything more than me, [said our blessed Lord] is not worthy of me."

The next day her articulation so failed that but little she said could be understood, yet she was heard to say, "Happy—Happy"—and in a peaceful and resigned frame of mind she quietly departed to her heavenly inheritance.

Susannah Whitrow, was the daughter of Robert Whitrow, of Covent Garden, London. It appears that she, with some others of her father's family, had lived in great pride and extravagance, following after the vain fashions of a wicked world, and disregarding the convictions of Divine grace in their own minds; for which, when laid on a sick bed, she was brought to feel the judgments and terrors of the Lord. Under a sense of her sins and the weight of iniquity which lay upon her, she would frequently cry out for mercy and forgiveness, saying, "Lord, are my sins forgiven? Had not mine eyes seen these vanities, my heart had not gone after them. Shall I have no help for my distress? O strengthen thou me to see my desires."

It pleased the Lord in the riches of his mercy to hear her prayers, and to blot out her sins for the sake of his dear Son, Christ Jesus our Lord; and having thus obtained pardon for herself, she became exceedingly concerned on account of her father, who she feared was too little engaged for his own salvation; praying after this manner: "Lord, remember not his offences—let me bear them—make his friends to be his enemies that thou mayest have mercy on him—carry him through,

and let him not perish with the world. Blessed Lord, hear me; leave me not unsatisfied, but grant my request. Set his mind on things above—turn him and he shall be turned: there is no way for him but to watch and pray continually, lest the tempter prevail."

To her mother, who had not joined in the pride and folly of the family, she thus expressed herself, "O, my bowed down and broken-hearted mother! what have been thy sufferings in this family! how hast thou been oppressed with our iniquities! how often hast thou told my father, the Lord would visit him with sore and grievous judgments, if he did not repent and turn from the evil of his ways! How often hast thou said the Lord would plead thy righteous cause with us! Now the day is come which thou hast so long warned us of; now the Lord has broken in upon us. O, how great have been thy care and pains which thou hast taken to bring us into the fear of the Lord—great shall be thy reward—the Lord will give thee beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness—blessed be thou, my mother."

Soon after this, she said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit. Lord I am poor and needy. I need thy strength continually to withstand the tempter. O Lord stand by me, move not from me; for if thou go, the tempter will come. I will hold thee fast; thou art my Saviour, thou shalt save me from the tempter."

On another occasion she remarked, "I fear I shall not have a place so near the Lord as my soul desires. I have done nothing for the Lord, but he hath done all for me—therefore I desire to live, that I might live a holy and righteous life; that my conversation might be in heaven, though my body be here on earth; that I might invite all, as David did, to taste and see how good the Lord is. They have tasted of their perishing life of vanities, yea, they have drunk a full cup, their measure is running over; but they never tasted the joys that attend the humble, holy life of Jesus. Oh, if they had ever tasted the least mite thereof, they would bid adieu to all their life of vanity. Ah, they would not dare to spend their precious time

in adorning themselves, patching and painting, and curling their heads—the Christian life is another thing—they must not give themselves liberty to think their own thoughts, much less to act such abominations as these."

After this, she spoke on the parable of the wise virgins, exhorting all to keep very diligently on the watch, saying, "The Lord will come as a thief in the night, and in a day when he is not looked for; therefore, watch and pray continually: here the tempter cannot enter; this is the way my Saviour spoke of, when he said, you must take up your daily cross; this is that flaming sword you must pass through, before you can come to the tree of life. This is the cup my Saviour asked you if you could drink of, and this was that baptism he asked if you could be baptized with. Come, all you that call yourselves Christians, what [evidence] of the life of the holy Jesus is in you, who was a man of sorrows? You light and airy ones—you wild and wanton ones—you that are lovers of pleasure more than of God, you workers of iniquity who are always crying Lord, Lord, but do not the things that I say, this shall be your dreadful doom; that you are sayers but not doers. You workers of iniquity that think you can never have enough of the pride of life, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, which is not of my heavenly Father, and so you are of your father, the devil; for his servants you are whom you obey."

On another occasion she thus expressed herself, "Be ye holy, as I, the Lord your God, am holy. This, they say, is impossible. Oh! would the holy, just and true Lord, command that which is impossible? In this, they count the Lord a hard Master. But what can my soul say of thy power, when I sought thee but could not find thee—I knocked hard, but none would open; for my sins stood like mountains, that I could not come near thee. I would fain have prayed, but could not. I lay several days and nights prostrate before thee, struggling for life, but could find none; and I said, there is no mercy for me. Then said I, I will never leave thee—if I perish, I will perish here. I will never cease crying unto thee. Then I heard a voice, saying, 'Jacob wrestled all night before he obtained the

blessing.' O, then thy word was strength to my soul—then my stony heart was broken to pieces before the Lord—then the spirit of prayer and supplication was poured into my soul, and now I can sing, as David did, of mercy and of judgment. Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing; with a rended heart and with my mouth in the dust, will I sing praises unto thee, my blessed Saviour."

For several days she had great conflict of spirit, and strong were her cries to the Lord, for strength to overcome the tempter. "I would not," said she, "suffer a thought to wander—if I move, I shall be drawn off my watch, and then the tempter will prevail."

But through the Lord's mercy and power, the enemy of her soul was at length conquered, and she broke forth after this manner, "It is finished—I have overcome—my Saviour hath bound him;" for which unspeakable favour she magnified the Lord, singing praises to his name, and declaring the wondrous works which he had wrought for her soul.

Addressing those around her, she said, "Don't you feast, but fast and pray; and be contented with mean things. Oh! what matter for fine houses or silken apparel! Remember Him who sat on the ground, and wore a garment without a seam, our blessed, holy Lord, who went up the mountain to pray—who withdrew into gardens and desolate places of the earth; my soul hath fellowship with Him." "O, thou glorious One, thou hast overcome my heart, thou hast ravished my soul—thou pure and holy One, what shall I say of thee, or what shall I render to thee for thy loving kindness to me. My heart is overcome with thy love—praises be unto thee for thy loving kindness to me. How shall I set forth thy goodness; for my heart drops before thee!"

She was remarkably filled with divine consolation and holy joy, singing praises and hallelujahs to the Lord; and spoke much concerning the Lamb and His followers, who had washed their robes and made them white in his blood. Towards evening, two persons coming to see her, she uttered many instructive expressions, and with much earnestness of spirit observed, "O, Israel, what hath thy God done for thee! What shall we

do for the daughters of Jerusalem, who are haughty and go with outstretched necks and wanton eyes!"

Several days after, she said, "O, thou beloved of my soul, what shall I say of thee, for thou art too wonderful for me! Praises be unto thee. Come, all ye holy prophets, praise the Lord with me. Praise the Lord, O, my soul, upon the loud-sounding instrument. Ye glorious angels, that excel in glory, sing praises to Him that sits upon the throne. O, how I am overcome! Ye stones in the street, why arise ye not up to praise Him that lives for ever! O, thou light, praise thou the Lord, and thou darkness, praise and exalt Him above all things for ever! Thou sun, and moon, and ye stars in the firmament of his power, magnify the Lord above all for ever! All ye fishes in the sea, why come ye not forth to praise the Lord, the mighty God, who gives you breath and being? I will praise thee while I have my breath. Praise the Lord, O, my soul, sing praises to the God of my salvation: my holy One, thou hast overcome my heart, thou hast ravished my soul."

"My dear mother, I shall be as a new-born babe—I shall be very simple; but the Lord is with me. I must lay down this body. The Lord will not trust me longer in this world. Happy am I. My Saviour, my soul loves thee dearly —thy love is better than wine. My Saviour, my holy One, how gracious art thou! I have seen thy glory, my heart is overcome with thy sweet countenance. O, come away, why dost thou stay? I am ready—I am ready."

Soon after this she quietly departed this life, and has doubtless entered into that unspeakable glory laid up in heaven for the righteous, of which her soul was permitted to enjoy so large a foretaste, even while clothed with mortality. She was aged fifteen years.

PRISCILLA CUTHBERT, daughter of Thomas Cuthbert, was born at Brentford, in England. Some months before she was taken with her last illness, she was observed to be under much concern of mind, and would withdraw from the company of other children and deny herself the diversions with which they

amused themselves. She frequently retired into solitary places, and read some religious book, sometimes weeping much, and at other times praising the Lord.

When sickness came, she bore it with exemplary patience and submission: praying the Lord to be her comfort and to comfort her beloved parents, acknowledging their tender care in bringing up and educating herself and her brothers and sisters. On one occasion, her father coming to her, she endea voured to wipe the tears from his face, and said, "Lord, comfort my father and mother, and bless my poor sisters and brothers." She advised her brother to obey his parents and fear the Lord, adding, "He will bless thee." She was entirely resigned respecting the issue of her sickness, remarking, "I am willing to live to praise the Lord, and I am willing to die."

At another time she said, "In the time of my health I have been afraid when I have seen the dead nailed up in their coffins; but now, the Lord hath taken away that fear—blessed be His name. Therefore, take you notice that stand by me, I am neither afraid of death nor the grave, but am willing to die when it pleaseth the Lord." She was often engaged in prayer on behalf of her parents, expressing more than ordinary affection for them, and also spoke of the peaceful state of her mind and her willingness to die, saying, "I am going where, I trust in the Lord, I shall have rest; for the Lord is my rest."

She died on the following day, at the age of about fifteen years.

Peter W. Hall, son of Thomas Hall, died at Brookfield school, near Wigton, England, on the 5th of the 3rd month 1841, aged nearly fifteen years.

He evinced considerable originality of thought and great proneness for minute investigation, even from a child. He was of studious habits and whilst at school displayed a strong bias for the medical profession, which probably induced a closer application to study than was quite consistent with prudent regard for his health. As he advanced in years, his de-

sire for information increased. He possessed strong reasoning powers, which not unfrequently occasioned his father considerable uneasiness, lest the cultivation of this faculty should lead him from the simplicity of the Truth, to seek that "knowledge which puffeth up," to the neglect of that which alone can edify. Indeed, the seeds of vanity *were* sown in his heart; for he acknowledged, when brought to see the emptiness of such things, that previous to his attack of illness, he had thought there was no science beyond his reach, and that he had formerly hoped he should one day distinguish himself in the world, and to accomplish this end, he was ready to devote his days and nights to study. But the Shepherd of Israel, whose eyes are over all his works, suffered him not to become entangled in the delusive vanities of life. The rod of affliction in the divine hand, humbled his spirit and soon stained the glory of this world in his view. The uncertainty of life and the awful realities of another state of being, were brought closely home to his mind, through the instrumentality of a friend in the ministry, who was led to address some of the youth; and the impression thus made, was renewed and strengthened by the sudden and unexpected decease of a near relation, about his own age, to whom he was greatly attached. The good seed thus sown, fell into ground measurably prepared by the great Husbandman, and it was not long ere fruit was brought forth to the praise of his holy name.

A troublesome cough, languor, and a gradual prostration of strength, which came on while at the school, were the first indications of latent disease, but a hope was cherished that relaxation, change of air, and exercise would soon restore him.

During the progress of the complaint, although for some time he was backward in speaking of his feelings, yet the gentleness and meekness of the true disciple, and the increasing tenderness of spirit inseparable from a change of heart, gave silent but sweet evidence to his nearest connections, that he was under the preparing hand of his Heavenly Father. As his illness assumed more alarming symptoms, much anxiety was felt by his parents to learn from himself, whether he was fully aware

that they had but little hopes of his restoration. Allusion being made to the uncertainty of his recovery, he said, "I feel resigned, however it may be."

Not long afterwards, being informed that the physicians considered his case beyond their skill, with great calmness, he inquired their opinion of the precise nature of the complaint, and how long they expected he would continue in this state of being. He was informed, they thought he might go almost any moment, but that probably twelve hours might be the extent of his continuance. To this he meekly replied, "I am resigned; I have nothing to do but to die." After this, he spoke largely on the great love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and declared where his hopes were fixed. "I have nothing of my own to depend upon; my trust is in that dear Saviour, who said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I feel nothing now to make me uncomfortable—his mercy is inestimable. All my sins, and they have been so numerous, nothing but a Saviour's blood could have washed them away—all, I hope, are now forgiven."

After this period, (first month 1841) contrary to the expectation of his friends and the medical attendants, his life was prolonged several weeks. During this time, the wonders of redemption, which human wisdom can never comprehend, were largely unfolded to the comfort of his own mind and the edification of others who were favoured to be with him. His sister coming into the room, he addressed her very sweetly, calling her attention to the uncertainty of life and the need of a continual preparation for death, by watchfulness and prayer and a daily walk with God. He urged her to diligence in reading the Scriptures and meditating thereon. In her intercourse with others, he enjoined her to practise the Saviour's precept, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Although about this time the medical men thought him expiring, he was borne up above the fear of death. Already, he seemed to be a partaker of the joys of heaven, and contempla-

ted with delight the goodness and mercy of God. He was strengthened to speak with clearness, for nearly an hour and a half, on some gospel truths very precious to him, viz. the sufferings of a dying Saviour,—the efficacy of his blood to cleanse from all sin, the gift of the Holy Spirit which leads to true faith and perfect obedience, as its secret admonitions are attended to, bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Soon after this he spoke to his father on what he apprehended was the state of some of the boys in the school, expressing a very earnest desire that they might be brought to feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and how dreadful it was for any to be living as without God in the world. "O," added he, "that such were brought to repentance." After expressing his thankfulness for the merciful dealings of his Heavenly Father, particularly for having been for the last few months under immediate parental care, and for the advantage he found in having a chamber to himself, where he could wait upon the Lord in inward retirement, previous to going to rest; he added, "Oh! father, how refreshing these opportunities have been—they were precious." To a young female who had been watching very tenderly over him he spoke thus; "Oh, J——, this is the time for thee, the time of health, to prepare for death. It will not do to trust to a sick-bed repentance. Prepare *now* to meet thy God; then I hope thy death-bed will be as comfortable as mine. Do care tenderly for thy brother. You girls who have brothers, watch over them,—they need it."

Having expressed a desire to see some of the boys who were at the school, they were called singly to his bed-side. To the first he said, "The doctor has told me, that probably I have not more than twelve hours to live. In that short period how could I prepare for death, if my peace had not been made? I wish to recommend thee to read thy Bible very attentively. Begin each day with supplication to be preserved from evil, and be sure to close each day with a close examination how it has been spent. If thou hast done wrong, crave earnestly to be forgiven for the dear Saviour's sake. Attend diligently to

the opportunities for reading and waiting upon God; and be not afraid to avow thyself one of his followers. Remember what the Saviour himself said; 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him will the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels; but, whosoever shall confess me,' that is, he who acknowledgeth me before men, and who is not afraid of manifesting himself to be a true believer and follower of Christ, 'him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God.' Life is very short; many are cut off as in a moment; the longest is but one hundred years, and what is that compared with eternity? When this life closes, it is but the beginning of that which will last for ever. If there were no other consideration than this, how foolish it would be to attend only to the things which belong to this brief portion of time, and neglect those of eternal moment! Live then each day as if it were thy last." Another he exhorted, with fond affection and with great earnestness of spirit, to be continually in a state of preparation. "Watch and pray daily: never miss examination at the close of each day, how that portion of time has been spent. "Seek earnestly for repentance for every sin of omission and commission; and when favoured to do what is right, Oh! do not trust to *that;* nothing but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus can save us, blotting out our sins. Pray for continual preservation, for the enemy is ever busy with his temptations to mislead. Resist him, and he will flee from thee. How wonderful is the Saviour's love! He who was equal with God, left the bosom of his Father, took upon himself our nature and became an inhabitant of this earth, leading the most painful life, tempted, tried, led into the wilderness amongst the wild beasts there; and to crown all, suffered the ignominious death of the cross; without which sacrifice not one soul could hope to be saved; for all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. Now He remains for ever our gracious Intercessor with the Father, presenting our prayers with acceptance to him. This is not all: He hath given each of us his holy spirit, to lead and guide us. O, mind that—it will manifest that which

is evil, and if attended to, lead to peace. Such transcendent love and mercy must not be slighted. Watch diligently—look to the Saviour, who was never overcome." His mind now appeared relieved, and he broke forth in sweet ejaculations, commemorating the Lord's goodness in having dealt so graciously with him, and given him the assurance that all his sins were freely forgiven for Christ's sake; adding, "it is this which makes my death-bed so easy and comfortable. How wonderful is the Lord's goodness! Oh, my Saviour! What transcendent love! What mercy, to be called in my youth by the most gentle, yet the most effectual means; and all my sins—they were so many, nothing but Thy blood could wash them out—now seem entirely taken away. Mercy! mercy! adorable mercy! I have done nothing to promote the Lord's glory: that is humiliating; yet we find those who wrought but one hour in the vineyard received their reward. But, indeed, our own works never can save us. All the righteousness of man is as filthy rags. We can do nothing but by the ability which is given by the good Spirit of God,"—a sentiment which he often and feelingly expressed.

Towards evening, he received a message of love from the girls in the school, and though so much exhausted that it seemed scarcely possible for him to endure more fatigue, he expressed a wish to see them all, at intervals, and to begin with the first class, saying, "I do feel a desire to see them—the good Master will require nothing but what he will give strength to perform." Believing that he really felt the love of Christ constraining him to this service, his request was granted. He spoke to them with remarkable fervency of spirit and very solemn feelings, and it appeared to be a message of love to their souls.

On taking each by the hand, he spoke nearly as follows: "Thou seest me now upon my death-bed. I was not aware that my end was so near. If I had put off to a death-bed repentance, how could I have been prepared in so short a time for a never-ending eternity? I want to entreat thee to prepare for death now in the morning of life. The flower that is of-

fered in the bud, is no mean sacrifice. Give God thy heart now. Begin every day with supplication to Him for preservation during the day; and before thou closest thy eyes in sleep, examine how that portion of time has been spent. Crave forgiveness for all thy sins in the name of the dear Saviour. Seek in Him for more strength to watch and resist the enemy; yea, watch and pray—the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. Many a snare does the enemy lay to entangle, but the good Spirit of God will discover all these. If thou art enabled to do any good thing, do not depend upon that for acceptance. It is all through mercy, pure, unmerited mercy, that we are saved, by having our sins washed away in the blood of the Lamb."

To another, he said, "Thou must expect many scoffings and deridings in submitting to the cross of Christ. Let not this discourage thee. Remember who hath said, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him also will the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels; but whosoever shall confess me before men,' not being afraid to evince his love by obedience, 'him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.' What is the longest life, and what is time, compared with eternity? A few years may be thine, but that is uncertain. Be prepared to meet thy God—thy everlasting judge, now in thy youth. Live every day as if it were thy last—this is the only way to peace, and to know a death-bed made comfortable. Let nothing induce thee to put off this preparation. The Lord hath said, 'My spirit shall not always strive with man.' Thou mayest be called away in a state of insensibility, or the poor body may be so racked with pain, that thy mind cannot then centre upon God. This is my dying advice. Farewell—I hope we shall all meet again in that happy kingdom."

This was a heart-tendering season—every eye was suffused with tears, save that of the dear child—he had none to shed. He was fast approaching that city where "God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes;" and already appeared to participate in its bliss. The opportunity was a great relief to him.

self; and after the children had retired, he said, "Oh, father, how thankful I am for this opportunity, how happy do I feel! Oh, heavenly Father, how merciful art thou!"

The night was spent nearly, if not entirely, without sleep, but in the sweet enjoyment of that peace which is the precious gift of the Prince of Peace, graciously imparted to those who humbly endeavour to do his will. "Oh, how happy do I feel!" he again repeated, "I do not wish to sleep." Nature was too far exhausted to admit of seeing any more of the girls at that time; but he desired his kind love to be given to each, with the assurance that he felt an equal degree of love for all.

Many and fervent were his prayers that he might be preserved in humility and patience to the end. On seventh day, after a little broken slumber, the following petition was audibly put up: "O holy Father, enable me through the name of Jesus Christ, to be made meet for an admittance into those holy mansions where nothing that is impure or unholy can ever enter." He very frequently besought the Lord for more patience and more humility, and his requests were answered, for humility was the clothing of his spirit, and patience seemed to have its perfect work. Nothing like complaint or murmuring ever escaped his lips.

After being reduced apparently to the verge of the grave, a very decided improvement took place without any perceptible cause; his breathing, which had been very laborious, became much easier; he slept on either side, and frequently asked for food, which he quite enjoyed. Even the medical men began to entertain a hope of his restoration. This change, so agreeable to those around him, occasioned the dear boy a very close trial. He thought he had nearly done with time, and now the prospect of recovery, or of lingering longer upon this earth, brought him very low. "Oh, father," he said, "the doctors have made me very low-spirited: I thought I was near my close, now that does not appear to be the case, more means are to be used for my recovery; Oh, how much rather would I die!"

A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that it was

quite as necessary to be resigned to live as to die, if it was the Lord's will; and he quickly regained his wonted serenity of mind, often meekly uttering the ejaculation, "Not my will, but thine, be done, O Lord! Grant me patience, I pray thee, thy time is the best time."

On the 2nd of second month, he received an acceptable religious visit from two female friends, who were made the instruments of much comfort to his mind, and he frequently afterwards offered thanksgiving and praise for the benefits thus conferred on him. Soon after, he supplicated thus: "Oh righteous Father! thou hast dealt mercifully with me in all things. If it be thy will to make use of me as an instrument in the church, thou canst raise me up again, for all power is thine. If not, I crave of thee to take me to thyself. Oh, thy unutterable kindness! Thou hast not brought me to death by a very painful disease. Thou hast freely forgiven all my sins, through the mediation of the dear Saviour, the only mediator between thee and sinful man. O be with me to the end. Grant me more patience and humility even for thy name's sake, amen." A little afterwards he said, "Oh Lord, if I may be removed to the regions of bliss, may it be done in a short time; but not my will, but thine be done."

After a season of deep trial from bleeding at the nose and much coughing, under which nature seemed ready to sink, he thus addressed his heavenly Father: "O, wilt thou be pleased to look down with an eye of pity upon a poor sinner, who has nothing of his own to offer to thee, for all my righteousness is as filthy rags. Grant me patience and humility through Jesus Christ, who descended from heaven to save sinners, of whom I am chief: yet through his unutterable love, and tender compassion, I humbly hope I shall be permitted to enter thy kingdom, to join for ever the choir of angels in praising thee, to whom all glory and power belong, even for ever—amen." Shortly after, he exclaimed, "Oh, most gracious Saviour, how I love thee! I crave to do all thy commandments. What unutterable love! to leave the right hand of the majesty on high; to be put to the most painful death as an atonement for

our sins! Leave me not, I pray thee, but preserve me from evil—preserve me in watchfulness, in humility, in resignation to thy holy will. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Prayer and praise seemed to be the constant engagement of his spirit. His mother entering the room, he said, "O mother, what a sweet opportunity we had! O, how comforting! I would not exchange the enjoyments of this sick-bed for all the buoyancy of health." As night approached, he requested to be placed in a recumbent posture and then desired his father to leave him alone for a short time. Before sinking to rest, he prayed thus: "O merciful Father, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, whose precious blood was shed as a sacrifice for sin, receive me, if it please thee, into thy kingdom. Thou knowest all my backslidings—how often I have turned from thee; but thou hast blotted out all my transgressions for his sake. Oh! what kindness! Sustain me, I pray thee, for the enemy is very busy, in all situations, but thy power can preserve. Grant me, I pray thee, to be fully resigned to thy will, whether to live or die; and may thy will be done. Amen." His whole soul seemed to be absorbed in adoration and praise for the redemption of fallen man, and he once more exclaimed, "Oh! adorable Saviour! Merciful Father, I have nothing of my own to offer unto thee—He alone is the Mediator—through Him only I hope to be admitted into thy kingdom, having all my sins washed and made white in his blood. How great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Shortly after this, an attack of coughing and expectoration came on, which threatened immediate dissolution; when relieved, he was distinctly heard to breathe thus, "O gracious Father, enable me through Jesus Christ, to bear patiently every trial which thou mayest yet see meet to give." Often did this dear child express his astonishment that any should think religion a gloomy thing. "None," said he, "can be so happy as the good; none can have such cause for cheerfulness."

Every little attention bestowed upon him was so gratefully received, that it was a pleasure to wait on him. He evinced the fondest affection for his step-mother, often exclaiming, "O

mother, dear mother, I can never reward thee for all thy kindness. O, how I love thee! May a gracious God reward thee; I cannot do it." A near relation, dressing his chest, which was extremely sore, observed, "We never need complain, when this poor child has such a chest as this;" to which he sweetly replied, "Neither must I complain of this, when the dear Saviour, the Son of God, suffered incomparably more for me." He seemed to have arrived at that state recommended by the Apostle, "Pray without ceasing—in every thing give thanks." When the energies of nature were sinking under the pressure of the disease, and no comfortable position could be found to rest his wearied, aching frame, he found in God a never-failing refuge. In one of these trying seasons, he broke forth thus: "O merciful God, how marvellous are thy works, and thy ways past finding out! Oh! Jesus, thou diedst upon the cross for me, that my sins might be blotted out; that I might be washed and purified in thy blood, thou Lamb of God. How many kind friends I have about me who try to alleviate my sufferings—it is thou that preparest their hearts. Come, my Saviour; come quickly—but Oh! for patience to wait thy appointed time, for thy will is best: forgive my impatience, O Jesus, my sweet Saviour. Amen."

Another time he remarked "Oh! how sweet to wait upon the Lord, in silence and in prayer!" Once, when much exhausted, he said to his mother, "O, dear mother, I think I cannot survive much longer; my bodily strength seems well nigh gone, but if I live, I know I shall be provided for night and day—but my Saviour had, when on this earth, nowhere to lay his head." Awakening out of a slumber, he said, "Oh, dear mother, when I was asleep, I thought I saw all my sins arrayed against me, like a mountain, ready to overwhelm me, but on looking up, I saw a ladder firmly fixed, the top of which reached to heaven: this I grasped and began to ascend, as my only means of escape. That ladder, I think, was Christ: He is my only hope of salvation."

Sixth-day evening, 5th of second month, he prayed, "Oh, gracious and merciful Father, who dwellest within the heavens,

look down upon me who am one of the meanest of thy creatures—O prepare me a place in thy kingdom!" Speaking of the goodness and mercy of the Almighty toward him, he said, "He hath created a clean heart and renewed a right spirit within me." To a young friend, watching by him, he said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou wilt say, I have no pleasure in them. I remembered my Creator, and now he hath not forsaken me. Oh! how glorious to think that I shall soon be an inhabitant of the celestial city—I shall not be here long—no, 'tis but the twinkling of an eye and all will be over."

Eighth of second month, he had a better night than usual, yet it was evident that the complaint was making stealthy but sure progress. His medical attendants met in the afternoon: and after they were gone, he appeared wishful to know what they then thought of his case. On being informed that their hope was now only to alleviate, not to arrest the disease, with a sweet and most expressive smile, he gently uplifted his eyes, and said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! Oh, happy, happy,"—his grateful placid look spoke the rest. Several days passed over without any decided change, but the little remaining strength was gradually wasting away. As the medical men had strongly enjoined him to converse as little as possible, much expression was not heard; yet day after day he was engaged in scarcely audible whispers, breathing out his supplications to God, and the solemn accents of thanksgiving often broke from his lips in a tone too low to be correctly repeated. "Sweet Jesus! Merciful Saviour! Inconceivable is thy goodness! Equal with the Father, thou leftest the glories of heaven to die for poor sinful man—love unutterable! even I, the meanest and most unworthy of thy creatures, hope to gain an admission into thy heavenly kingdom, through thy intercession, O my Saviour." Great was his love to those about him, and a desire to be found faithful in imparting what he felt for the well-being of one of his school-fellows, for whom he had previously evinced a deep religious concern, induced him, after

having obtained his father's permission, to break through the doctor's injunction. The opportunity, at his own request, was a private one; an air of cheerfulness and heartfelt satisfaction was spread over the dear child's countenance, on his father's return into his chamber, affording a silent evidence of solid peace of mind. After this, from time to time, others of the children whom he had not previously addressed, were introduced into his chamber, to whom he spoke in accordance with his feelings, with tendering effect.

On the 10th of second month, as his mother entered his room, he replied to her kind inquiries, "Oh! dear mother, every succeeding day brings me nearer to my peaceful home." About this time he disposed of his books and other little things as presents to those about him, and with great calmness, but with tremulous hand, he inscribed those last mementoes of his love. He continued a sojourner on earth longer than was expected, 'with his loins girt about and his light burning,' patiently awaiting the coming of his Lord, his work appearing to be accomplished, and his warfare ended. His faculties remained clear to the last. The sweetness and innocence of his conversation, the cheerfulness and serenity of his mind, the liveliness of his faith, his gentleness and love, and the meekness and patience of his spirit, afforded beautiful evidence that the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance for ever. After a day of considerable enjoyment, and an entire exemption from pain, he sunk to repose as in the arms of redeeming love, and was mercifully favoured with an easy passage to the realms of bliss—to join, as we humbly hope, in that holy anthem, so dear to him on earth, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—yea, "blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever."

Barbara Scaif, of Blackside, in the county of Westmoreland, England, was a child that feared the Lord, and was obedient to her parents. She and her sister being taken ill with

the small-pox, many of the neighbours came to see them, and their company and conversation being disagreeable, she desired her mother not to allow them to stay; "For," said she, "we have no need of such empty talk as is used amongst too many; we would be quiet, that we may pray to the Lord to forgive us the faults we have committed; and if He spare our lives at this time, I hope and believe we shall amend, and have a care of displeasing the Lord while we live."

About the seventh day of her illness, being under much concern, she prayed thus—"O, Almighty God! I cry unto thee; blot out all my transgressions, and my sins; let them come no more into thy remembrance. I beg it of thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, with all my soul and with all my strength. Let thy favourable countenance be upon me." Her prayers were frequently put up to the throne of grace, not only for herself, but also for her parents and her sister, beseeching the Lord to strengthen her to resign herself freely to His will. She advised her brother to be "faithful to the Lord and to his religion; to love the Lord with all his heart, and not to love the world nor the pleasures thereof." Alluding to her relations, she said, "I can freely part with and leave them all, for the enjoyment of the comfort and happiness of which my soul is made sensible;" and concluded with praises to the Lord for the riches of his grace and the comfort she had received from Him.

Being pressed by her attendants to take some food, she declined, saying, "Do not trouble me with it; for if thereby you think to keep me, it is all in vain. I must die and leave you; neither would I desire to live for all the world: for to be with the Lord is better than ten thousand worlds, with whom I shall rest for evermore—even with God and His saints—his faithful people and servants; glory to his name for evermore."

She manifested much tenderness of spirit and watchfulness over herself, lest she should speak an unbecoming word. She was kind and sympathising to those about her, and seemed more concerned at the trouble she gave them in waiting upon her, than for her own sufferings. On the day of her decease

she told her mother, that that morning would nearly finish her time in this world, "for," said she, "the Lord will ease me ere long, take away all my pain and wipe all tears from my eyes." Presently after, she remarked, "I am ready to leave this world," and desired her parents to be contented with the will of the Lord, and about one o'clock in the morning she quietly departed to her rest in Jesus. She was about fifteen years of age.

SARAH, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Featherstone, died in the sixteenth year of her age. When very young she was desirous of hearing and obeying the voice of heavenly wisdom, and was careful to remember and fear her great Creator. To her parents she was affectionate and obedient, and on all occasions showed herself to be of a meek and quiet spirit.

Soon after being taken ill, she informed her mother that she believed she should be removed from her; and when it was proposed to send for a physician, seemed unwilling, observing, "I am freely given up to the will of the Lord, whether to live or die. It was showed me that I was not for a long life, and if this be the time of my change I am content." The anxiety and affliction of her mother at the prospect of losing her beloved child, were a source of trouble to her, and she earnestly desired her to seek after resignation, saying, "Thy dear and tender love to me has been very great, and in that love I desire we may rest, freely given up to the will of God; for the Lord may not see meet to trust me in this wicked world any longer. O, the abominable pride of this world! There are some amongst us who can take liberty to fashion themselves in many things like the world, both in their habit and other needless things. Oh! but the Christian's life is another thing—this is not the adorning that we are to put on; for if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the wicked and the ungodly appear?"

Her disorder being very severe, she said, "I was never so sick in my life. I am sick at my heart. O Lord, in mercy re-

member me and bear me up above all my afflictions, for my heart trusteth in thee." After this she laid very still, bearing her sickness with much patience, and shortly before her close, said, "O, my dear and heavenly Father! come away—come away, for my heart trusteth in thee"—and so fell asleep in the Lord.

MARY BEWLEY, daughter of George Bewley, of Cork in Ireland, was a sober and affectionate child, obedient to her parents and courteous and gentle in her demeanour; qualities which endeared her to such as had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She loved and kept to plainness in her apparel and conversation, and disliked the finery and vain fashions of the world. Being of a delicate constitution and often in ill health, she was thoughtful about her latter end, and under the feeling of religious concern, was frequent and earnest in prayer to God, that through the aid of his grace she might experience a preparation for her final change. This fervent exercise of spirit was mercifully regarded by Him who hears and answers prayer; and she was enabled to resign herself entirely to his will, often expressing that she had no wish to live except to serve the Lord, and begging for patience to bear her afflictions in a becoming manner.

After she was taken ill, the consideration of the way in which she had spent her past time, and of what she had said or done amiss, often employed her serious thoughts; and being brought to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, she prayed to the Lord "to pardon and pass by her offences," desiring also the help of the spirits and prayers of those about her. Addressing her sister Hannah, she said, "Honour thy father and mother, and do not give way to little foolish things, for by small things the enemy draws away the minds of poor children—mind thy dear sister's dying words, and do not put off to a dying day and think it is time enough."

In the evening, her father coming to see her, she expressed to him her willingness to die, but longed for a more full assu-

rance of the love and favour of God. The following morning however, when he inquired how she was, she answered, "Very weak,—but I feel a little more comfort now. I hope the Lord is my strength;" and she called upon God, saying, "Dear Lord, forgive me my sins and teach me to pray. Lord have mercy on me—my Saviour, have mercy on me—take me, dear Lord, if thou please; draw me with the cords of thy love." The doctor inquiring respecting her feelings, she replied, "I am weak, but the Lord is strong, and on him alone is my dependence."

To her parents, she expressed great affection and gratitude for the tender care they had exercised in preventing her from indulging in wrong things—and said, that she had formerly been too much disposed to rest satisfied in a religious education, but as she grew in years she found this was not sufficient, and ardent desires were raised in her mind that she might live continually in the fear of the Lord. About this time she was much tried by the suggestions of the enemy of her happiness, which she mentioned to her grandmother, and requested her prayers for her, that the Lord would take her to himself—and when her grandmother spoke encouragingly to her and informed her that it was often the experience of those who lived near the Lord, to be beset with the temptations of the wicked one; the child answered, "I am very weak and can do nothing for myself. It is the Lord that doth all for me. The Lord hath been very merciful to me and is so still." Her heart being filled with gratitude and love to God, for his manifold mercies, she broke forth after this manner: "How sweet is the love of God to my soul—O that I could praise him enough for his love and mercy! If the love of God is so sweet now, what will it be when I get fully to it? O, that I was with thee now; dear Lord, take me into thy arms—I do not now wonder to have heard so many praising the Lord, for he is worthy of more praise than I have strength to give him."

After this season of heavenly consolation and enjoyment, it pleased the Lord to withdraw the light of his countenance and permit her to be tried with desertion; under which dispensa-

tion, her prayers were earnest that he would not entirely forsake her, but in his own time "lift up the light of his countenance again upon her, and receive her where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." She then prayed for patience to wait the Lord's time; and being asked to take some nourishment, seemed to decline it, saying, "O, the love of God is what I desire. Dear Lord, send comfort—why will thou withdraw thyself from thy poor creature? O for one taste of thy love before I go."

Apprehending death to be near, she desired to take leave of her parents and the family, which she did in a very affectionate manner; and it pleased Him who is rich in mercy to all those that call upon Him, to satisfy her soul with the renewed incomes of His love, in a humble sense whereof she said, "O, dear Lord, how sweet is thy love and presence—no tongue can tell but those who feel it—O praises to the Lord—how shall I praise him enough?" She desired those present to unite with her in magnifying the worthy name of the Lord, and expressed her belief that she should be with her dear Saviour that night, and continued praising him as long as her strength permitted. She departed this life on the 6th of eighth month, 1730, aged fifteen years and five months.

Joseph Poole, son of Joseph and Sarah Poole, deceased the 29th of twelfth month, 1785, aged about sixteen years.

In his childhood he manifested a remarkable innocency and sweetness of disposition, and a sobriety uncommon in one of his years, seldom indulging himself in those plays and pastimes to which children are generally addicted. Being endued with a good understanding, enlarged by obedience to the early visitations of Divine grace, he attained a considerable degree of religious experience, and would often speak on serious subjects in so sensible a manner, as to excite the admiration of those who heard him.

Being fond of learning, and having a peculiar taste for such

studies, he made considerable progress in the mathematics and other useful branches of science, as well as literature, which, however, did not appear to elate him. He was remarkably diligent in reading the Holy Scriptures, and greatly delighted in the company of pious persons and the attendance of religious meetings. About a year and a half before his decease, it pleased the Lord to visit him in an eminent manner with the influences of the Holy Spirit, to draw him into nearer and more intimate acquaintance with himself, and wean his affections from all sublunary objects. As he yielded to the operation of that baptism which is compared to a refiner's fire and fuller's soap, he was purified from the pollutions of sin, and "to the praise of the glory of God's grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved," it may be said, that he became emphatically "a new creature."

Continuing steadfast in his love and obedience to Christ Jesus, he soon found it his duty to declare unto others what the Lord had done for his soul, and appeared in public testimony in several of the meetings of Friends, to their edification and comfort. The state of his mind, at the period when he first yielded to this requisition, may be gathered from the following memorandum, found after his decease, and dated 7th of eighth month, 1785, viz:

"Many perturbations and trials have been the lot of my inheritance. May the Lord sanctify them to me, so as to render acceptable those things which seem bitter to the taste, and qualify me to labour in his vineyard to his honour, praise and glory; of which he alone is worthy."

He was weighty and fervent in spirit, and his deportment solid and instructive—cautious not to speak either in meetings for worship or discipline, without a clear evidence of Divine requiring, and his words being few and savoury tended to minister grace to the hearers. His public declarations were short, connected, and free from affectation. He evinced a tender feeling for the situation of the poor and those in affliction, and would frequently visit them, freely contributing to the relief of their necessities, as well as imparting counsel or consolation.

A portion of almost every day was devoted to retirement and religious contemplation, in which he took great delight, and would occasionally record the fruits of the solitary hours which he thus passed. The following was written on such an occasion, viz: "How precious is thy presence, O God! how sublime are thy delights! How beautiful is thy majesty, excelling that of all outward princes! Placed far above all principalities, thou delightest those who humbly seek thee, with refreshing well-springs from thy Divine fountain—thou hast reserved delightful pleasures for them. O, Lord, I have heard thy voice which is sweet; I have beheld thy countenance which is comely—keep me in a humble, reverent, watchful state; knowing the enmity there is between thy precious seed which thou hast sown in our hearts, and that of Satan who is an enemy and a destroyer. O Lord, give me power to overcome, that so when time here shall fail me, I may be received into thy everlasting mansions, where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest."

In this watchful state of mind he sojourned on earth, bearing the daily cross and walking in that self-denying path which the righteous in all ages have trodden; until it pleased Him whose ways are past finding out, to call him from works to a blessed reward in heaven.

He was taken ill with the small-pox in the twelfth month, 1785; and though he suffered much from the disease, was favoured with patience, and uttered many expressions which evinced his confidence and trust in the Lord's power, and his assurance of mercy and acceptance through Jesus Christ his Redeemer. The day on which he was attacked, he observed to his mother, "I am very sick, but I have sweet peace, and is not that well?" After a painful night, he remarked, "I have had a hard night of it; but I have felt so much of the love of God that it makes amends for all my hardships." On another occasion, being in much pain, he said, "O, Lord, why am I thus afflicted, seeing thou knowest the integrity of my heart?" and then prayed the Lord to grant him a little ease if it was consistent with his will. Soon after which he fell asleep, and

on waking appeared much refreshed, and gratefully acknowledged the Lord's mercy and goodness in answering his petition.

He expressed to his mother his hope that she would be enabled to say with Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." A few days before his decease, his spirit seemed to be drawn into near sympathy with some American Friends recently in England, with whom he had become acquainted, and he desired his dear love to be conveyed to them, particularly John Pemberton and George Dillwyn, and their companions. The morning of his departure, several persons coming into the room, he spoke in a lively pertinent manner to their states; and the last words he was heard to utter, were, "I have tried it—I have proved it—nothing will do but what has the Master's stamp upon it."

In a few moments after this, he fell into a sweet sleep and quietly departed.

Elizabeth Fletcher was the daughter of John and Mary Fletcher, of Danby Dale, Yorkshire, England.

When about five years of age a complaint appeared in her knee, from which she suffered much for a long time, and at length it became evident that her life could only be prolonged by amputation. In the eleventh year of her age, after solidly considering the proposal, she cheerfully submitted to this painful operation, and for a considerable time after her recovery, enjoyed good health.

She was placed at Ackworth school, where she gained the love of her teachers and acquaintances; for though of a lively disposition, she was very affectionate and dutiful. Whilst there, some symptoms of disease returned; but after leaving that seminary, she was placed at Sheepscar school, near Leeds. During her stay there, her sister Mary was taken ill and died, and the following extracts from a letter addressed to her by Elizabeth, show that her mind was no stranger to the important concerns of the soul's salvation.

"I often feel very anxious about thy everlasting welfare, as well as of the rest of the family, but thine more, because thou art so poorly; yet I hope the Almighty, who is ever willing to help the poor and needy soul, will prepare thee for the awful change, before he takes thee to himself; if it be his will so to do. But if it please him to spare thee, I should think it a great favour. Unerring Wisdom knows what is for the best; so we should be willing to say, 'Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!' O my dear sister! may we be prepared before the awful day of judgment, when we shall have to give an account of our thoughts, words and actions. My beloved sister, I think thou wilt find very kind promises in the holy Bible. I remember some very gracious ones, Matt. xi. 28 to 30; Eccles. xi. 1. and xii. 1.; Psalm ciii. and cxx. 1; and many more thou wilt find in that holy book.

"My dear sister, I hope thou wilt not be offended at me, for what I have taken the liberty to write to thee; for I have felt very uncomfortable a long time, and as if I could not keep it from thee any longer. O, my dear sister! I cannot express what a desire I feel on thy account, but I hope thou wilt be prepared! for we know neither the day nor the hour when it may please the Almighty to call us away. So farewell; if we never meet again in this world, I hope we shall in the next; farewell, my very dear sister."

While thus tenderly solicitous for the eternal welfare of a beloved relative, this precious child was not negligent of the state of her own mind; but there is good reason to believe, that by taking heed to the convictions of the Spirit of Truth, she was growing in grace, and in the knowledge of that salvation, which is the gift of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In the twelfth month, 1824, her complaint assumed so alarming a character, that it was deemed necessary to remove her home, and a long scene of acute bodily suffering ensued, during which Divine support and preservation were mercifully vouchsafed, enabling her to endure with becoming fortitude and patience the trials allotted her.

In the time of her illness she uttered many heavenly expressions, evincing her love for her God and Saviour, and her resignation to his blessed will—and also gave good advice to her relations and others who came to see her. A few of those noted down by her mother, are as follows:

13th of fifth month, 1825. She said she ought to bear all that was laid upon her with patience; but felt so weak both in body and mind, she did not know what she should do; and was afraid she should not have patience.

14th of fifth month. She called her mother to her bedside, and, with tears trickling down her cheeks, said, "O mother! how different I feel this morning! what a good night I have had! The Lord is good;—how he hath comforted me—how merciful! O mother! I hope we shall all meet again! now I find nothing particularly to stand in my way; and I hope the Lord will be with me to the last. Thou hast been a kind mother to me; I hope the Lord will reward thee."

First-day morning, 15th of fifth month, she took hold of the hand of one of her younger brothers, who was apt to give way too much to his temper, and in a very solemn manner desired him to be careful for the time to come, for he did not know how soon he might be laid upon a death-bed; and the sooner he gave up, the better; for as he grew older, his inclinations to evil would be stronger, and the work would be harder. She then reminded him that it was near meeting time, and desired him when there, at his first sitting down, to endeavour to settle his mind on the Almighty, who was able to help and support him; and that he should not suffer his mind to ramble.

21st of fifth month, she said, "O dear mother! what I have felt this night! I believe I should not have been here now if I had been more patient. When my pain was so great, I thought if I only could sink away and be at rest! but I fear I have been too impatient to be gone. I believe I shall be at rest, for there is a place prepared for me in His glorious kingdom. The light afflictions which I have had here are as nothing in comparison of the joys to come. I have prayed for all my dear brothers and sisters, that they may be preserved, and live in

the fear of the Lord, and walk uprightly before Him; so that we may all meet again in his glorious kingdom, never more to part. Christ died for our sins, and spilt his precious blood for us. What a gracious Redeemer! When the final close comes, I believe the Lord will send his angels to receive my spirit into his glorious kingdom, there to rest for evermore. I hope my brothers and sisters, and near relations will be here to see this poor bit of clay committed to the silent grave; and I believe it will not be long before I am gone hence."

At another time she remarked what a favour it was that she was likely to be taken away in her youth, for she did not seem as though she should ever be as able to encounter with the world as many are; that she was freely given up, and had rather die than live. She then petitioned the Almighty that her father, mother, brothers and sisters, might be so preserved in his fear, as to be favoured to meet again where all sorrow and tears are wiped away for evermore.

At another time, after lying still awhile, on being asked if she had got a little sleep, she replied: "I have had far greater enjoyment than that of sleep. I have been meditating about heavenly things: what an enjoyment is this! I believe I have been too impatient when my pain was sharp; I have endeavoured to be more patient, but I have fainted by the way. Last night I prayed fervently for help, and my prayer was answered." On her mother raising her up in bed, she said: "I hope this will be the last time, if it please the Almighty; but I must wait my appointed time, though I long to be gone."

On its being observed to her, that she was worse to-day, she replied: "No, no! weaker in body, but stronger in mind. What a comfortable day I have had! I cannot express the comfort I feel;—the all-protecting arm supports me. What comfortable sufferings!"

On the evening of the same day, she said: "I long to be gone. What a Saviour! What a blessed Redeemer have I! Had I been taken away soon after I was taken sick, what a state should I have been in! so thoughtless are youth when in health. What a merciful Father have I had to do with! He

has led me gently along step by step; and his guardian care has been over me. Dear father and mother, give me up freely into the hands of a merciful God. I believe He will be with you and support you, only put your trust in Him; the Lord giveth and taketh away at his pleasure."

Soon afterwards she prayed after this manner: "Be pleased, gracious Father! to take me to thyself this night, if it be consistent with thy holy will."

She then gave some directions about her funeral, and wished everything to be done with as much stillness and calmness as could well be; for she delighted in stillness and to be alone.

First-day morning, the 22nd. She said her mind felt poor and low; and she supplicated the Almighty that He would never leave nor forsake her, but be with her to the end, and arise as with healing in his wings. Enlarging thus: "O gracious Father! grant me patience that I may hold out to the end; for my body is exceedingly weak. May thy everlasting arms be underneath to support and bear me up in my low seasons!"

23rd of fifth month. She said: "O mother! I am afraid I am over-anxious; I fear I shall offend Him." Shortly after she prayed as follows: "Be pleased, thou gracious Father! to support me, and give me patience. I fear there is something more to be done; I fear I have offended Thee, in slighting thy gracious calls. If any wrong thing yet remains in me, be pleased, I humbly beseech Thee, to remove it. I love to be afflicted and to feel pain; then I think Thou art proving and trying my faith and confidence in Thee. O Thou gracious Father! and Thou king of Saints! Thou who hast suffered upon the cross, and whose blood was spilt for our sins! be pleased, I pray Thee, if there be anything yet in me that is unclean, not to leave me nor forsake me, until Thou hast made me clean, and washed my robes in the blood of the Lamb; only be pleased to give me patience, for I am afraid I shall offend Thee; for I cannot think a good thought without thy help. Thou bountiful Father; I know I have slighted thy gracious calls in days that are past, and thought I would put it off until a more convenient time. What a poor disobedient creature I have

been! Be pleased, I pray Thee, to grant me an inheritance in thy glorious kingdom of rest.—I long to be still and quiet, that I may listen to hear thy still small voice in the secret of my heart; and I want to clear my mind while I have strength; for I wish at last to have nothing to do but to die. I humbly pray Thee that Thou wilt grant me an easy passage; and be pleased to receive my spirit into thy never-ending kingdom. I pray Thee to support my dear father and mother, and give them crowns of glory when time is done."

24th. This morning she said to her mother: "I have been comfortable this night far beyond my expectation. I was afraid I should offend the Lord last night, by not being patient enough in my weak state of body; and after I had a little rest, I turned my mind inward, and prayed to Him, that he would be pleased to be with me this night and comfort me; when this passage was unexpectedly brought to my remembrance: 'The Lord pitieth them that fear Him, like as a father pitieth his own children;' and I was comforted; for I can truly say I was afraid to offend Him.—O, how gracious and merciful a Father He is to me! how often have I slighted his gracious calls in days that are past; though I have often endeavoured to seek Him, but have fallen short and fainted by the way; then I had to go back and begin again. What a kind and merciful Father!

"I cannot express the comfort I have felt this night. I believe I have been over-anxious to be gone, but now I feel quite resigned to wait patiently the Lord's time, which certainly is the best time. The last day or two, I thought I should soon take my flight, and be at rest for evermore."

At another time she said, "I have been very comfortable to-day; and felt what I never felt before: I believe I am washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, who died for me and all mankind. What a gracious and forgiving Father is He! I believe I shall be happy for evermore! what a favour! The Lord has been so mercifully kind to me all my life long; He followed me from day to day, and I often slighted his reproofs, and thought perhaps I would pay attention to his gen-

tle invitations at a more convenient season; but I found this would not yield me any solid comfort. I saw I must give up my whole heart."

How often is this the case with children, when their heavenly Father is pleased to visit their minds by his good Spirit, and reprove them for their evil conduct or words, or to incline them to walk in the ways of religion! They think they are young, and it will be soon enough some years to come; or they are so full of play, that they cannot attend to it now, and so put by these gentle impressions to some future time, when, in their apprehensions, it may be more convenient to attend to them. But, ah! little do such disobedient children think, that the *present time* is the only convenient season—their heavenly Father, whom they thus slight and neglect, may not visit them again by his good Spirit; and in the midst of their play and folly, death may cut them off. May all, therefore, of whatever age, hearken to the reproofs of this Divine Monitor, surrender their whole hearts to the Lord, and obey his blessed instructions; for this is the way to obtain eternal life.

Again, she remarked, "What a merciful and forgiving Saviour have I had to deal with! I have been favoured with a lingering sickness, and there have been many little things to be done away; but through mercy I had rather die than live, for I often felt myself very unfit to encounter with the world."

"And now, dear parents, I hope you will give me up freely; and I hope my dear brothers and sisters will be a comfort to you, when my body is laid in the dust. I often think about my dear sister Ann; but I believe the Lord is near her, and will never leave nor forsake her in her low seasons."

"I wish my love to be remembered to all my friends and relations, who are not at my funeral; and it is my desire that all things may be done as still and quietly as possible."

The gradual progress of the disease reduced her to a state of extreme weakness, in which she could not raise her hand, nor scarcely articulate a word so as to be understood; and after about six months confinement, she peacefully breathed her last,

on the 5th of the sixth month, 1825, aged sixteen years. Having made an entire surrender of her heart to the Lord, and patiently endured those refining baptisms which were necessary to purify her spirit, we doubt not, she is entered into the joy of her Lord; and through his mercy joined the innumerable company of redeemed children, to sing the praises of the Lord God and the Lamb, through the endless ages of eternity.

CHARLES COLEBY of Alton, in Hampshire, England, was the son Joshua of and Mary Coleby, of London.

In childhood he discovered an active and cheerful disposition, and his becoming deportment gained him the esteem and affection of his school-fellows and teachers. After the completion of his education, he was placed as an apprentice with his uncle at Alton, where he discharged his duties in business with fidelity.

He early evinced a serious turn of mind by his reverent behaviour in meetings and during the time of silence before meals, as well as by his general orderly conduct. He also manifested a desire to read books on religious subjects, espepecially the Holy Scriptures, in which he appeared to delight. When about the age of fifteen, in replying to a letter from his father relative to the selection of books, he observed that he had been reading Newton's Dissertation on the Prophecies, from which he derived much satisfaction, and that he was surprised any one could entertain principles of infidelity after a careful perusal of this work, in which there are such clear proofs of the Scripture prophecies having been fulfilled.

For many months previous to the commencement of the affliction which terminated his life, there appeared to be an increased watchfulness in all his actions, and renewed attention to his religious duties, retiring when opportunity offered, for meditation and prayer. Those who witnessed his comparatively innocent life, entertained the hope that he would have but little conflict of mind to pass through when brought on a

sick-bed; yet it pleased Divine Wisdom to try him with deep baptisms of spirit, arising in part from the awful impressions he had of the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

He often lamented that during the time he was at Ackworth school, he had told some known untruths, the recollection of which brought him into great mental affliction, as did also the following circumstance, which occurred when he was about seven years old. Whilst with an uncle at Harleston, he had taken a farthing without his leave, which he now requested his aunt, who attended him during his illness, to return, saying it might appear a small sum, and it was not the amount, but the act, which pressed upon his mind. The request being complied with, he appeared to be relieved. He bore his long illness with much patience, and often asked to be alone, or, when able, retired into another room; and on these occasions he was earnestly engaged in prayer to the Almighty that he might be assisted to hold fast his faith and be favoured to close his life with calmness and resignation to the Divine will. In vocal supplication he evinced a strong sense of the necessity of a Redeemer, which he often expressed with much fervency, believing that through Him alone, we obtain forgiveness of sins and have access to God.

He was desirous to have his mind abstracted from all outward objects and weaned from a dependence on any but the Lord alone; observing, "Oh! that I could love him more and more, and that he would be pleased to give me a broken heart and a contrite spirit." On its being remarked that his sufferings were great, he would reply, "They are small indeed, when compared with those of my dear Redeemer." Once, about midnight, he broke forth in fervent supplication for a considerable time, concluding with these words, "Thine is the power, mine is the weakness—thine is the glory, mine is the shame—Amen."

During the last few days of his life, being extremely sore and weary with lying, he suffered much pain whenever he was moved, yet did not complain, but said he humbly hoped that his patience might hold out to the end; often desiring the pray-

ers of those about him. The day before his death, his sufferings were extreme, and he seemed desirous to be released, yet centered in resignation, saying very sweetly to his father, "pray for me, but be sure to say, thy will be done and not mine." During the night he was at times much agitated, and was concerned lest he should say anything amiss during the unsettled state of his mind. But in the morning this was mercifully removed and succeeded by a holy calm, which no language can express, and of which all in the room seemed in a degree to partake. From this time until his death, about an hour and a half, he was engaged in supplication, but his voice was so feeble that little could be understood; yet once, he clearly articulated, "Thy will be done." He departed without a struggle, on the 1st of the fifth month, 1819, aged sixteen years and a half.

HENRY ATKINSON was the son of William and Ann Atkinson, of Darby Dale, in Yorkshire, England. Previous to his leaving Ackworth school, symptoms of a complaint appeared, which finally terminated in his decease; and this affection soon increased so as to render much bodily exertion impracticable. Being a youth of a religious turn of mind, much of his time was spent in retirement and meditation, the good effects of which more conspicuously appeared as the period of his dissolution approached, proving the efficacy of Divine grace, and offering encouragement to others of the rising generation to love and serve their Creator in the days of their youth.

13th of Second month, 1825. Several of his relations sitting by him in stillness, he desired his sister to read the 25th chapter of Matthew, which being done, he commented on the words "I know you not—depart from me thou wicked and slothful servant," saying, "What a situation to be in!—how needful it is that we should be prepared! Though you are all well at present, you know not how soon you may be laid as low as I am, and there is enough to do to bear the pains of the body, without having a troubled mind—but I

hope to bear with patience what may be laid upon me. I have not committed such great sins as some have done, yet I have done enough to repent of, and I hope the Lord will forgive me. When I was at Ackworth school, once or twice I told an untruth, for which I was smitten to the ground, and fell down on my face and begged of the Lord to forgive me."

He then spoke of the contrast in the circumstances of Lazarus and the rich man, and the awful condition of the latter; adding, "What a sad state such are in who trust in riches! If I had all the world, what would it profit me at such a time as this?" alluding also to the awfulness of eternity, that "when thousands and thousands of years were expired, it was still but as the beginning." Seeing some of his relations weep, he said, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves; I hope my peace is made with God, and I don't know how soon it may please Him to take me to himself."

21st of second month. This morning he prayed fervently that the Almighty would send the messenger of death quickly, but soon added, "Although I wish to be gone, yet the Lord's time is the best time, and it is not right to wish for any other." His agony being great, he repeated some expressions interceding for ease, and presently after remarked, that "the way to heaven lay by the gates of death, and what a [fearful] thing it would be for sinners to be so near dying as he was, and yet in an unprepared state!" Towards evening, his sufferings continuing, he prayed with much fervour that the Lord would keep him, adding, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." He expired on the following morning, aged sixteen years.

Tudor Brain, of London, was taken unwell when about seventeen years of age. Being removed to the country with a view of benefiting his health, he was often observed to retire alone into the fields, and would sometimes return with marks of weeping on his countenance. His friends apprehended this might proceed from the fear of death, but he informed them

"he was not afraid to die, but willingly resigned himself to the will of God, either for life or death."

About a month before he died, he became so ill as to be confined to his chamber, but through Divine condescension, was favoured with the sense of the Lord's presence, and frequently mentioned his full assurance of future happiness; saying, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly and receive my soul." On one occasion he called for a Bible and read the 17th chapter of John, with trembling lips, and when he came to the 20th verse, viz. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word," he was much affected.

The day before his departure, he was extremely ill, but several of his friends visiting him, he seemed refreshed and comforted, observing to his mother, "How merciful is the great God to me, who hath put it into the hearts of good friends to visit me! There are healthier and younger lads than I, who are gone before me, a poor consumptive lad—he hath spared me—surely I never shall forget his mercy." Then addressing himself to the Almighty, he said, "O, glory, glory and praises are thine for ever more. O thou merciful God; thou art merciful; I can say that I have found it so—that when I had no breath, I have sought thee and it hath been given me."

Seeing his parents weep, he said, "Be not troubled for me, for I am going to a better place. If it be the will of the Lord, he can raise me, but if not, his will be done." Then fixing his eyes upon them, he said, "You are the nearest in the world to me, but yet there is a nearer that is above." After a pause, he added, "In my younger years I have gone by myself into the meadows and have cried to the Lord, but knew not where he was; and when I heard his voice, I trembled, and as I gave up, the Lord Jesus made himself known to me; then I knew what I sought for."

A relation expressing a desire that those present might be prepared for their latter end, he said, "You must pray, and hang, and lean upon the Lord Jesus Christ; for it is of Him, and through Him, that we must expect salvation. Without

Him ye can do nothing; for He died for sinners, and He is very merciful to forgive—He hath forgiven me, blessed be His holy name for ever. Although some be hardened and stubborn, yet the Lord is merciful; he can and may forgive—but you that are in the truth, keep in the truth."

About two hours before he died, he prayed as follows: "Lord God, be merciful—thou art good, thou art bountiful. Lord have mercy on me — come Lord Jesus, have mercy. Thou diedst for sinners—glory—glory to the God of heaven! Oh, praises to thy name—Lord Jesus receive my soul." Presently after, "Oh! what a glorious kingdom am I going to! there are dainties enough! Oh, what a numerous army hath my God!" Thus, with a song of praise on his lips, he finished his earthly course, and we have no doubt, has entered that glorious celestial city, not one of whose inhabitants can say "I am sick.'

ANN CROWLEY, daughter of Thomas Crowley of London, during an illness of several months' continuance, was preserved in much patience, and uttered many expressions showing the fervent and heavenly state of her mind. Through the power of the Lord Jesus, who conquered death, and giveth his saints the victory over it, she was enabled to contemplate the close of her life without fear, saying, "The pains of death are hard to bear, and I am sensible they are not on me now—but they are near approaching—death is no terror to me; O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! My dear mother, it will be a bitter cup, but it is of the Lord's preparing, and therefore drink it willingly."

On another occasion she said, "This is hard work; it is indeed hard to bear, but the Lord is with me in these trying moments. I did not think my dissolution was so near, but I am ready. Take me, Father, take me to thyself this evening, if it be thy will, for I long to be with thee in paradise. Though I have endured so many moments of agonizing pain, the Lord has been my support through the whole, and I doubt not will

continue to be with me to the end. O, Father—Father—Father—bow the heavens and come down; be with thy people universally, all the world over. Why do you weep? Weep not for me, but give me up to the Lord, for I am happy, far happier than I can express. I wish every one of you could feel what I feel at this time, for it is beyond expression—Oh! it is like a heaven upon earth—it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what good things God hath in store for them that love Him."

She earnestly entreated one of her sisters to make a full surrender of her heart to the Lord, saying, "O my sister, give up—give up now in the days of thy youth, for the Lord loves an early sacrifice—O prepare thyself, lest it should please the Lord to cut thee down in the flower of thy youth."

About two weeks before her decease she prayed to the Almighty as follows: "Thou hast been pleased to give me a taste of thy goodness, and a sight of thy glory, and it is glorious indeed.—But O Father, I long to be with Thee, that I may enjoy it in a more plentiful manner." Then, as if she had received an assurance that her prayer was heard, added, "The gates of heaven are open to receive me." At another time she said, "I have never murmured at what it is the Lord's will I should suffer, but I was content if the pain had been much greater, if it was the will of my heavenly Father. O Lord, I long to be with thee, when my soul shall join the angels and archangels that are in heaven."

To her brothers and sisters she said, "It is my desire that you, my tender brothers and sisters, may come to the same experience. I was visited long before I was laid on this bed of sickness: if I had not been, it would be miserable [for me] indeed"—and a little after, "My spirit was warmed in the renewing of thy love."

About six days before her close, she sent for her three brothers separately, to her bed-side, and in a most tender manner cautioned them against pursuing the riches, gaiety and grandeur of the world; and advised them to walk in the path of virtue, to keep close to divine instruction, and to watch and

pray continually; saying, "I feel it needful even on my death bed." To one of them she said, "Give up,—O give up—remember, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; seek thou that wisdom now in the days of thy youth. Step gently along, and keep thy mind low and humble before Him."

After this she lay still for some time, and then observed, "Though painful my nights and wearisome my days, yet I am preserved in resignation and patience." Some of her friends coming to see her, she expressed to them, "My pains of body are great, but my dependence is on the Lord, and my only comfort is in Him. I thought from the beginning that I should not get over it, but within these three weeks I have seen clearly that I shall not." She also observed that her mind had been visited by the spirit of Christ long before her illness, and she had felt great uneasiness in wearing gay apparel, and also in speaking in the plural language to one person, and had found it difficult to take up the cross in these respects, but when she did, her satisfaction was great. "Oh!" said she, "what I feel for those whose minds are involved in the world!" Many other expressions uttered by her on this occasion evinced the happy state of her mind, and to one of her friends she said, "I am ready—I have nothing to do but to die."

The evening before her departure she exhorted her sister against indulging a spirit of pride in her dress, adding, "Gaiety proceeds from pride, and pride is the root of all evil." In the night her pain increased and the approach of death was apparent—much of her time was passed in prayer; and calling for her mother, she bade her "Farewell," and expired, the 12th of second month, 1774, being not quite seventeen years of age.

Deborah Emlen, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Emlen, of the city of Philadelphia, deceased the 16th of fifth month, 1789, aged about seventeen years.

In the beginning of the year 1788, her health began to decline, and during a long and painful illness, the sweetness of

her temper, and the calmness and patience in which she was preserved, evinced her entire resignation to divine disposal. When any new remedy was proposed by her physicians, she would generally express her doubts of its success, but conclude with saying that if her friends desired it, she would follow their directions.

One night when she saw that her physicians were at a loss what to do next, she requested to know what her mother and aunt thought of her situation, and after hearing their opinions she said, "I think myself in a very dangerous way, more likely to die than recover. I have no wish for either. I feel resigned to the will of Him who best knows what is best. If I should recover now, I must die sometime, and pass through another painful tedious illness—but if I go now, I shall escape many snares, and temptations and sorrows that attend us in our passage through this life. Though my connexions are very dear to me, I feel no regret in leaving the world. I never loved it as much as seems common at my age, nor ever saw the charms in it that young people generally suppose. I have not looked on myself as an inhabitant of it, but as a traveller who was bound to another country. When very young, I often had serious thoughts on the importance of living so as to die in peace."

A few nights before her close, as her aunt was supporting her, she alluded to her weak and helpless condition, and said, "My dear aunt, join me in prayer to the Almighty, that he will be graciously pleased to take me out of the world. I desire to be resigned, but if it is his will, I had rather go—I trust he will receive me, for in him, and in Him alone, I put my trust."

After a religious opportunity in her chamber, inquiry was made if she felt fatigued, to which she replied, "No—I should not have been, if the visit had continued several hours, had I felt the same inward support." Some time after, she told her aunt she never knew what perfect happiness was, until that evening, having a foretaste of that felicity which she was soon to enjoy for ever. On fifth-day morning, the 16th of fifth month,

she grew much worse, and gradually breathing shorter, was happily released from all her sufferings, and received into the arms of everlasting mercy.

As it is particularly interesting to trace the footsteps of those who have given early evidences of piety, and through obedience to the visitations of the love of Christ, have been prepared to testify of his goodness to their souls, it has been thought proper to preserve some account of the last illness and death of LUCY A. PANCOAST.

It furnishes an instructive example of the blessed effects resulting from an early dedication to the Lord and a submission to the power of his cross, by which only, we can be redeemed from the corruptions of our fallen nature, and prepared for an admittance into that glorious kingdom of peace and joy, where nothing that is in the least degree impure or unholy can ever enter.

She was the daughter of John and Ann Pancoast, of Springfield, New Jersey, and from her childhood manifested a sweet and amiable disposition, which qualified her to share in sympathetic feeling with her parents and family. A striking instance of this occurred at a time when it pleased divine Providence to permit a dispensation of great affliction to overtake them; this precious child with unwearied attention and earnest solicitude entered deeply into feeling with them, and especially with her father, who was reduced very low by severe illness.

Soon after his recovery, she was taken ill with a putrid sore throat, and although from that time until she was attacked with the illness which terminated her life, her constitution gradually weakened, yet it pleased her heavenly Parent so far to restore her, that she mingled in the society of her friends for a few months. On the 3rd of eleventh month, 1816, without having complained of being more unwell than usual, she was seized with a fainting fit, and from that time until her decease was confined to her bed.

She was an example of patience and resignation to the Divine will through the whole course of her sufferings, never being heard to murmur, though her pain was often extreme—yet such were her diffidence and humility, that she several times expressed a fear of not being as patient as she ought to be. Her mind was much exercised from the commencement of her illness, and desirous of quietness and retirement.

The second day after she was taken sick, her mother sitting by her bed-side, she affectionately took her hand, and pressing it to her face, said in a solemn manner, "O, mother—dear mother, pray for me—but pray that the Lord's will may be done respecting me:" and several times when she supposed all in the room were asleep, she was heard to repeat, with uplifted hands, "Thy will be done." She often desired that her parents would not grieve for her, saying, "I love you dearly—very dear you have been to me, and never more so than at this time. I find it a great thing to be entirely resigned to the Lord's will, which has been my constant endeavour for some time."

She once observed, "Oh! what a trying time when brought upon a death-bed." Seeing her parents in tears, she said, "do not grieve, the Lord's will must be done—you feel for me, but I dare not let my mind dwell on you, for I feel that I have need of all my strength, and of your prayers in this trying time."

About the second week of her illness she requested that her parents, brothers and sisters might be called, and affectionately kissed each of them, after which she lay still for several hours; an impressive silence prevailed around, and when any one approached her she gently waved her hand for all to be still. While in this peaceful and quiet state of mind, the doctor came in and aroused her; she looked at him expressively and said, "O, doctor, why didst thou disturb me? I have had such a taste of happiness, real happiness, the most pure I ever enjoyed"—and spoke in a moving manner of the mercy and goodness of the Lord to her."

On third-day the 12th, she was affected with delirium,

and continued so at intervals until sixth-day morning; though during a part of that time she knew most of those around her, appeared very sweet and composed, and expressed great love for all, inquired if she had been impatient, or said anything improper, tenderly desiring her friends to excuse it if she hould, and observed, "at times I know not what I do."

About 6 o'clock on the seventh-day morning, her attendants were apprehensive that she was departing, and called the family. On entering the room, they found her engaged in supplication in a clear, audible voice, saying, "O Lord, thy will be done. I have no will but thine. Wilt thou, O Lord, forgive a poor repentant sinner and take me to thyself." Presently after she looked around the room and asked, "Are you all here? I want to see you all." Her sisters and brothers going to her, she addressed them separately with much affection, saying: "I am very happy, and do not know that I shall be taken very soon, but am wholly resigned to my heavenly Father's will"—then addressing her Creator, added, "I have no will but thine; O! I love thee—dearly love thee; I wanted only thee." She remarked that her prayers had been daily offered for a long time past, though they had sometimes been short and imperfectly uttered, such as, "Lord make me wholly thine."

After this she spoke to her parents, particularly desiring her father not to have his attention so taken up with worldly concerns, as to cause him to neglect the diligent attendance of week-day meetings. Then turning to her sister, she said, "My dear sister, pray daily to the Lord—dress plain; it will be a comfort to thee on thy dying-bed—Oh, how often when my head has been laid on my pillow, have my prayers been [put up] for you." To impress her words more fully on the minds of her younger brothers and sisters, she took them in her arms and kissed them, saying, "Sister is going to die, and wants you to remember to pray: never close your eyes to sleep without it."

She requested an opportunity with the persons employed in the kitchen, who having been called in, she took several of them by the hand, and imparted suitable advice to them. To

one she said, "Pray to the Lord to forgive thee; it is a dreadful thing to die in an unprepared state; a dreadful thing to be brought upon a dying-bed and no Saviour to look to." After a pause she repeated the Lord's prayer, and, in a little time, the following lines:

"Great God! thy name be blessed,
Thy Goodness be adored;
My soul has been distressed,
But thou hast peace restored.'

Several times during the course of the day she said, "Thy will be done. I have no other," which indeed appeared to be the constant breathing of her redeemed spirit. On seventh-day night, the 16th of the month, she desired her parents might be called, and appearing entirely sensible, her countenance replete with tender affection and her voice solemn and melodious, she said, "I have been twice this night with the Lord my Saviour, who said he would take me to himself." She then entreated her parents to give her up, saying, "I know your love for me is great, but it is not to be compared to the love of my heavenly Father." Her parents replying that they would endeavour to resign her to Him who gave her, she seemed filled with joy, clasped her arms around her mother's neck and said, "O, take me to thy bosom until my Saviour comes. O mother, I have always loved thee dearly, but feel now as if I loved thee more than ever."

On first-day evening her dissolution seemed to be fast approaching; she frequently put up her prayers with great fervency, calling upon her dear Lord and Saviour, saying, "I have sacrificed all for thee, my dearest Saviour." A few minutes before her close she was distinctly heard to utter these words, "I am willing—I am willing—dearest—Father—which art in—heaven—blessed Saviour." Soon after this she quietly departed, on the 17th of eleventh month, 1816, aged seventeen years; and we have no doubt her ransomed spirit joined that innumerable company, who, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are continually before the throne of God, saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is

the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing—for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood."

SAMUEL TOMSON was the son of William Bridge Tomson, of Mepal, in Cambridgeshire, England. Though he was preserved from many of the evils to which the young are exposed, yet, about eighteen months before his death, he was greatly afflicted under a sense of condemnation for past sins; and the consciousness that he had not paid proper attention to the counsel of his parents became a source of heartfelt sorrow. He sent for his father and expressed to him his uneasiness at having acted contrary to the wishes of his parents, desiring that he might be forgiven by them. He appeared to be relieved by thus disclosing his feelings, and earnestly sought the forgiveness of his heavenly Father, under strong conviction of mind, exclaiming, "Oh! that I might witness my salvation sealed this night."

During the time of his illness, many of his expressions evinced that the Lord was instructing him by his holy Spirit, and that in adorable condescension the purification of the soul was going forward. "What a comfort," he remarked on one occasion, "it is to have such parents, and to be so cared for. I now perceive that many young persons are not enough sensible of the advantage of such care."

At such an awful period, when death is about to separate them from the society of their beloved parents, what an unspeakable consolation must it be to children to feel the sustaining evidence that they have honoured and obeyed them while in health; and cheerfully submitted to the instructions of those who were endeavouring to lead their tender minds in the ways of religion and virtue, and to fix their hopes of eternal felicity on that redemption which comes by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Speaking of his bodily affliction, he said, "Though my suf-

ferings are great; what are they when compared with what our Saviour endured when he bore the sins of mankind!" Afterwards, being in extreme pain, he repeatedly and fervently supplicated—"O gracious Saviour, be pleased to relieve me;" and his prayer appeared to be answered, for shortly after, he was permitted to experience considerable alleviation.

A sense of this favour continued to be a source of consolation and encouragement to his mind, and he would often say, "How comfortable do I feel, both in body and mind—what a favour to be so free from pain!" He laid awake many hours of the night, and spent much time in grateful commemoration of the mercy and goodness of his heavenly Father, who graciously vouchsafed his sustaining presence—being firmly persuaded that nothing short of this could afford him such sweet peace.

He delighted in meditation, and in reading and reflecting upon the Holy Scriptures; and his apartment being near that of his parents, they were often comforted by hearing him engaged in vocal prayer during the night. One morning requesting his father to come to him, he mentioned that he had been remarkably refreshed in spirit, during the preceding night, and added, "Now, I could wish to be released, but desire patiently to wait the appointed time."

Sometime afterwards he observed, "Oh! what a consolation to poor sinners, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chiefest," adding, "It is well for me that I was afflicted—before I was afflicted I went astray." He inquired where that portion of Scripture was, which says, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—and his question being answered, he said with much sweetness, "I shall soon be there, mother."

About thirty-six hours before his departure he lost the power of speech, but the calm and peaceful expression of his countenance indicated a mind already enjoying a foretaste of that unspeakable felicity which shall be revealed hereafter. He died at the age of seventeen, on the 2nd of the fourth month, 1824.

Mary Scaif was taken ill at the same time, and with the same disease as her sister, of whom some account has been given at page 100 of this work, and survived her about two weeks. During their sickness, her sister was under much concern on Mary's account, and frequently engaged in supplication to God, that he would be pleased to make her acquainted with his peace. And in due time, He who keepeth covenant and showeth mercy, was pleased to break in upon her soul by his holy Spirit, and give her a clear understanding of spiritual things. Under the influence of this Divine visitation, she broke forth in supplication on this wise, "O great God—Jehovah of heaven and earth! whose splendour filleth heaven and thy wonders fill the earth, have mercy upon me, thine handmaid, who am as a worm before thee, yet a part of thy creation—Lord help my weak, revive my drooping, spirit, by thy consolating presence; strengthen my faith, I beseech thee, and keep me through this exercise. I beseech thee, Lord, that thy will may be done in earth as it is done in heaven."

From early life she had been fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and often spoke of the experience of David, Job, and others of the Lord's servants; "and now," said she, "I do know God's love to be the same to me as it was to them; so that I am neither afraid nor unwilling to die, for God blotteth out my transgressions and lays nothing to my charge. I believe there is a place prepared for me in heaven. And dear mother, do what thou canst not to sorrow—my love is great to thee, and my advice is, that you go and live near some meeting and bring up my brother amongst Friends." She spoke of her death as being near, and expressed an assurance that her spirit would ascend to God in heaven. Her illness increasing, she departed this life aged eighteen years.

Alexander Hopwood, was the son of Samuel and Ann Hopwood, of Austle in the county of Cornwall, England. His parents being pious persons, who were more concerned for the

spiritual welfare of their son than for his worldly interest, endeavoured to give him a religious education, and to inform his mind respecting the great truths of Christianity, and under the Divine blessing their Christian care in these respects was the means of preserving him from those vices with which the minds of many of the youth are ensnared.

In the year 1732, he accompanied his father to London, in which journey, as well as during his stay in the city, the Lord was pleased to renew the visitation of his love to his soul, and give him an increased knowledge of heavenly things.

After his return home, he was frequently indisposed, and on the 1st of the seventh month, was seized with a violent fever. On the following day he observed to his mother, "If the Lord is pleased to take me, I am fully satisfied. I shall go well, my soul will be happy, and have a place amongst the righteous."

The day before he departed, being filled with the love of God, which seemed to raise him above the feeling of bodily weakness, he broke forth in fervent supplication to this effect, "O Lord! thou that preservedst Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace, art able to preserve me unto the end. O God, what shall my soul say? I will wrestle with thee like Jacob, if I pray all night—if thou wilt not make me like him, give me [at least] an evidence of favour with thee; whether I live or die, give me a place within thy house. Lord, if thou art pleased to spare my life, I will obey thy commands in anything thou art pleased to require of me."

Soon after this, his father was engaged in vocal prayer by his bed-side, which tended to comfort and strengthen the mind of the dying youth; and through the Lord's goodness he received an evidence of that favour which his soul longed for, under a grateful sense whereof he returned praises and thanks to the Most High, saying, "O Lord, what shall my soul say? I have not breath to praise thee, O my God; but I will do it as long as it lasts."

After a little pause, he said he believed he must take leave of his relations, which he did with much affection and tenderness, and then desired of the Lord that if it was not his will to

give him longer time in this world, he would be pleased to grant him a quick and easy passage, which petition was mercifully answered. He passed away on the following morning without sigh or groan, and we have no doubt obtained an admittance into the kingdom of heaven. Aged about eighteen years.

CATHARINE BURLING, daughter of John and Ann Burling, of the city of New York, was taken ill of a fever which gradually weakened her strength and brought her down, to use her own expressions, step by step to the borders of the grave. Her recovery being considered doubtful, she was introduced into close conflict respecting her future state, and earnest were her prayers to God for a little longer time, that through the effectual operation of his transforming grace, she might come to witness a preparation for her final change. And He who is rich in mercy to those that call upon him in humble faith, was graciously pleased to hear and answer her petition. She experienced the great work of regeneration to be accomplished, and being created anew in Christ Jesus, was prepared to say, "My mind is like a little child's." In the aboundings of the love of God shed abroad in her heart, she was enabled to "publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and to tell of all the wondrous works," which her Saviour had wrought for her soul. She also frequently exhorted those who came to see her, "to amendment of life, that when they came to lie on a sick-bed, they might enjoy that peace which she was then made a partaker of;" saying, "she felt the Lord's peace flow in her mind like a gentle stream, and that her cup run over."

On another occasion she observed, "Many wearisome nights have I gone through, in which I have watered my pillow with my tears. I was long in doubt of my eternal happiness; and in the time of my greatest distress I cried to the Lord that he would be pleased to lengthen my time a little, that I might be more fully prepared; and he was graciously pleased to hear and grant my request. And now he has been pleased to grant

me a full assurance [of my eternal happiness,] and to lengthen my time, that I might speak of his goodness to others, and tell what he has done for my soul. Oh! praises—praises—praises be given to his great and glorious name. Oh! if I had the tongue of an angel, I could not sufficiently express my gratitude to the gracious God, who has been pleased to favour me in so eminent a manner."

Again, she said, "My disorder is very changeable; very flattering it would be to some, but it does not flatter me. I am resigned to the Lord's will: let him do just as best pleaseth him with me, his poor frail creature. A few days ago, when I thought myself just launching into eternity, the boundless ocean of eternity—I prayed to the Lord that he would be pleased to give me a little longer time, and he was graciously pleased to hear and grant my request. The work of regeneration is a great work; I know it now experimentally. I am become a new creature, new thoughts, new desires; my affections set upon things above; I have a new name written in the Lamb's book of life, and the white stone is given to me."

She advised her brothers and sisters to plainness of speech and apparel, saying, "Remember our blessed Lord, that great pattern of plainness; who, when on earth, went up and down doing good, and wore a garment without a seam. He was crucified; he was nailed to the cross for our sins—for *my sins* —Oh! love inexpressible."

Having, through adorable mercy, experienced the necessary work of purification, and being transformed by the renewing of her mind, it pleased the Lord to permit her ransomed spirit to partake of the joys of his salvation; and during the last five weeks of her life, she was often engaged in thankful commemoration of the spiritual favours she received, saying, "I have nothing to do with this world; Oh! let my time be employed in praising the Lord, and telling of his gracious dealings with my soul."

As her father was sitting by her bed-side one evening, she said to him, "Thou art my father; but now I have another. I have an heavenly Father. I love thee dearly, but I love Him

much more. Oh! He is the chiefest of ten thousands." She would frequently say, "I am thankful to the Lord for all his favours conferred on me. When I do not speak, I am thankful in my heart, and that is more than words. The Lord does not require lip-honour; but when my heart is filled I cannot help speaking."

At another time she observed, "Many are the changes and vicissitudes I experience, and what may come next none of us knows; but I am resigned and thankful for all His mercies to His poor frail creature. He must do with me just as He pleases: we should be thankful for all the Lord's favours. I hope and pray that I may be kept thankful and humble, meek and low before Him, waiting for my change; and a happy change it will be for me."

One morning, as her mother and sisters were dressing her, she desired them to stop, and thus expressed herself, "I now no longer wonder that the martyrs could sing in the flames. I could do the same. I think I could go through burning flames, if required, for the love of Christ: Oh! it is inexpressible!"

On another occasion, she spoke to the following import: "Now I know how precious the soul is! Oh! that people would prize their time, and prepare while health is granted them. I bless the Lord, I am prepared, if He is pleased to call me the next moment, I am ready; but I am thankful for the little time He has granted me to be with you. Oh! how shocking! how horribly shocking must it be for those poor souls who are unprepared, and deprived of their senses at such a time as this!"

She warned many young people at different times against reading romances and idle books, saying, "It has been a great trouble and exercise of mind to me, more than anything I have done. It has caused me many a wearisome night and many a bitter tear, though I never read but a few, and those that were deemed the most harmless. I know there are some who deem them innocent amusements, and say these books are instructive, and that there are good morals in them. But Oh! must

we go to such books for good morals? Read the Scriptures, which are the best of all books; and there are other good books beside."

A person who was accustomed to a seafaring life, coming into the room, after a few minutes' pause, she thus addressed him, "Thou art one that saileth on the great waters, and there thou mayest see God's wonders in the great deeps—and thou art much in company with sailors and such like men, who are light and frothy in their conversation. I desire thee to keep thy mind watchful, and near the Lord, which if thou doest, thou wilt be preserved in his fear."

One evening she called her little brothers to her and embraced them very affectionately; and being then removed to the bed-side, she said, "Oh! I am full of love. I feel a degree of divine love." A person in the room remarking how easy and composed her countenance was, she replied, "How can my countenance be sad when my mind is at peace?" the person adding, "Which the world cannot give," she rejoined "No —nor take away."

Two of the neighbours coming in, she addressed one of them, saying, "Thou seest me very weak and low—but my mind is at peace—sweet, heavenly peace. I hope and pray that thou mayest feel the same when thou comest to lie on a sick-bed."

The day before her departure, she desired her sister to inform their mother that "she was resigned; patiently waiting and quietly hoping for her happy change;" and soon after, remarked, "I feel as if I am going to Paradise"—which blessed anticipation was soon realized. She deceased the 16th of the fourth month, 1764, in the eighteenth year of her age.

RACHEL MOXHAM, daughter of John and Esther Moxham, of Melksham, Wiltshire, England, was naturally of an amiable, social temper, and fond of company, on which account, her pious mother thought it needful to watch over and restrain her.

About the fifteenth year of her age, it was observed that religious impressions had fastened on her mind; she became sedate, loved retirement, and through the operation of the Spirit of Christ, was mercifully taught how to wait on the Lord, and what to wait for.

One evening, after an opportunity of silent, mental introversion, she said to her mother nearly as follows, "I have thought it my duty to thank thee for thy care in preventing and restraining me from unsuitable company, which I took hardly, and I believe if I had had the liberty I coveted, I should not have known the peace and comfort I now feel, in obedience to the principles of truth, but should have gone into the broad road that leadeth to death."

She continued to be serious and steady in her deportment, looking towards the eternal recompense of reward, and a few days before her decease, expressed a desire to attend the Quarterly Meeting. On this occasion a minister spoke of the uncertainty of time and the comfort of having hope toward God in a dying hour. This communication she took to herself, and in the evening said that "her work was nearly finished."

The Quarterly Meeting occurred on second-day; and on sixth-day morning following, she complained of illness. In about two hours, her parents were so apprehensive of danger, as to be much affected, which she observed and said, "Do not grieve for me, but rejoice evermore; and give thanks that I am going to everlasting rest," adding, "I hope"—paused a moment, and then repeated, "I am going to everlasting rest and peace."

She mentioned to a friend the presentiment she had of her departure, and "her hope that the Almighty would be near and sustain the spirits of her parents under the trial, as he did hers at that time." She then settled herself quietly in bed, took leave of her friends, and under the influence of a sweet and awful solemnity, which tendered the hearts of those present, departed to her rest in Jesus; no words being spoken, except her saying, "Lord, receive my spirit." She died after

about eight hours illness, on the 20th of the third month, 1772, aged nearly eighteen years.

Ann Taylor, who died at Manchester, England, the 7th of the fourth month, 1806, was the daughter of John and Ann Taylor of that place. She received the principal part of her education at home, and during the latter part of her time was mostly occupied in the acquirement of useful learning, under the care of her father's second wife. The following interesting particulars respecting the final illness of this pious young woman, will show that the tender care extended to her, had not been in vain.

On fourth-day, the 25th of ninth month, 1805, she was much affected in meeting, under the ministry of a friend who remarked in the course of his communication, "Day after day—week succeeding week—and year after year, pass away, and what preparation is made for our latter end?" The awakening consideration "Am I ready for the awful change?" deeply impressed her mind. At the close of the meeting she attended a corpse to the grave-yard, and although then apparently in good health, had a strong belief that her own interment would follow before long. On the succeeding seventh-day she was attacked with a spitting of blood, which confined her to the bed for several days, and excited some apprehensions in her mind, lest she should be removed from time, before the work of preparation was completed. In about two weeks, however, she so far recovered as to be able to go about the house.

A short time after this partial amendment, the disease returned, and she appeared under much distress, saying, "I don't yet feel sufficiently prepared." She was asked whether any particular offence stood in her way, to which she replied, "I don't know of anything but a want of attention—not having my thoughts turned inward whilst in meetings, which I now see has been a great loss to me. By suffering my mind to ramble, I have wasted much precious time, surely it is playing the hypocrite—seeing this to be the case, I resolved when last at

meeting, that if permitted to go there again, I would be more careful and diligent, but I now believe I shall never go more."

It being remarked that it was a great favour to be brought to see where we had omitted or committed anything, contrary to our known duty, she replied, "Yes, mother—and I hope to be very careful, every way, during the little time allotted me here—all things are possible with Him who knows what is best for us." She was often employed in taking a retrospect of her past life and strictly scrutinizing her conduct; and on one occasion she observed, in allusion to it, "I never knowingly told a falsehood; which now affords me great peace."

She expressed a tender concern for several young persons who belonged to the same meeting with herself, saying, "I believe if some of them were laid on a sick-bed as I am, they would see the folly of pursuing [with avidity] anything but that which is most likely to fit them for an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven. Oh! how pure must all be that enter there! There are too few, when young and in health, who think deeply enough of their latter end."

During the many returns of the disorder which she had, her mind was favoured in a remarkable manner with patience and resignation. "It is the Lord's doing," she would say, "let him do what he will—I know it is for my refinement, and if I had a greater evidence of going well, I could leave all earthly things with joy—for it will be but a little time before those I leave behind me must go also—yet I hope my great Master will favour me with patience and resignation to wait his time." Her mother expressing her belief that a clearer assurance of divine acceptance would be vouchsafed before her close, she replied, "Then I want nothing more, but shall be happy."

One evening she said, "I fear I have not loved my Maker so much as I ought, which may be the cause of his presence being so long withdrawn, now in my affliction." As a source of consolation to her tried mind, her mother remarked that the patience and resignation with which she was favoured, came not from man—she rejoined, "I hope to be preserved from murmuring, for that would be unwise; and I give myself

up entirely into my Maker's hands to do with me as he sees best."

She evinced great compassion for those of her fellow-creatures whose situation excluded them from enjoying the comforts, or even the common necessaries of life: "How much," said she, "have I to be thankful for, in being provided with everything needful to relieve my bodily suffering, and also with affectionate attendance. There seems very little ground to hope for my recovery, yet it is not impossible, and if I should be restored to health, the rest of my days shall be spent to the honour of a merciful Creator; but I have little prospect of ever getting much better."

A relation calling to see her, remarked her exemplary patience, and that he should think it a great favour to experience the same precious resignation, when near his close. After he had left her, she said, "I cannot expect to be rewarded like him. He has given up much; but what have I done to look for any reward? What crosses have I taken up for Christ's sake?" It was observed that she had denied herself many gratifications, which were deemed by the world, innocent and allowable; she answered, "Yes—because I considered myself only a steward over everything I possessed, and believed it wrong to indulge in anything that would take up too much of my time, or fill my mind with what was unprofitable; and though I never felt uneasy with any part of my dress, yet I now believe it right to make clothing in a manner that will take up the least time; convenience and cleanliness should be [principally] looked to in apparel, for it is vanity to adorn these poor bodies that are but dust."

Observing her mother weep, she repeated several times, in an earnest and affectionate manner, "Don't shed tears for me; I am going well," and after some further conversation, observed, "Thou knowest it is said, in my Father's house there are many mansions; and if I get to one of the very lowest, I shall be content." She desired a friend in the room not to be so affected, for she should soon be happy, and her mother confirming this, by the expression of a similar belief, she said with

a tenderness and a melody that can only be felt, "Yes—Mother—yes—I shall be happy, and I hope thou and I shall meet there together."

It being thought that her end was near, the family were called, and soon after, she bade each individual farewell, and in a distinct manner said, "And now, O Father, if it be thy will, take me quickly;" then breathed shorter, until about 7 o'clock in the morning, when her ransomed spirit entered into rest. She was eighteen years old.

Maria Mott, daughter of Richard and Abigail Mott, of Mamaroneck, in the state of New York, deceased the 7th of twelfth month, 1816, aged eighteen years.

In early life she exhibited traces of an active and vigorous mind, and being naturally of an amiable and affectionate temper, the pleasing anticipation was indulged that under the sanctifying power of Divine grace, those gifts of the understanding would, in after time, become devoted to the service of the blessed Giver. As she advanced in years, the vivacity of her disposition and the prevalence of the natural will were observed to be increasing, and proofs were soon given that they would require the watchful and religious care of her parents properly to regulate them. Under the Divine blessing, however, the judicious endeavours used to convince her judgment of the impropriety of wrong things, and the satisfaction and advantages resulting from correct conduct, were happily successful, and her parents had the comfort of seeing her increase in stability and religious thoughtfulness.

About the tenth year of her age, she was favoured with renewed visitations of Divine love, which produced obvious and lasting impressions on her mind; she became more attentive, affectionate and docile in her manners, regarding the feelings and admonition of her parents with such scrupulous tenderness, that they have no recollection of her committing any act afterwards which she knew would be disagreeable to them.

In the spring of 1815, her parents being about to leave home for a few weeks, she observed to her mother, "Though it is much against our inclination to part with you, as we feel the loss of your company very much, yet I hope you will not be anxious about home in your absence; for I think we endeavour to be as careful of our conduct as when you are with us, and to manage the affairs of the family, as nearly as we can, in a manner which we suppose would be agreeable to you; it is our practice to have the family collected, and to read the Scriptures, as you do when at home."

Being furnished with books adapted to her age, she acquired a taste and fondness for reading; selecting her books with much care, and avoiding such as were not instructive, or which she knew her parents would not approve. Though fond of history and works on moral and literary subjects, yet she delighted most in those of a religious character, which she read with deep interest. She was well acquainted with the history of the Society of Friends, and with the writings of some of its most distinguished members, and often made pertinent remarks upon their sufferings and faithfulness in support of their religious principles.

She highly estimated that kind of conversation which tends to inform and improve the human mind, and regretted that so much of the time of young persons, when in company, was wasted in trifling amusements and converse. A few months previous to her dissolution, conversing with her mother and an intimate friend on the benefits and design of social life, she remarked, "I have often regretted that so much precious time should be spent to so little purpose as it appears to be. I fear in some places, the practice is increasing, of young people collected in companies, amusing themselves with various kinds of play, which appear to me not calculated to promote real happiness or enjoyment, nor is such an employment of time suited to that dignity of character, after which we all ought to aspire."

Having been trained to habits of industry, she was fond of useful employment, and willing to render assistance in such

business as was necessary; and being prompted by her sympathy and commiseration for the wants of the suffering poor, she sought and embraced opportunities of relieving that class in the neighbourhood; frequently employing her needle to render them comfortable during the inclement season of the year. Her benevolent mind derived much satisfaction from these works of charity, and she would often remark that time passed pleasantly while thus occupied.

In the eleventh month she accompanied her parents and two of their friends, in a journey to Dutchess County. She had been fond of attending religious meetings from her childhood, often spoke of the nature and importance of the duty, and was an example of becoming sobriety in them; and she appeared grateful for the opportunity thus afforded her of attending those held by these friends. From her subsequent remarks, it is evident that serious and profitable impressions were made upon her mind during the course of this visit, and some time after her return, she observed to her mother, "In time past I had a strong inclination to have some articles of clothing different from those I had been accustomed to, and observing that many girls of my acquaintance were in the practice of curling the hair on the forehead, I was inclined to take the same liberty. But as I reflected that father and thou would be uneasy with it, that it would grieve you, I became sensible that I could have no substantial enjoyment in it; for I could never feel happy, or enjoy true satisfaction in any thing, how much soever I have desired it, which I knew would be unpleasant to you. And although it has sometimes been rather difficult to submit cheerfully to your wishes, peace and satisfaction have always been the result of a ready compliance—and that to a much greater degree than I could possibly have experienced from a contrary procedure. My views, however, are much changed —I have not any wish for such things now."

After a pause, she added, "It is a great favour to have religious and concerned parents and care-takers; and I have sometimes wondered how it can be that young people who have such, can find enjoyment, or even be satisfied, in the use of

things disagreeable to them. Their views of happiness must be very different from mine."

On fifth-day evening, the 28th of eleventh month, she became unwell, and the progress of the disease was so rapid, that before morning it had assumed a very serious aspect.

Her sufferings throughout the course of her illness were extreme, yet her mind was mercifully preserved calm and composed; and she evinced a degree of patient resignation which Divine grace only could confer. The severity of the pain did not diminish the kindness and affection of her manner, nor prevent her from acknowledging with gratitude, the tenderness and attention of those who waited on her.

On second-day, the physician apprehended that the drink she took promoted vomiting, and thought it necessary to withhold it from her. The thirst occasioned by a high fever, so far from producing a murmur, seemed only to excite her commiseration for those whose sufferings she supposed must resemble her own, observing, "I have frequently thought of those people who traverse the deserts of Arabia, parching with thirst, and without water—but I have never until now been in a situation fully to sympathise with them: I apprehend that my tongue and throat are now in such a situation as to give me a pretty correct idea of the distress and suffering under which they must languish when water fails them in that burning clime."

Shortly after this, she adverted to the religious communication of a friend, in the family, and said to her mother, "How often I have thought of what our friend ——— said to me on the morning he left us; 'Maria, dear Maria—whatever trials or afflictions may be thy lot, keep hold of the covenant thou hast made.' I endeavoured to do so previous to my sickness, and will still strive to do it—but ah! how little did I think that I should so soon be brought to a situation like this. It is very desirable to have the mind composed, but it is not easily attained when the body is tortured with pain."

On seventh-day morning, having passed the previous day and night in extreme suffering, one of her parents remarked the ne-

cessity there was for resignation to the Divine will, to which she replied with much serenity, "I have earnestly wished for it—I know the Lord is good—I felt his goodness this morning, and it was precious to me; and I then thought I was resigned either to live or die, as should please Him."

About 10 o'clock she said, "My dear parents, I weaken very fast, and think I shall not last long." Her father remarked that he hoped she was resigned; she answered, "Yes —I think I am, and I hope that you, my dear parents, will endeavour to be so too—I have very often been sensible of the kindness of the Lord to me. I do not see anything in the way of my happiness, and though I have not always been as faithful as I ought to have been, and fear that I have sometimes been rather too much inclined to levity, yet I have been favoured with many precious seasons and Divine visitations."

To a young woman for whom she entertained a strong attachment, she said, "I shall not stay long—but I think I am quite willing to go. I have always loved you, [meaning the family], but I never felt it so strongly as I have done many times during my present sickness."

Being partially relieved from extreme suffering, she gratefully acknowledged it, and her redeemed spirit appearing to be raised above all transitory things, she thus addressed her parents and brother, "I have been desiring that we might have a solemn opportunity together before I die, but I have been so distressed with pain for some hours past, that it has been difficult to have my mind composed or my thoughts properly directed. This morning I had a sweet assurance that my peace was made—but during the extremity of my suffering, I have sometimes been almost ready to doubt. I am now thankful to feel it renewed—yes, to feel an assurance that there is a resting place for me in heaven—and to be admitted into bliss, is all I wish—all I ought to desire. I do not ask for a high mansion—I have done but little, and am not entitled to one. My hope is in the Lord's mercy. I have always loved you, but I never felt the force, nor understood the nature of love, as I have during this illness." "I can't say much—I am but a

child, and have done but little for the truth, yet I hope I have not done it harm. I have endeavoured to be a good example, and I know not that I have committed any flagrant sins."

She added, "Some persons have said—I think Dr. Johnson said, he did not believe that people felt what they said, when they spoke of their willingness to die; but I feel it to be true when I say that I am willing to die, and many others have known it to be true."

A fear being expressed lest she should exhaust herself by speaking, she replied, "Yes, my dear father, I am almost exhausted; but I feel such a flow of love—love to all, that I cannot refrain from expressing it." "If it were the Lord's will, it is probable I might have a choice in continuing a little longer in this world. I have many strong attachments—such precious parents, and a dear brother. Oh! how dear they are to me! but if it is His will to take me away, I am willing to go—yes, this very night." A little after she said, "I think I have been favoured to keep hold of the covenant;"—and looking on those who were sitting by, her countenance beaming with sweetness and resignation, she said, "I am going to the Lord, and hope you will follow me."

About nine in the evening, her bodily distress being very great, she said, "My dear father, I cannot last long—I think I shall not live through this night. May the Lord be with us all—with me who am going, and with you who stay." After this, the violence of her pain, and the restlessness produced by the irritability of the nervous system subsided, and she became quite calm. A solemn and impressive silence prevailed in the room, when she said, "I shall soon go"——"I long to be gone;" and remarking that her voice began to grow tremulous and fail, she calmly added, "Now I will lay me down to die—the fear of the Lord is round about to preserve us—yes—to preserve all." She laid perfectly still, as if in a sweet slumber, and gently resigning her breath, her ransomed and purified spirit took its flight to the mansions of eternal glory, to join the just of all generations in ascribing "Salvation to the Lamb, for evermore."

Frederick Hunter, son of Simeon and Sarah Hunter, of Sherburn, England, deceased the 30th of sixth month, 1822, aged eighteen years. Impressed with the importance of a guarded education, his parents placed him at Ackworth school, where he manifested a docile and submissive disposition, and the habits of simplicity which he acquired there, were not soon effaced. From Ackworth he went to Leeds, and afterwards to Epping school, where symptoms of a disease in his knee appeared, and he returned home about mid-summer in 1820.

Early in the following spring, being on a visit at Highflatts, his knee became worse, and his parents thought it expedient to remove him home. On his arrival at Sherburn, his mother was much affected at his emaciated appearance; observing which, he said to her, "Do not weep, mother—for I am persuaded all this will terminate for the best." After this he was seldom able to sit up for more than an hour at a time; but although his bodily afflictions increased, he was never heard to murmur.

In narrating some transactions of his past life to his mother, he remarked, "I know that I have sinned; but having obtained pardon through redeeming love, I feel all to be done away." On fifth-day morning, the 27th of sixth month, as his father was sitting by his bed-side, after a solemn pause, Frederick said to him, "I feel it to be my duty to express my obligations to thee for thy great care, in bringing me up, and educating me in the way thou hast done; and also to my dear mother, for her affectionate attention all my life long, and particularly during my long illness. It further appears to be my duty to give thee a few hints respecting things of a more serious nature. Be not high-minded, but fear. An inordinate love of this world has done much harm to many; therefore love not the world nor the things of the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. I feel as though I could not sufficiently praise the Lord for what he hath done for my soul. O, help me to praise Him, for He is my strength and my song, and has become my salvation."

After this his mind appeared to enjoy a sweet calm, and

when his aunt was taking leave of him, he said to her, "Farewell—thou seest how happy I am," and soon after to his mother, "I want to be gone home—I long to be gone home." These were the last words he was heard to speak; and in about two hours his spirit departed to the mansions of rest and peace.

Ruiter Sholl, son of John and Elizabeth Sholl, of London, was educated at Ackworth school, and in the early part of the year 1824, placed apprentice at South Shields. Although his general conduct was such as to win the esteem of the family in which he lived, yet he sometimes evinced an unwillingness to submit to those salutary restraints which a conscientious master thought it proper to exercise, and he formed an acquaintance with some young persons whose society was a disadvantage to him.

In the year 1827, he became unwell; the disease gradually settled on his lungs, and though an amendment was sometimes apparent, yet its duration was short, and it became more and more obvious that he could not survive long. In the sixth month, he was removed to London; but up to a late period of his illness, little had been said to him on the danger of his situation, and he evidently appeared to be disposed to avoid conversation of a religious nature.

In the twelfth month, a friend who called to see him, found him very weak, suffering from acute pain in the chest, and his whole appearance indicating a near approach to the house appointed for all living. He received the visit with marks of satisfaction: an opportunity of much solemnity occurred, in which the visiter thought it his duty to apprise the invalid of his critical situation, expressing an earnest and affectionate solicitude that the great work of redemption and sanctification might be accomplished; and turning the attention of his young friend to Him from whom all saving help cometh, the atoning sacrifice and meditation of a crucified and risen Saviour.

From this time his mind was much occupied with the pros-

pect of death. The certainty that his immortal spirit must soon appear before its Almighty and impartial Judge, deeply affected him, and he ardently desired to be prepared for the awful event. Although, through the restraining power of Divine grace, he had mercifully been preserved from the commission of any gross sin, yet his association with those who were not governed by religious principle, had led him from obedience to the known will of God, and at this period of serious self-examination, he found that moral rectitude alone was insufficient to afford him peace of mind, or that sustaining hope of acceptance in Christ Jesus, which the work of regeneration only can confer.

Great were the conflicts of mind which he suffered before he was brought to experience the precious evidence of forgiveness; clearly pointing out to those around him, the necessity of an early submission to the yoke and cross of Christ. During this season of mental suffering, he was often engaged in supplication to his heavenly Father, and He who afflicts not willingly, but wounds to heal, was at length pleased to dispel the clouds of distress and doubt, and animate his disconsolate spirit with a humble but steadfast hope of an admittance into the mansions of eternal rest, when time to him should be no more. His mind now became composed and tranquil, and addressing his mother, he said, "My dear and tender mother, do not grieve for me, but think of the blessed change, when I shall be freed from my bodily sufferings, and permitted to have a mansion in heaven, where I shall behold my Saviour's face, there to join with angels in singing hallelujahs for ever and ever."

His weakness had become so great that he could scarcely raise himself in bed without assistance, and he often prayed to be released. He could now contemplate death without dismay, in the cheering hope that all would be well—saying, "Oh! that my hour were come. I long to be gone." He was much interested on account of one of his school-fellows, and said to him in substance, as follows—"Be very guarded in thy conduct, the enemy is constantly devising mischief. Thou art in

a very dangerous and critical situation, lay thy soul open to thy Redeemer and put thy trust and confidence in Him. I am going where I shall behold the face of my Redeemer. He has guarded and watched over me."

He frequently said with much feeling, "Oh! for patience! Father of mercies, grant me a little ease—O, grant a little ease, and if consistent with thy gracious will, preserve me in patience to the end." At another time, in feeble accents, he thus interceded with the Almighty—"Have compassion upon me, a poor sufferer, and if it be consistent with thy good pleasure, take me to thyself—Wash me and make me clean in the blood of thy dear Son, and do thou be pleased to take me to thyself." He also prayed for his mother, and concluded with grateful acknowledgments for the blessings bestowed on him. Afterwards, he observed to one of his brothers, "I am now favoured with a clear prospect that when the change shall take place, there is a mansion prepared for me in the kingdom of heaven."

He continued in this state of mind and with but little apparent alteration in his disease, until the 20th of the first month, 1828. Having passed a restless night, he was much exhausted and requested to be placed in an easy chair. Soon after which he was heard to say, "If consistent with thy holy will, be pleased to release me from my sufferings and take me to thyself." He then raised his eyes and faintly uttered, "It is done —Oh!—it is done"—and passed peacefully away, in the nineteenth year of his age.

This interesting case furnishes another instance of the adorable mercy of God, in pardoning the returning and penitent sinner through the blood of the everlasting covenant, and preparing the immortal spirit by great tribulation, to enter the kingdom of heaven. Yet the deep and painful conflicts which he had to pass through, ought to teach us not to presume on divine mercy, but by a lowly, humble and obedient walk with God, endeavour, while in health, to experience a state of preparation for death; that being born again of the spirit of Christ, when the solemn messenger is sent to summon us from time

to eternity, we may have nothing to do but to die—and, in humble confidence, be able to say, "Come Lord Jesus—thy servant is ready."

James Parnell was born at Retford, in Nottinghamshire, and embraced the principles of the religious Society of Friends at an early period. About the year 1654, being then in the seventeenth year of his age, he visited George Fox, who was at that time a prisoner, at Carlisle: he disputed with, and confuted those who opposed the doctrines he promulgated; and afterwards travelled southward, preaching the Gospel in Huntingdonshire, the Isle of Ely and parts of Cambridgeshire, and was the first of those called Quakers, who preached in Essex, many being converted by his ministry to the Lord Jesus Christ.

About mid-summer 1665, he went to Colchester, and on the day after his arrival, being the first of the week, he preached the gospel to thousands in that town, first at his lodgings, then at the public place of worship for the parish, and then at a large meeting appointed for the purpose; after which he disputed with the town lecturer, and with another person in the French school. In all these labours of love he was enabled to show forth the wisdom and patience of Jesus Christ, convincing many, who believed unto salvation, and by sound doctrine putting to silence the gainsayers. But some whose hearts were hardened, cruelly abused him, beating him with their fists and with sticks—particularly one man, who struck him with a large staff as he came out of the meeting-house, saying, "There—take that for Christ Jesus' sake"—to which he meekly answered, "Friend, I do receive it for Jesus Christ's sake."

After he had fulfilled his mission at Colchester, he returned to Coggeshall, where a fast had been appointed: here he was unjustly apprehended and sent to Colchester castle, and from thence brought in irons to Chelmsford assizes. Although his persecutors could find nothing whereof to accuse him, except such things as related to the law of his God, yet they fined him

forty pounds and committed him close prisoner to Colchester castle. His keeper suffered none to visit him, except such as came to abuse and beat him, sometimes not allowing him to have food brought to him, and at other times, when it was brought, they unfeelingly took it away; and compelled him to lie on the stones, which in wet weather would run down with water.

They subsequently put him into a hole in the wall, at a considerable height from the ground, the only access to which was by a ladder six feet too short; and would not allow his victuals to be taken up to him, nor permit him to draw it up by a cord and basket which his friends had kindly provided. He was therefore obliged to ascend and descend by a rope, and after suffering long in this hole, which had no aperture for the admission of air, or for the smoke to pass out, his limbs became so much benumbed, that one day having climbed up to the top of the ladder, and attempting to catch at the rope, he missed it and fell down from a great height upon the stones, by which his head and body were much wounded, and he was taken up for dead.

After this, he was put into another hole called the oven, though some ovens are larger, where they would not allow him to make use of charcoal, neither would they accept of bail, nor body for body, which some of his friends freely offered, in order that he might have an opportunity of recovering from the injuries he had received. The door of his prison being one day opened, he ventured to walk out into the jail yard for air and exercise, at which the jailer was so enraged that he locked the door and kept him out all night in the severest weather in winter.

The blessed fruits of the religion he professed shone forth conspicuously in his long and painful imprisonment, enabling this dear youth to suffer patiently and cheerfully for the testimony of a good conscience, and to count all things but loss and dross, in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. At the hands of his relentless persecutors he could find no mercy, yet he meekly endured it all,

committing his righteous cause unto Him who is the refuge of the oppressed, and the helper of the needy in his distress. At length their repeated cruelties destroyed his health; he grew weaker rapidly, and the happy hour was evidently at hand when he was to be liberated from their power, and translated into the glorious kingdom of the dear Son of God.

Near his departure, being in a triumphant frame of mind, he said to those about him, "Here I die innocently." And a little after—"This death I must die—I have seen glorious things."—Then addressing his friends, asked, "Will you hold me?"—and they expressing their resignation to part with him, he added, "Now I go." He had often said that one hour's sleep would cure him of all his pains, and he soon fell into a sweet slumber, which continued about an hour, when he quietly departed to his everlasting rest in Jesus, being in the nineteenth year of his age.

ISAAC WALKER, son of Peter and Mary Walker, of Dean Scales, near Cockermouth, Cumberland, was born the 7th of second month, 1825. From a child he was of a sweet disposition, and being endued with a good understanding, and a quickness of perception, he sought the company of individuals of more experience than himself. He was nevertheless fond of play, and was not unfrequently led into childish follies, for which he afterwards endured much heartfelt sorrow.

About the eleventh year of his age, he was sent to Wigton school, where he remained as a scholar, three years, after which he was taken as an apprentice. He fulfilled the duties of this situation in an exemplary manner, and by the propriety of his conduct, and the amiability of his disposition, he endeared himself to all around him.

It was during this period, and when he was rather more than fifteen years of age, that an event of a very impressive nature, took place in the school, viz. the removal by death, after a protracted illness, of one of the boys, in whom the power of Di-

vine grace was remarkably exemplified, and who had been his intimate friend and companion.*

The following extracts are from Isaac Walker's letters, written at this period:

Brookfield, 1st month 29th, 1841.

The time has now arrived, a time which I have long anticipated, when my late schoolfellow, P. W. Hall, is about to be gathered to his rest. In all probability, he is now laid upon that bed from which he will never rise, and his flitting hours are numbered, and his existence here about to be terminated in death; but how pleasing is it to observe his pious resignation, and firm belief in the mercy and long-suffering of the One Great Sacrifice, made for mankind, by the Beloved Son, who, to use one of P. W. H.'s expressions to-day, "Left the bosom of the Father, and came and offered himself for guilty man."

Brookfield, 2nd month 8th, 1841.

Dear Sisters:—I hope soon to have a little more leisure, for since W. A. G.'s departure, much labour has rested upon me. But such times are, or may be, very useful; for it is then, that the mind finding peace from no other source, turns, ardently turns, to the Fountain of All light and life, and seeks the presence of Him, whose arm is strong to deliver, and whose right hand is able to save to the very uttermost. P. W. H. still languishes upon the bed of death, the last, and in some instances, the pleasantest period of life here below; and truly it seems to be such with him. His mind, freed alike from the cares and pleasures of this life, turns to God and to that happy land, on which his thoughts are centred. Ah! happy state! How glorious to leave every cumbrance behind, and to soar in faith to the land of peace, in hourly expectation of quitting this for ever, and of being added to the "hundred and forty and four thousand," who are continually praising the Lord God and the Lamb.—

Isaac Walker had a strong predilection for Natural History,

* P. W. Hall, of whom see a brief account, page 88.

and often devoted his leisure hours to the study of it. It is interesting to know, that even in this, his favourite pursuit, he was careful to preserve a very tender conscience, and also to watch over the boys who had a similar taste; instructing them strictly to avoid any approach to cruelty.

About the close of the year 1841 he was liberated from his engagement at school, from an apprehension that his health was too delicate to permit him to fulfil the arduous duties of the situation; indications of pulmonary disease having frequently appeared.

After having been at home some months, his health appeared so far recruited, as to induce him to wish to return to the school, which he did in the fourth month, 1842, but the symptoms of the disease again making their appearance, and in a more alarming degree, he finally relinquished his situation.

Notwithstanding the blamelessness of his life and conversation in the sight of men, he was made deeply to feel the corruptions of his own heart when brought under "the spirit of judgment and burning." When retiring to rest, on the 7th of fifth month, he thus expressed himself: "I have sunk deep, very deep, into iniquity, yet I believe, if I should be called away soon, it will not be without a hope of forgiveness."

Fifth month 10th. His sister alluding to the many advantages he had enjoyed, beyond the lot of most, he replied, "Whatever use I may have made of them; I feel however, very calm, and so free from temptation, that I am persuaded the Almighty's arms are underneath for my support." Adding, "I have been a great sinner; my sins are more than the hairs of my head, but the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Yea, though my sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. The Lord is good and gracious, slow to anger, and of great mercy." On his sister remarking to him, that if he were taken in early life, he would escape many troubles, he replied, "Yes, I shall escape a flood of iniquity. I scarcely expect to recover, and I scarcely desire it; I have no will of my own; the will of the Lord be done."

On the 26th of fifth month, he was informed that the medical attendants now considered his case beyond their skill. He received this information with the greatest calmness, and meekly replied, "I thought so; for the last few days I have felt that I must go, and I have no wish that it should be otherwise."

During the day, he was very composed, often dwelling on the love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus;—a theme on which he loved to muse. In the evening he expressed himself thus, "I am lost in wonder when I consider how often I have backslidden, after having for some time been enabled to do right; and when again made sensible of my sins, with a desire to turn from them, how ready the Lord has been to receive me! His mercy is unbounded! Oh! what an awful thing it must be, when an unrepenting profligate is informed that he must die in a short time."

Fifth month 31st. He said, "Satan has been tempting me with the query, 'How canst thou be saved, seeing thou hast done nothing to promote the glory of God?' But I have just been thinking, if my life were spared to three score years and ten, I should still have nothing of my own to trust to. No: It is all through mercy, pure, unmerited mercy."

On one occasion, after sitting in stillness for some time, he thus expressed himself, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; it makes the flesh to tremble, whilst the renewed spirit may rejoice. Oh! the Lord is merciful, ever ready to forgive the repentant sinner." In a time of mental anxiety, he told one of his sisters that he had very frequently supplicated, that, if it pleased his heavenly Father, he might have a yet clearer evidence that all his sins were forgiven; and that, during the night before, whilst thus engaged, the query, Where is thy faith? passed quickly through his mind, conveying both reproof and encouragement. Since then all fear of death had been taken away.

Sixth month 1st. The dear invalid's spirit was refreshed by an acceptable religious visit from some Friends. When they were gone, he remarked, "What a delightful opportunity we

have had; oh! it was sweet!" He then spoke of the great love of God, in having drawn him as out of a deep pit, and freely forgiven all his sins, saying, "They are all washed away in the blood of the Lamb. What encouragement there is in the Scriptures of Truth, to the repentant sinner! The promises are all to him whose heart is changed." He appeared at this time much cheered by the passage, "The Lord looketh at the heart," saying, "How very good we may appear unto men, whilst the heart is estranged from God; but the heart must be changed, and then we may look for forgiveness. It would profit nothing, if we wept for a whole week, if it were only the working of the passions: we must feel our sins a burden, we must hate all sin; and then, He who died for our sins, has promised to give rest to such as seek Him. When I consider what a few filthy rags I have, to lay in the scales against mountains of sin, I marvel much at the love of God in Christ Jesus."

One day, in the fluctuations of the disorder, it was remarked to him, that he appeared a little stronger; he replied, "I may improve for a time, but I have no thoughts of permanent recovery, neither do I desire it; but not my will be done."

On another occasion, when much exhausted, a person who was present said, it was trying to see one so young, so reduced by illness. He replied, "I would not exchange my situation with any one possessing all the health and strength this world can bestow, without the peace of mind I now enjoy."

Seventh month 6th. On one of his sisters saying, she thought his strength was decreasing, he sweetly answered, "Yes, I am getting nearer and nearer to my everlasting rest. Oh! it is a happy thought, that I have nothing to do but to die. Rest assured that whenever the change takes place, whether suddenly or more gradually, I have now no doubt all will be well. I am going to the mansions of endless bliss, 'where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrows are unknown.' The Lord is indeed very merciful to me, and I firmly believe, He will bear me up above every trial and temptation. Satan does at times tempt me to doubt, but the Lord preserves me above all." At

another time, he spoke largely of that sweetly absorbing theme the love of God in Christ Jesus, saying, "Where could such poor mortals as we look, if it were not for a Saviour? But our finite comprehension can form no idea of this love; we may admire and be lost in amazement, but we can do nothing more whilst here. Oh! there is no joy, like the joy which the righteous feel: there may be sensual pleasure felt at times by the wicked, but no real joy or comfort, for they are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. But the righteous are all serene and peaceful, looking forward to a better home."

Some time afterwards he said, "The pains of the body are much easier to bear when there is a peaceful mind. The Lord is merciful; all this that I endure, is sent in mercy, yea, all in mercy. His sister expressing a hope that he would be spared much suffering, he quickly replied, "Think what the dear Saviour suffered; what matchless love, to leave so glorious a kingdom, and come down to this earth, even amongst his enemies, who, He knew, would persecute and slay Him! and what a marvellous display of love is there in that passage, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' I have been meditating upon this to-day, and how pleasant it is, followed by a sweet peace." In a little time he added, "I shall be happy for ever, and I trust we shall all meet on high;—but we must strive."

On its being remarked to him, how insignificant this world would now appear in his view, he said, "The pleasures and treasures of this earth, are not worth a thought, but on it there are millions of immortal souls. Oh! that these would consider their latter end, for it is a fearful thing to die unprepared."

Another time, when reduced to a state of great weakness, he said to his mother, and to one of his sisters, "You seem to think my cough is troublesome, but I have always had strength given for all my need; and I trust I shall to the end; and patience fails not; but remember, it is not my own, no, I am nothing, and have nothing; his sister added, but thou wilt soon

have all things. "Yes," he replied, "I have nothing to do but to die."

After this, when asked if he wished to see his medical adviser, he said, "I think not, there is nothing more that he can do; I shall probably be released in a few days, and then what a glorious change!" This day he was unable, for the first time, to come down stairs, after which he survived about a week, in a state of great bodily weakness, but nevertheless he was strong in the Lord, and ready to depart, but patiently waiting his appointed change. He again expressed his full belief that all his sins were forgiven, and that, through mercy, he should be admitted within the pearl gates.

The First-day before his death, he appeared to be in great pain, but no murmur or impatient word escaped his lips, nor indeed had such been known to do so during the whole of his long illness. He maintained a cheerful equanimity, wishing to make his sufferings appear as light as possible. Towards three o'clock next morning, thinking he was going, the family were called to his bed-side, of whom he took an affectionate leave. He then inquired how long they thought he might remain. On being told they did not think he would continue much longer, he gently replied, "I am thankful; all is peace, peace, peace. Yes, rest assured, happy is my end." On seeing his mother and sisters weep, he said, "Nay, weep not, but rather rejoice that I am going to Heaven, where all is joyful, peaceful, happy for evermore. Oh! my dear brothers and sisters, be sure you let me meet you all again." On his father coming into the room, he said with great solemnity and affection, "Father, I have been strengthened to speak to the dear family, concerning the glory of those eternal regions of bliss, to which I am fast hastening. Oh! it is a glorious land, where all is peace, holiness, purity and bliss for ever and ever;—where the shadow of a cloud can never come, nor any sorrow,—for God Himself shall wipe away all tears from every eye. May thou, and each of you, so live, that when your end comes, you may be permitted to join me there. I believe youth is the most favoured season for giving up the heart to God. It is mostly the case,

that an idly spent youth, is followed by a blighted and slothful old age. Youth is the season for improvement of all kinds, and I trust that many of you, my dear brothers and sisters, may feel this to be the case, and spend your youth aright, and be ready at all times to meet death in peace. I am happy, happy, happy!" After this he revived a little, and, with the greatest possible calmness, gave directions how he wished his books and other little tokens of affection to be distributed amongst his near relatives. He then said, "Well! I think I have settled all on earth, let me now turn to heaven and see if all is right there." After a pause, he added, "Yes, all is right there. I think there is no account against me there. And now, Lord Jesus, when it is Thy will, I am prepared. Sweet Jesus, if thou hadst not died,—ah! the death-bed of the sinner!" After this he asked how long it was thought he might continue here; he was told he might be taken any moment; he then said, "I am thankful, Oh! happy change." Contrary to all expectation, he was permitted to revive for a short time, and sweetly trusting in Him, who is everlasting strength, he said, "It may be the Lord's will to have another token of resignation, before He takes me. I trust all will soon be over, but we must wait the Lord's time. I feel even more patience than yesterday. How different would be my condition if I knew that after a few moments, I must enter those dark abodes, where the worm dieth not, and where there is a fire in the soul that never can be quenched."

When he was informed that his symptoms now indicated his approaching end, he smiled, as if this was welcome information, and then said, "It is pleasant to feel patient and resigned, perhaps leaning more to a wish to go than otherwise." Then to one of his sisters he said, "Oh, Agnes! would it not be sweet to be in heaven?" Soon afterwards, he offered up this petition, "Oh Lord! grant me strength to endure whatsoever Thou art pleased yet to send, and to bear it in that patience Thou requirest; and grant me thy Almighty support even to the end."

Second-day evening about seven o'clock he observed, "Pa-

tience is yet granted. I should like us to have a little stillness together; oh! let us praise the Lord to the end."

It was now thought that his close was near, and his soul was lifted up in prayer and praise;—he supplicated thus, "Oh! heavenly Father! Almighty God! If it be thy will now to release thy unworthy servant, Thy will be done."

A little while afterwards he exclaimed, "All is peace, Oh! the Lord is merciful, full of compassion; let us all rejoice in him. A change from an earthly to an Heavenly Kingdom, will truly be a glorious one." On observing his mother weep, he said, "Don't weep, mother, but give me up freely; thou hast others to look to."

About this time he said, "I think the hour of my departure is nigh; oh, how sweet! oh, how happy! I believe there is nothing more to accomplish. It may be if I fall asleep, I shall not revive much again in this world; if so, farewell! and mother, and all of you, be ready."

After a time of stillness he said, "I fear I am not yet to go. It is rather hard to bring the mind back to earth, when it is so near Heaven;" he soon afterwards observed, "Satan tempts to break very good resolutions; he has been trying to tempt me, but the Lord has delivered me out of his power." He now regained his wonted composure, and said to his mother, "The Lord has given me resignation again. Oh! the Lord is merciful."

Third-day morning, one of his sisters going to his bed-side, he smiled sweetly, and said, "Well, Mary Ann, dost thou think that I shall get home to-day?" He sometimes expressed a fear, that he was too anxious to be gone, saying, "It would be so sweet to be released. Oh! it is sweet to meditate on the mercies in store for me, but my hours of meditation are well nigh over here. I do not feel much strength given for supplication; pray for me to be patient, willing to wait the Lord's time."

During the day, his sister inquired if his breathing oppressed him, it seemed so heavy. He calmly replied, "No; and, if it did, it would but release me. I have been looking at my

arm, and see it is getting very thin, there will not be much weight left; but, if the soul strengthens, as the body decays, it is every thing I desire."

At a time of much bodily pain he remarked, "These are but temporary sufferings, and will bring their reward, they are all symptoms of my approaching end." On taking leave of one of his brothers he said, "I have many dear brothers and sisters;" he then called them all by name, and said, "But these are nothing to heaven." After lying in a suffering state for some time, he gently said "Come, Jesus, come! O, Lord Jesus! receive my spirit."

When the little remains of strength were fast wearing away, it was cheering to notice the state of perfect resignation, and lamb-like patience, in which he was preserved, frequently repeating, in feeble accents; "All is now peaceful, all is now happy; Lord not my will, but thine be done."

On fourth-day morning, the 19th of 7th month, the last of his earthly existence, he called his sister S. to his bed-side, then held out his arm, and asked in a whisper "how his pulse felt?" On being told it was very weak, he said, "Oh! yes. I think before another day I shall have done with earth, and then, Oh! Heavenly Father! grant that peace may be my portion, purity and holiness the covering of my spirit, righteousness and goodness the clothing of my mind. And Oh! wilt thou keep my mind from wandering from thee, or in any degree murmuring against thy holy will, and may I in patience wait mine appointed hour." After this aspiration to his heavenly Father, turning to those about him, he said, "I am happy, very happy, quite ready to enter into the joyous Kingdom."

A little before the last conflict of nature, he sweetly uttered these affecting words; "Happy is the Christian's dying-bed; all peaceful, all happy, all ready and longing to be at rest. Oh! when the end seems approaching near, patience is strengthened, all things are strengthened; faith is strong. Oh! a death-bed is well worth waiting for, for sweet are the joys it promises."

Thus filled with all joy and peace in believing, the solemn and long anticipated moment of release arrived, the conflict ended, and the patient sufferer sweetly slept in Jesus.

GRACE WATSON, daughter of Samuel Watson, of the county of York, England, was a young woman of sober and circumspect deportment, obedient to her parents and hating a lie—and towards the latter part of her time, much given to retirement and reading.

During her last illness, she was under great distress of mind, in consequence of the temptations with which she was beset, but as she endeavoured to keep close to the Lord and stay herself upon him in living faith, he was pleased in due time to give her the victory and bruise Satan under her feet: in grateful commemoration of this unmerited mercy, she could experimentally sing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb, asascribing all glory and honour and praise to his excellent and worthy name.

Having passed under the ministration of condemnation, and patiently endured the judgments of the Lord for sin, she experienced the first and fallen nature to be changed and that new creation brought forth, in which "all things are of God;" and feeling the sweet incomes of the joy of His salvation, she thus expressed herself, "O heavenly Father—what hast thou done for me this night? How hast thou removed the crooked serpent and taken him quite away, so that I can say truly, 'Thy will be done'—Thou hast shone in upon me with thy marvellous light—thou hast showed me the glory of thy house, the most glorious place that ever my eyes beheld—neither did I think thou hadst [prepared] such a place for any—much less for me, a poor worm—once ready to think myself destitute."

On another occasion, "If thou requires my life this night of me, I freely give it unto thee,—O heavenly Father, thy will be done—If thou hast further work for me, keep me in that which

I now enjoy—thou hast made my cup to run over—thou hast taken away all my pain. I am as if I ailed nothing, though of myself I could do nothing—scarcely move one of my fingers, my tongue being ready to cleave to the roof of my mouth. But thou hast been a light to my feet and a lantern to my path. How can I cease praising thee, thou God of power? Thou art more to me than corn, wine or oil. Thy love is sweeter to my taste than the honey or the honey-comb. Oh! it is more to be valued than the costly pearls, and the rich rubies—the gold of Ophir is not to be compared to it. Oh! blessed—praised—magnified, be thou for ever."

Being asked how she was, she replied, "I am but weak in body, but strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." On one occasion she expressed some doubts, but soon after added, "Why do I so?" My case is no doubting one, the Lord hath created a clean heart and renewed a right spirit within me, so that all fears and doubts are taken away. The gates are open—the angels are ready to convey me into the bosom of my heavenly Father, where I shall sing praises with his redeemed ones." During all her sickness she never manifested any desire to live, but often expressed her entire resignation to the Lord's will, whenever he saw meet to take her to himself—saying, "O Lord! do with me what thou pleases; heavenly Father, thy will be done. What hast thou done for me, a poor stripling, in comparison with many! Thou hast made my bed, thou hast taken away my pain, and my sickness is gone."

She exhorted some present "to prize their time and not give themselves too much to the things of this world. How many have laid up great riches, earthly treasure, and in one night been deprived of it all!" Her sister weeping by her, she said, "Weep not—be comforted. The tongue of men and angels cannot declare the wonderful greatness of God. O heavenly Father, how sensible of thy presence hast thou made me! Thou hast strengthened me, otherwise I should not have been able to speak so much of thee. With thee is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are rivers of pleasure forevermore."

Commenting on the parable of the ten virgins, she admonished those present after this manner, "Oh! therefore, keep upon your watch-tower, that whether He come at midnight, at cock-crowing, or at the dawn of day, you may be ready, for that is the wedding chamber, indeed, and He is the heavenly Bridegroom." She expressed the most lively and tender affection for her parents and relations, and taking her sister by the hand observed, "Though we be separated outwardly, we shall meet in the kingdom of glory. Oh! what cause have I to bless the Lord on their [her parents] behalf, who I am sure never countenanced any evil in any of us, but reproved it. The words of my dear and tender mother, I remember, since I was but ten years of age, who said she had fought the good fight of faith, and the crown of glory was laid up for her. These words having remained upon my mind, and made a deep impression on me, I can now say, I finish my course with joy and shall receive the crown of glory."

Her strong and unshaken confidence in the Almighty was conspicuous to the last, saying, "The Lord is a God at hand in six troubles and in seven—nay—if thou bringest me to the eighth, thou wilt never leave me." She soon after departed this life, aged about nineteen years.

SARAH, daughter of George Thompson, of Crook, in Westmoreland, died the sixth of twelfth month, 1702.

In her childhood, she was concerned to remember her Creator and to live in his fear, endeavouring according to the grace given her, to promote the honour and prosperity of the Lord's cause. She was endued with an excellent understanding, which, being cultivated with care and sanctified by Divine grace, her capacity became large, as regarded things natural and divine. In the Holy Scriptures and other religious works, she took great delight, and was careful to practise the excellent precepts which she read there, frequently speaking to the family respecting heavenly things, and exhorting them to patience and virtue.

Her temper was cheerful and amiable; kind and compassionate to all, courageous but not rash; tender and affectionate to her parents, and watchful over her words and actions, lest she should give offence to any. It was her practice to spend much of her time in retirement, and in meditation on the things of God, in which seasons she said the Lord was pleased to break in upon her soul by his blessed Spirit, and enable her to look with an eye of faith beyond time and mortality, into an endless eternity, accompanied with an assurance that it would not be long before he would release her from all her pain and sorrow, and take her to himself.

She suffered much from shortness of breath, and being of a delicate constitution was often sick, yet she bore it with patience and cheerfulness, observing that "The Lord was present with her, and comforted her in all her afflictions, and spake peace to her soul in the midst of her troubles, which had made hard things easy." During the course of her last illness, she uttered many weighty expressions, giving suitable advice to those about her. Observing her friends weep, she said, "You trouble me to see you so; why are you so unwise? must we not all part? What! is death a terror to you? It is no terror to me—I am not at all daunted at it, for I am content whether I live or die. Cannot you freely give me up and part with me? I am but a poor infirm creature; and it will be well with me. I shall be freed from many troubles and dangers, which you will be exposed to that stay behind. I see that as long as we are here, we are liable to many temptations—I know they will be exercises to you, but keep to that which is good, and God will keep you, for he hath kept me many a time, as I have kept my mind unto him."

At another time her father and mother and two sisters, standing by her bed-side, she said to them, "I must die—and I have a word of counsel to you all: Be faithful to the gifts that God hath given you, I beg it of you; and over-charge not your minds with anything of this world, for you see how frail flesh is, and how soon we are gone." "I desire you to remember my words when I am gone, that it may be well with you at

your latter end, and that you and I may meet in the mansions of glory, where we may never part. All of you be content, for it is well with me. I have made my peace with God, and I feel nothing to rise up in judgment against me, for the Lord hath forgiven me my sins and my iniquities. My mind is very quiet and still, and hath been ever since I began with this illness. There is nothing cumbereth my mind; not so much as a temptation is presented; and I have been borne over my exercises far beyond my expectation."

Her brother being absent from home, she desired her dear love to be given to him, saying, "If I die, tell him from me that my soul is gone into everlasting rest, where I hope we shall meet again in heavenly joy." Soon after this, she was engaged in fervent prayer to the Lord, for the preservation of those left behind when she was gone, that as he had preserved her from many hurtful things, so he would be pleased to help them through their exercises, as he had often helped her, for which she blessed and praised his holy name. "I have often cried unto the Lord," said she, "to help me through my exercises; and he hath answered my prayers many a time to my admiration."

Inquiring for her grandmother, who was above eighty years of age, she took her by the hand and thus addressed her: "Thou art now very ancient—the Lord hath been merciful to thee, and given thee many years, far above what many attain to, and if thou comest short of making thy peace with God, thou canst not say it was for want of days. But see to the improvement of thy gift—I beg it of thee—before thy days be over; that it may be well with thee at thy latter end, and that thy soul and mine may meet in heavenly joy." A relation coming in and asking how she was, she replied, "I am passing away in peace, and so may all do that keep faithful to their God." In a short time after, she thus addressed him, "Dear cousin, thou art young in the prime of thy time—see that thou serve God in the flower of thy age—the Lord hath created thee that thou mightest serve him; see thou answer the end for which thou wast created. I believe the Lord hath a service for thee

if thou be faithful to him. I wish well for thy soul as for my own, desiring that thou mayest be faithful to God in thy day, and have thy account ready against thy day of dissolution, that thou and I may meet again, where we shall live to sing hosanna to the Lord for evermore."

She desired her father and mother "Not to mind the things of this world, but to serve the Lord, who is worthy to be served—who is Lord of lords and King of kings," exhorting them, to "remember the words of their dying daughter, to live in love and charity, and to be prepared for their latter end, that they might meet in everlasting joy never to part."

To another relation she said, "I remember there was a time when thou thoughtest thou wouldst die, and thou wast under great exercise, for I believe thou hadst lived a very loose life, and the Lord smote thee with his judgments. And thou madest a vow, that if the Lord would spare thee at that time, thou wouldst amend and do so no more—but Oh! hast thou fulfilled thy vow?" She then exhorted him to greater faithfulness, that he might obtain peace to his soul, before the day of his visitation passed over.

Having endeavoured through the course of her life, to answer the great purpose for which she was created, by living in the daily fear of her Creator, and obeying his commandments, she experienced "the consolations of the Gospel to abound by Christ Jesus," supporting and cheering her spirit through a long and tedious illness. The approach of death brought no terror, and she was enabled by the power of Him who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord, practically to illustrate the truth of that triumphant exclamation of the apostle, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

George Newland, son of George and Susannah Newland, of the city of Dublin, died the 24th of eighth month, 1708, in the nineteenth year of his age, a minister of the Gospel about six years.

He was favoured with the tendering visitations of the love of Christ when quite a child, and yielding his will and affections in submission thereto, he became an example of love and obedience to his parents, and of a circumspect and orderly deportment. Such was the tenderness of his conscience, and the fear which rested on his spirit of offending the Almighty, that if at any time he was persuaded by his school-fellows to be rude and wild, although perhaps not more so than many would esteem innocent, he was afterwards under trouble of mind therefor.

As he continued in this state of watchfulness and fear, he grew in grace, his conduct evincing that he was "seeking another and a better country, that is, an heavenly;" and about the twelfth year of his age, it pleased the Head of the church to call him to the ministry of the Gospel, and enable him "to publish with the voice of thanksgiving and tell of all the wondrous works" which the Lord had done for him. In the exercise of the gift bestowed upon him, he travelled in most of the provinces of Ireland, and though endued with a good understanding and solid experience, he was careful not to utter words without feeling the holy Spirit to move and assist him therein, so that his ministry was pertinent and edifying. He was greatly beloved by those among whom he travelled, because of his exemplary conversation and conduct, which were in conformity with the doctrine and precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the nineteenth year of his age, he was visited with a lingering illness, and being asked if he thought he should recover, replied, "he did not know, but if it was the Lord's will, he had rather die than live, but durst not desire it," adding, that "although his time had been short in the world, he had gone through a great deal of exercise and trouble that none knew but the Lord alone." On another occasion he remarked to his mother, "I have felt more of the Lord's love extended to me in a wonderful manner, since I was sick, than ever before. I strove to serve the Lord in my health, and now I reap the benefit of it. I can look forward [with peace], and that is a mercy."

He was frequently comforted and filled with the love of God, under the sense of which he would exclaim, "O, if the earnest be so precious, what will the fulness be!" As his bodily weakness increased, he was strengthened in spirit to magnify and praise the excellent and worthy name of the Lord.

Taking his brother affectionately by the hand, he kissed him, and said, "I love thee dearly—be sure thou fear and serve the Lord, and be obedient to thy parents; for though thou be young and strong now, yet thou knowest not how few thy days may be. I speak to thee in love. Remember my dying words when I am gone, and that it will be enough when in a dying condition, to bear the pain and affliction of body, without having a troubled conscience." He manifested the same tender and brotherly concern for his sisters, recommending to them, to "love and fear the Lord, and be dutiful to their parents;" and added, "In my health, when I went to bed, I did meditate and think upon the Lord, and now in my sickness, I find the benefit thereof."

He gratefully acknowledged the love and care of his parents, observing, "If I live, I can never make you amends for your trouble and care over me;" and afterwards said to his mother, "I hope the Lord will reward thee for all thy trouble and care over me, and that we shall meet shortly, where we shall never part again." Some hours before his departure, being overcome with the goodness of God to his soul, he broke forth in humble admiration, saying, "How good, Lord, art thou to me! I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies and favours;" and continued praising the Lord in a remarkable manner until near his end. Being sensible this was near, he desired all to be still, and in a triumphant state of mind quietly departed to everlasting glory.

In contemplating the peaceful termination of a life so pure and devoted to the service of God, who but must exclaim in the language of holy Scripture, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." It is, however, well for us to remember that we can have no solid hope of dying a death so glorious and triumphant, unless we are engaged

to live a life of self-denial and holiness unto the Lord. We must experience the new birth unto righteousness, and our sins to be washed away in the atoning blood of the Son of God; who died for us—not that we might live to ourselves, in the indulgence of the evil propensities of our fallen and corrupt nature, and in the pursuit of those things which the controversy of God is against, but that, through the power of the daily cross, we should live unto Him who died for us and rose again, having our fruit unto holiness, the end whereof is everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The following testimony concerning George Newland was given by Friends in Dublin, viz:—

"It pleased the Lord to favour this youth with a gracious visitation, even in his childhood, and so to prepare him for His service whereunto He appointed him, that there appeared deep impressions of a concerned mind for the good and eternal well-being of his soul; and as he grew in years, he grew in grace and in the knowledge of God and his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ—so that the Lord was pleased to put him into the ministry, although young, and he being sensible of the appearance of the Son of God in his heart, did deliver his testimony with a good understanding, not being forward or rash to utter words, but waited for that which is the fountain of all true ministry, viz: the help of the spirit of God, that enables God's ministers to speak, to the instructing and building up of one another in the love of God.

"And this being the concern of this innocent youth, made him to be beloved of faithful Friends that knew him, and the more so, because his conversation agreed with his doctrine.

"He went abroad sometimes to visit Friends in the province of Leinster, and was also in Ulster and Munster provinces, and Friends generally had a love and respect for him, and there would commonly be great meetings where he was, both Friends and others admiring the Lord's dealings with him, in his tender years, being but about twelve years old when his mouth was first opened in meetings in a testimony for God.

"We have a great loss of him, he being such a good exam-

ple to our youth, both in that and also in his conversation, too few being willing to follow him in that true nearness of walking with God, as he did—but love liberty to the flesh and will, that work not the righteousness of God, but bring trouble and grief on those who are concerned for the well-being of their immortal souls. His behaviour was more like a man of gray hairs, than one not attained to nineteen years.

"He was not desirous of long life in this world, as he used to express sometimes; but rather that he might do his days' work, being ready and prepared when the Lord was pleased to call him hence, to have a portion, in God's kingdom, of that life and peace which is everlasting. And when he was visited with the sickness of which he died, which continued on him about a quarter of a year, he bore it with much patience and resignation to the will of God, and very cheerfully, which was comfortable both to his parents and friends that visited him in the time of his illness.

"Before his departure, he was concerned to advise his brother and sisters to fear and love God, and be dutiful to their parents, &c.

"Though it is our loss to have such an one taken from us, we believe it is his gain, to be removed from where trouble and temptations attend, to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

"From our Meeting in Dublin, the 19th of the second month, 1709,—And signed on behalf of the said meeting by

AMOS STRETTELL,
RICHARD SEALEY,
GEORGE ROOKE."

WILLIAM YOUNG, of Leominster, in the county of Hereford, possessed a sprightly and amiable disposition, and although of a delicate constitution, appeared to enjoy good health, until he contracted a cold which terminated in consumption. While labouring under this afflicting, though flattering malady, he became more thoughtful and grave in his deportment, and

frequently made sensible remarks on the uncertainty of all temporal prospects, expressing also a grateful sense of the many kindnesses received from a gracious Providence.

Although he had been preserved through life, in greater innocence and purity than most young men, yet he now saw that this alone would not entitle him to a participation in the felicity of the redeemed. He was therefore earnestly desirous of experiencing that entire renovation of heart which is produced by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. His anxious solicitude on this subject gave rise to many painful conflicts, and he often lamented having lost that tenderness and fervency of spirit which he formerly experienced.

But God, who is long suffering and full of compassion, "and keepeth mercy for thousands" of them that fear his name, did not leave his wrestling spirit in this uncertain and painful state. In his own time, he was pleased to grant him a full assurance of salvation and enable him to sing of mercy as well as of judgment.

Some weeks before his decease, being apprehensive that his end was near, he observed, "If I die now in my youth, it may be all for the best, and may put other young people upon the consideration of their latter end." His father expressing a desire that they might be resigned to the Divine will, although it would be hard to part with him, he replied with much earnestness, "Aye, do be resigned—let us all be resigned," and frequently remarked it was his wish to be resigned either to life or death, but added, "if it pleased the Lord to fit him for his change, and take him from the slippery paths of life at so early a period, he should think it a favour, for he had no desire to live except it was to the glory of his Creator."

He several times expressed the deep sense he had of the wonderful condescension and goodness of Christ, in suffering for mankind; and observing his sister weep, said to her, "We must part—I must leave you; but I hope and believe that we shall meet again."

The 2nd of the first month, 1773, he was very ill, and seeing

his father affected, he said, "O father, what a mercy will it be if the Lord should be pleased to take me to himself! Do not grieve—if I should be spared and turn out naught, it would be a greater affliction." Thus did his affectionate and sympathising mind endeavour to alleviate the sorrow of those whom he was so shortly to leave, and to reconcile them to the dispensations of an unerring and merciful Providence.

The next morning, having had a very poor night, he was weak and low, but appeared peaceful in mind. His sister expressing a hope that he was resigned, he replied with much sweetness, "Yes, sister, I hope I am quite resigned to the Almighty's will. Surely, if it be his will, it will be a mercy to be taken from this troublesome world, to himself; and I have a hope he will take me to himself—he hath been pleased wonderfully to calm my mind." She observed there was ground to hope, and that the sufferings of his friends would be greatest. "Oh!" said he very earnestly, "my sufferings will be nothing in proportion to my offences, but I have a hope my offences will be forgiven. Oh! how merciful is the Lord! how great is his goodness—how pure is his love! Mercy, goodness, purity, belong to him." His sister being much affected during this conversation, he continued, "We cannot tell, sister: some worse than I, [as to health] have been restored. He is able to raise me up, and if he should, and make me some sort of a member [of his church] I hope I shall be careful to keep near to him, but I desire not to live—no, not a moment, as one of this world."

On the following morning, he was in great pain, and told his sister he was going; she added, "I hope to a better inheritance;" he replied, "Aye, for I believe in One that can save me," and repeatedly said, "The fear of death is taken away." Afterwards, "I am going to leave an affectionate father, to meet the great Almighty Father." It being observed that it was a favour he was preserved so patient, he said, "I hope I shall be kept so. I am under the Lord's care entirely—nothing else will do. I see nothing else will do."

His mind was remarkably clothed with love—a sweet and

peaceful serenity prevailed in his chamber, and though his voice was so weak that his words were not always intelligible, yet it was evident he was enjoying "the peace of God which passeth the understanding." Being asked if he wished any message conveyed to his absent sister, he replied, "Nothing but love" —adding, "In that love I feel for all." He several times desired those about him not to grieve, saying, "If you think I am going well, why should you grieve?" He took a most affectionate leave of his sister, recommending her "to love and adore the Lord"—and shortly after, put off mortality so quietly that his attendants thought he had fallen asleep. He slept in Jesus—and "as we believe that Jesus died and rose again, so them also that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him, and they shall ever be with the Lord."

He died on the 7th day of the first month, 1773, in the nineteenth year of his age.

Abigail Knight, of Messing, in Essex, England, being taken with an illness which threatened her life, her father tenderly acquainted her with the danger she was in; and although she seemed willing to die if she could feel prepared for the awful change, yet she was brought under great distress of mind respecting her future happiness, and strong conviction for having done many things which she knew were wrong, and neglected the affectionate counsel which her father had frequently given her.

In a private interview with her father, she told him of the condemnation she felt for attending religious meetings so carelessly; that she thought it was mockery to sit in an indifferent state of mind, and suffer the things of the world to engross the attention, for which she thought she had felt as much uneasiness, as for anything she had done amiss: that when at times she had endeavoured to gather her mind home to the consideration of heavenly things, the enemy obstructed it, and she found herself so weak, through unwatchfulness at other times,

that she was not able to withstand his temptations. This conversation seemed to afford her some relief. She expressed a hope that her sins would be forgiven, and although she did not feel the fear of death, yet she wished to be favoured with a clearer evidence of acceptance before her departure.

Observing that the day was very fine, she said it reminded her of the expressions of one who remarked, "How gloriously the outward sun doth shine! So doth the Sun of righteousness shine this day upon my soul!" which she thought she could in measure adopt as her own; the things which had stood in her way having been gradually removed. She remarked to her sister, "If I had my time to spend over again, I should spend it very differently. If I may have the least place in the kingdom of heaven, it is all I desire—and this, I think will be granted."

Sometime after, she said, "I believe I shall be happy, I feel so easy in my mind. What a fine thing it is to have peace of mind upon a dying-bed—the nearer I am to the close, the more easy and clear my way seems. I do not dread death—but seem as though I could meet it with a smile." This happy change in her feelings she gratefully acknowledged as a favour for which she could not be sufficiently thankful, and as death drew near, she said the sting of it was taken away, pleasantly adding, "I think to-morrow or next day will finish here."

The following morning her father going to speak to her, she appeared very calm, said she loved to be still and felt her heavenly Father near, as an arm underneath, and admired the goodness and mercy of the Almighty, in removing those things which had been in her way. About 10 o'clock, being taken with the pains of death, she besought the Lord to grant her patience to bear them, and just before her departure said, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit—Lord—take me to thyself. Farewell—all—in the Lord—my pain will soon be over—the gates of heaven are open to receive me—the time is almost come." She died on the 24th of the second month, 1794, in the nineteenth year of her age.

Potto Brown, was born at Earith, in Huntingdonshire, the 16th of the fifth month, 1765. He discovered in early youth a serious turn of mind, which being cherished by his parents, as he advanced towards manhood the seed of the kingdom sprung up in his heart, producing those blessed fruits of the Spirit, the end whereof is everlasting life. He was a good example in his words and actions, and was generally beloved by his acquaintance.

In a letter addressed to a youth with whom he had formed an intimate acquaintance at school, he says:

"I hope as we travel on through this transitory state, we shall be enabled to cast the cares of this world behind us, looking to the Author of all good, who will help all those who trust in Him. I believe, beyond all doubt, that all those who trust in Him, will not lack the bread of life."

The following extracts from a diary which he kept, may serve to evince the state of his mind, as well as furnish instruction to the reader.

Eleventh month 9th, 1783. "The Lord showed me to my great comfort, that my dependence must be on him—so that I began to inquire how it stood with me and my God. Then I was humbled to cry "Help me, O Lord, or I perish." The word [to me] was, "Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto thee." Then I began to meditate on the Lord in the night season, and was greatly refreshed thereby. A voice passed through me, saying, "Thou must not have any conversation but what may profit thy soul, for unto that man that ordereth his conversation aright will I show my salvation. Thy mind must be set on heavenly things, and thy conversation on heaven."

Eleventh month 29th. "For the last three days nothing material has occurred. But glory be to our God, for he hath dealt wonderfully with his servant. I cannot express the comfort I have had in keeping to the operation of the Word of life in my own heart. The Lord hath showed unto me the pure state in which our primitive Friends stood; and also the fallen state of many among us at this day, which is to be mourned

by me. He will not be mocked by men of low degree, who set their minds on earthly enjoyments, and think not on the name of the Lord. He has given every man ability to know that he is a just God, who dwelleth in the heavens, and those that will serve Him must set their minds on heaven, whence they shall receive their help. Those who are heavenly shall declare His name to all generations, to the convincement of thousands that the Lord is God. Blessed be His name, saith my soul, for taking me by the hand, and leading me out of the paths of vanity! May I be enabled to evince, by my words and actions, that in conversation the Lord is to be praised, and honoured in stillness."

Soon after this it pleased the Lord to call him to the work of the Gospel ministry, being in the eighteenth year of his age. In allusion to his entering upon this awful engagement, he says in a letter to his mother, "The Lord hath been pleased to pluck my feet out of the miry clay, and to open my mouth to make known his will amongst his people. I hope it will ever be my care to keep near him, as I have experienced a drawing near of the Lord to me. My heart is broken and contrited, blessed be His holy name. Oh! entreat my brothers from me, to follow after the Lord in purity and holiness, and to wait for his counsel. Oh! that I could express the hundredth part of what I feel in being renewed in His counsel! but I must leave them to the Lord."

"The 2nd of the twelfth month. This day a cloud covered me, and a temptation wounded my soul. I was drawn to consider, how the Lord pardoned the thief on the cross, and to make it a cloak for trusting to a dying hour—but I felt the rod that chastised me, and heard a voice, saying, 'How camest thou to take thought against thy God? He will not be slighted, but looked unto with a single heart for help.'"

"The 11th. I found, during my late journey, that while my mind was turned inward, His presence was with me. I was preserved in the truth, to my inexpressible comfort—O may I always keep watch, lest the enemy draw my mind from being stayed on the Lord."

"The 17th. Many are the temptations which the enemy lays to draw my mind from the Lord. But, look thou, O my soul, to the Lord, with unfeigned sincerity and with full purpose of heart, in the humility of that Spirit which enlightens thee and strengthens thee against them all."

"The 4th of the first month, 1784. This day I went to Littleport meeting, where I spoke a few words. Oh! how I felt the Lord with me this day—blessed be his name. Many were the breathings of my soul, that the Lord would keep his fear always before my eyes, that I might not speak a word but to his honour. Oh that it was the care of all those who profess with us, that nothing might be done but to the glory of God—that we might say 'Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever.' Then should we answer our high and holy calling."

"The 17th of the second month. This day in my retired thoughts I was made sensible how much we ought to keep ourselves in humble reverence to our God, under a consciousness of His omniscience and our nothingness. Oh! if people would but behold their dependency on Him, they would be afraid of having their minds taken from under his protection; much more, of doing anything that would not tend to his glory —but on the other hand, they would testify against everything of a contrary tendency, knowing that God is jealous of his honour, and will be sought unto with fear and trembling. David saith, (Ps. lxxvi.) 'Thou, even thou art to be feared, and who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?'"

"The 19th. This day was a day of hard labour to me, because I was off my guard last night, by entering into a long and needless discourse, which drew my mind from the Lord. But he was good to me and heard me when I cried; for my spirit was bowed down in humility before him—and heavenly joy abounded when I confessed my error to Him. This is an evil into which many of our society fall who have been religiously inclined."

"The 9th of the third month. I saw I could not be in such a humble state as I had been called to come into, without I

became as clay in the hands of the great Potter. I saw that my body was to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that no defiling thing must lodge within me."

"The 16th of the fourth month. I find that the more I give up my mind to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, the more I advance in the work; the more I keep in the power, the stronger I grow. My soul longeth for the living God—yea, my inward cry is raised for the bread of life, more than the natural man hungereth after natural food."

This appears to be the last entry made in his journal; shortly after, his health began to decline, and symptoms of pulmonary consumption ensued. He was removed from his master's to his father's house, that he might try the effect of a change of air, but the disease baffled every course of treatment. He was enabled through Divine assistance to bear his long and painful illness with becoming resignation; his mind appearing to be supported above the fear of death. His mother asking him if he did not perceive that he grew weaker, he answered with as much cheerfulness as though he had been in perfect health, "Yes, I know I am; but what matter? If the outward man grows weaker, the inward man grows stronger. I experience the strengthening of the new man every day."

At another time, being in great pain, he said he could not bear too much, considering how much Christ bore for him. His father observing him to be sad, inquired if he was under any doubt as to his future state. He said "No, he had many comfortable assurances that it would be well with him"—then bursting into tears, he remarked that "his uneasiness was on account of his brothers, fearing they might be drawn away from the truth." Being asked how he was, he replied that "he was very ill, but did not wish to live, nor did he think it was his place to pray for death." He continued in this resigned and composed state of mind, and calmly departed to the kingdom of eternal blessedness, the 16th of the tenth month, 1784, aged nineteen years.

Hannah Maria Miles, daughter of Robert and Hannah Miles, of Melbury Abbotts, Shaftsbury, Dorsetshire, England, was born in the year 1787, and from her childhood was serious and orderly in her conduct.

About the nineteenth year of her age, she was attacked with pulmonary consumption, which gradually reduced her, and finally terminated in her dissolution. In the early part of her illness she seemed fully aware that she should not recover, observing, "I am very unwell and believe I shall not recover, but shall have a lingering illness. I should not mind it, if I had spent my time better; for I have seen enough of this world, not to wish to live any longer in it, if I had true peace of mind. I have given way to many hurtful things; such as dress not so consistent as it ought to have been—likewise reading [improper] books, which, if it have no other bad tendency takes up that time which may be better employed. I sincerely hope that our family may be careful to avoid those hurtful and hindering things, and not put off the great work until sickness comes. I have had many good meetings and precious visitations, but too soon forgot them," adding, "It is some satisfaction to me that I have been preserved from talking much when in company, but I have nothing to boast."

The concern and distress of her mind continued for some time, but through Divine mercy, she was preserved from desponding, and at length obtained that evidence of pardon and acceptance for which she ardently longed. She informed her mother that the command to her, seemed to be, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," and there is cause to believe she was enabled in good measure to observe it. For some weeks she said but little by way of religious communication, but was much engaged in inward retirement and waiting upon God. "I have reason to be thankful," said she, on one occasion, "that I was not taken away suddenly. If I had been, I fear it would have been bad for me."

Reading the Scriptures was her daily practice and delight, and through the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit, they were profitably opened and experimentally sealed on her

understanding. In this state of humble reverent dependence upon the Lord, she patiently continued: and after having been brought very low, by a violent bleeding from the nose, she remarked to her sister, "I thought I should have gone before now, but I feel a little recovered for the present, but it will not be long." To her elder brothers, she said, "O, brothers, I hope you will seek the Lord in time of health, for it is a great blessing. I have a great love for you: I may be taken away suddenly, but I hope you will remember what I have said to you." Her aunt coming into the room, she thus addressed her, "Thou dost not shun a sick-house, but it may be best for thee; it is better for thee to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting;" then speaking to those about her, added, "Seek the Lord, for it is not such a very hard thing—seek ye him, and he will be found of you."

Some days after, she was visited by her grandfather, to whom she spoke as follows: "O, my dear grandfather, do thou seek the Lord God, for he is very merciful. Thou art an old man, and ought to be prepared, for there are so many sudden deaths, that we know not how soon we may be taken. Do thou prepare to meet me in heaven." After a short silence she was assisted to kneel down, and prayed for her grandfather and other relations, and on rising from her knees seemed refreshed and comforted by this religious exercise.

Awaking from uneasy slumber, one evening, she prayed with great fervour, "O Lord, do thou protect me and preserve me, under the afflictions of the body. O Lord, thou knowest thou art dear to me; and if it be thy blessed will, take me to thyself, from the various pains and tribulations of this life. Yet, not my will, but thine be done, O Lord." Her parents expressing their desire to be enabled freely to give her up, painful as the separation would be, and their hope that her mind was favoured with resignation, she replied, "Yes, I have given you all up, for 'they that love father or mother more than me, are not worthy of me.' Yet I have had a hard struggle with myself, to give up such near and dear relations."

Apprehending that her change was near, she prayed thus:

"O Lord! do thou be pleased to take me this night if it be thy will, and grant me an easy passage out of this world to the next. O, Lord, I pray thee take me to thyself whilst my lamp is burning, that I may not be like the foolish ones, who, when the Bridegroom came, [found] their lamps gone out."

After taking an affectionate and solemn farewell of some present, she again interceded for an easy passage to the realms of bliss, and a pause of stillness ensuing, she broke forth in holy joy, "Oh! it seems to me, I see the angels walk in white robes! O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! What hath Jesus done for poor sinners! He bled and died for us. Oh! what sweetness have I felt in my affliction; that peace which nothing in this world can give or take away. Sometime since, I thought I felt something like peace, but it was not the true rest, for I was then in a doubting state, but when I came to believe, no tongue can describe the sweetness I felt."

Finding herself extremely weak and scarcely equal to the exertion of speaking, she said to those about her, "Pray for me, for my weakness is so great that I fear I shall not be able to pray for myself"—and presently after, "Oh! the enemy will be busy—but I hope my patience will hold out to the end. My trust is in the Lord."

The cough having left her, the difficulty of breathing increased, and articulation was so weak and indistinct, that she could scarcely be understood. She began to say, "The Lord is my staff"—but the rest of the sentence could not be heard. The approach of death was now rapid—she took a small portion of drink, and with a look of sweet expression, said, "no more"—then desired all to be very still, and giving one hand to her mother, reclined her head on the other, and thus drew her last breath, as gently as the infant sinks to slumber.

Sarah Beckwith, of Audborough, in Yorkshire, was from childhood sober and grave in her deportment, not addicted to

light or trifling conversation, but demeaned herself as one who was watchful lest she should offend the Lord, or be an improper example to others. To her parents she was obedient and affectionate, kind and courteous to all, and sincerely devoted to serve the Lord and seek the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof. She loved retirement, and frequently when the employment of the day was over, would walk alone in the fields, to commune with the Lord and sing His praises.

In her last illness, she was afflicted with shortness of breath, but yet was anxious to declare the goodness of God to her soul, often praying that he would "enable her to praise Him while she lived." A few days before her decease, obtaining some relief, she desired to be raised up in bed, and spoke largely of the tender dealings of the Lord with her, desiring those who were young to prize their time, seeing they knew not how few their days might be. "Many," said she, "are the temptations of the enemy, especially to youth, presenting length of days, to persuade them that it is soon enough to trouble themselves with such a concern. So he would have persuaded me, and many ways was I tempted, which caused me such exercises that I was brought nigh to despair. I sought the Lord night and day—no ear heard me but the Lord alone, who heard my call, and afterwards gave me a comfortable assurance of my salvation—but the enemy has been very busy, and sorely bruised me since the beginning of this illness."

Afterwards she prayed thus: "O Lord, give me full assurance of my salvation before I depart hence. Let not my distemper overcome my senses until I come to a full enjoyment—I pray thee let not my desires cease until thou answerest them, and let nothing quench thy love in my heart."

It pleased the Lord, in the riches of his mercy, to hear and answer her petition, and so to fill her soul with the consolations of the Gospel, that she sung praises to His great and worthy name.

She earnestly entreated her sisters to fear and love the Lord above all, and to keep in the Truth—saying, "Oh! press after it, to feel the working of it in your own hearts, and when you

are in it, keep in it, and under the government of it—heed not to deck yourselves, but be meek and lowly. None ought to pride themselves on any endowment, either beauty or any other thing, because it is not theirs, but the Lord's, who gave it to them, and can take it away when he pleaseth," adding, "What is all now to me?"

Speaking of some professors of religion who had grown careless and were taking improper liberties, she remarked, "Such are ill examples to those who are coming up. There are many who profess the truth, that little know what truth is. It does not consist only in coming to meetings, wearing plain apparel and the like, unless they come to feel the operation of Truth [the Spirit of Christ,] in their hearts. For all such outward appearances will stand in no stead, without the love of God is inwardly felt and enjoyed. It is an easy thing to come to meetings, and some are ready to think that doing so and behaving themselves soberly, is sufficient; but the Lord seeth at all times, and he will have no such mockery—I bless God, I have not been guilty of seeming to be what I was not."

She often gratefully acknowledged the love and mercies of God, and her own unworthiness, saying, "It is not for my deserts—for I have nothing to engage the Lord with—it is his free love to me"—again, "There is man's righteousness, and the righteousness of God; but man's righteousness must be rent off, and man covered with the righteousness of Christ Jesus, who said, 'I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment, that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance.'"

Speaking of the way of the cross, which leads to the possession of a crown of eternal glory, she observed, "It is a strait and narrow way, and not to be kept in without a daily watch. But although a strait way, yet it is a pleasant path and delightsome. Oh! here is peace in abundance! It is so sweet, I could delight always to enjoy it, and to live therein—gold is not worthy to be compared to it." Her mind continued to be employed in the contemplation and enjoyment of heavenly things, and on one occasion she broke forth in this manner,

Lord, give me to drink fully of the well of water that is within the gate—for thou hast touched my heart and I am overcome with thy love. Oh, I long—I long—O Lord, open thou the windows of heaven, and pour out thy blessings into my soul until there be no room to receive—that I may bless and praise thy name."

Her dissolution was now near; and looking upon those about her, she said, "I am as sensible as any of you—and I am well content to die. I have no doubt of my salvation." Soon after, she added, "Lord—take me away—Lord—take me away"—and presently departed out of this state of being, to live for ever with the Lord.

Ann Leaver, daughter of John and Mary Leaver, of Nottingham, being taken unwell, expressed her apprehension that she should not be continued long—that the prospect of eternity was very awful; and although she had not been guilty of any great crime, yet she had found it difficult when at meeting to get to that steady watchfulness and settled composure which she longed for; and the sense of her deficiency in this respect was a trouble to her. Yet she gratefully acknowledged her thankfulness for the precious opportunities she had sometimes been favoured with in the family, and was supported by the secret hope that her sins would be forgiven; praying earnestly for patience to endure the trying dispensation she had to pass through, and for a clear evidence that her close would be happy—which through adorable mercy was granted her.

"How awful," said she on one occasion, "to look at eternity! Few young people, in time of health, think so much of their latter end as they ought to do, though they have as much cause as those further advanced, having no more certainty of life." Again, "Those who are taken away in youth, escape many snares and temptations that such as live longer are in danger to be hurt by." Several times she expressed her gratitude for the last week's illness, saying it had been a profitable

though a painful dispensation to her, and on one occasion, when in great pain, remarked to her mother, "Oh! it is hard work. How needful, when in health, so to live as to be in readiness, for it is enough to struggle with the pains of the body."

Being favoured with an interval of stillness and composure after a very painful day, she apprehended herself going, and took a solemn leave of all her connexions present, desiring them to make preparation for the awful season when the soul must be separated from the body—adding, "I want to be gone —but the Lord's time is the best time."

On the evening of the day she died, her sufferings were great. "No one can think," said she, "what I feel—but if it is to purify me for an admittance into that holy place, where no impure thing can enter, I am willing to bear still more. I hope I am not impatient, but really the conflict is so sharp at times, that I cannot forbear crying out. O Lord keep me—my God, help me, and please to release me this night. I long to be gone. Although I have had many pleasant prospects in view, I have resigned them all, and would not return again to the world for any consideration."

Her mother having retired from the room for a short time, she sent for her, and with sweet composure, informed her she was now going and would wish her father and sister to come in, that they might all sit together for a little while, and take a solemn final leave. She was strengthened to pass through this affecting scene with great calmness, and admired that she could so easily part with her beloved connexions, observing, "I have no tears to shed—but it is not hardness of heart, for I love you all as well as ever, but it is to me an earnest that I am going to something greater."

Soon after, she said, "It is all over—I am perfectly happy —I have no pain—the conflict is at an end—farewell—farewell—I am now going to join saints and angels and the spirits of just men made perfect;" then laying her head quietly on the pillow, she expired, the 22nd of the third month, 1777, aged twenty years.

Mary Pooley, of Southwark, London, died on the 12th of the eleventh month, 1792. Her parents had been concerned to educate her in plainness and sobriety, and their christian endeavours to preserve her from the evils which are in the world, were not ineffectual. Although of a sprightly disposition, she early evinced a love of religion and of those who lived in conformity with its restraints, and was solid and becoming in her deportment. About the eighteenth year of her age, she showed symptoms of declining health, which gradually became more alarming and settled in pulmonary consumption. In the commencement of this painful dispensation, she apprehended she could not recover, yet was preserved throughout, in remarkable patience and cheerfulness of spirit, often saying, "Through mercy I do not repine."

About a month before her decease, she observed to her father, "I seem to be gradually going—I have remembered the words of Job, 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord.' It is best to be resigned—do not grieve, my dear father—the Lord will be with thee. We must part some time, and I cannot go better than well."

She had long been pressing after the knowledge of heavenly things, and endeavouring to live in obedience to the will of her Lord and Saviour, and in the course of her illness the same exercise of mind attended her, remarking, "There is a language that I have often thought of in the time of health—which is "Oh! that I might walk in all things consistent with the truth I make profession of."

At another time, near her end, she said, "I think I may truly say that I have not murmured in all this illness—the Lord is my refuge. I am comfortably resigned to His divine will, and seem to have nothing to do but to die."

Richard Hunter, of Sherburn, England, (brother to Frederick Hunter, of whom some account has already been given,) received his education at the best schools which the Society

of Friends afforded, and afterwards entered on the study of law. He soon found that his conscientious mind could not pursue this profession in its unlimited extent, and after about twelve months, confined his attention to such parts only as he thought he could consistently engage in.

The closeness with which he applied himself to study, probably contributed to the disease, which by slow degrees wasted his physical strength and eventually conducted him to the silent tomb. In the fifth month, 1820, he was seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and was removed home. His medical attendants calling to see him, he perceived they were not sanguine about his recovery, and remarked, "I don't murmur at these afflictions, and whether I am restored to health or taken away, the Lord's will be done." When a little relieved from pain, he enjoyed the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and would often ask to have them read to him. On one of these occasions he was much affected, and observed, "I have long been convinced that much personal happiness arises from a strict performance of moral obligations; and although I do not feel sensible of many deviations from moral rectitude, yet I find this alone will not do for me. I feel the necessity of regeneration; for he that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature."

In the spring of 1822, he recovered so far as to walk and ride out a little, and by the advice of his medical friends took a journey to Scarborough, but returned home under increased weakness; and in the following tenth month was again confined to a sick bed. His mind was often engaged in serious contemplation, and through divine kindness he was strengthened to resign himself wholly to the Lord's disposal. His aspirations were after God and heaven, often breathing forth this language, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O Lord."

After a short silence, one day, he remarked, "Oh, the exceeding sinfulness of pride! A proud heart is an abomination to the Lord. Above all things, learn of Jesus Christ, to be meek and lowly as he was." On first-day, the 12th of first month, 1823, his end was thought to be near, but he revived

a little, and perceiving that he was surrounded by weeping friends, he said, "Do not weep—I am only waiting for an admission into that beautiful city, the New Jerusalem. What a favour it is when we can say in sincerity and truth, Thy will, O Lord, be done." After a portion of Scripture had been read, he was asked if it fatigued him; he replied, "I cannot be fatigued with that which is so good;" and another chapter being read, he said he was much refreshed. On third-day morning he desired his mother not to leave him, for he was going to die, and accordingly about two o'clock he quietly passed away to a better inheritance, aged twenty years.

ELEANOR SOUTHAM, of Coventry, deceased the 26th of fourth month, 1823, aged twenty years.

She was naturally of an affectionate and lively disposition, fond of reading, and possessed a very retentive memory, and took great pains in the cultivation of her mind; yet, notwithstanding she was endued with superior abilities, she entertained a humble opinion of herself, and was desirous not to be more highly esteemed than she deserved. She was of a solid and reflecting turn of mind, and her serious deportment in religious meetings evinced that she was not a stranger to the solemn purpose for which she assembled with her friends.

When prevented by indisposition from attending meetings, she greatly regretted the privation, and employed the time in retirement and reading, especially in the sacred volume. As her disorder advanced, she became deeply impressed with the necessity of a more entire surrender of her heart to the blessed Saviour, and a material change took place in her estimation of many things in which she had formerly delighted, particularly as related to the lighter part of her reading; the bible now affording her the greatest satisfaction. She would frequently query, in the language of Newton,

"T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:

Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I His or am I not!"

This profitable self-examination was sometimes succeeded by grateful acknowledgment of the Lord's goodness and mercy, saying,

"Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

Her illness, which was consumption, made rapid progress, and soon confined her to the bed. After a fit of coughing, attended with acute pain in the side, she observed, "I hope my patience will hold out to the end;" a desire which was mercifully granted, not a murmur or impatient expression escaping her, during the whole course of her sickness.

Her mother being a constant attendant on her, they were favoured with many precious opportunities together, the daughter informing her, with much tranquillity, that she had no wish to recover; and on another occasion, expressed her love for, and hope in, her dear Redeemer. Throwing her trembling arms around her mother's neck, she softly repeated these lines, which so feelingly allude to the faithfulness of the Lord's love to his redeemed children:

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes—she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."

She remarked on one occasion that "she had gone through many deep baptisms and inward conflicts during the early part of her illness, but that now she believed if she should be taken away, she would be accepted." The passage being read from the Epistle to the Corinthians where it is said, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed, we are perplexed, yet not in despair," she sweetly said, in allusion to the forepart of it, "My dear mother, *I was once*, but *am not now*."

Some observations being made on the love of the Saviour, she said, "I do love Christ—but I often wish I felt a greater evidence of my love to Him." The declaration of the great

apostle being cited to her, as affording much consolation on a dying-bed, viz., "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" she emphatically replied, "Those are sweet words."

Shortly before her departure, she desired her father to pray for her, that she might not be as one of the foolish virgins. She was then engaged in supplication herself, and presently after, as though every doubt and fear had been mercifully removed, she observed to her mother, "My robes have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Though thou slay me, yet I will trust in thee." With her dying breath she supplicated nearly in the words of the Lord Jesus, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed—hallowed—hallowed be Thy name!—thy kingdom come—thy will be done, on earth—as it is in heaven"—and in a few minutes she peacefully breathed her last.

ISAAC PEASE, son of Edward Pease, of Darlington, in England, was a youth of quick abilities and kind disposition. After receiving a liberal education under the christian care of his parents, he commenced the study of law in his native town. In this new situation the care of his parents was still watchfully extended over him, and he was advancing towards manhood in the enjoyment of life, and raising in the minds of his relations the pleasing anticipation of his future usefulness in civil and religious society. He pursued with diligence those studies which were designed to qualify him for acting in his profession, so far as a member of our society can with propriety go, until the declining state of his health produced much anxiety in the minds of his friends.

In the fifth month, 1825, he was too unwell to continue his usual occupations. He often appeared very thoughtful in reference to the great work of the soul's salvation, and in conversation with one of his brothers, remarked, that although he sometimes could acknowledge to the goodness of the Almighty, yet at others, he found great difficulty in bringing his mind

into settlement. It was, however, consoling to observe, as the symptoms of his disorder became more alarming, that a broken and contrite spirit was often obvious. At one time, when labouring under great difficulty of breathing, inquiry was made respecting his mental feelings, when he replied, "Oh! yes—I can trust in the mercy of God. He is a God of mercy and truth;" adding soon after, "It is hard work to press forward aright and be a good example. I do believe, to be taken away in youth is a great favour, and if it please Providence to take me away, I shall escape all the vicissitudes of time."

In the course of his illness, which was of several months' duration, he was at times enabled to believe that the Lord was near to strengthen and support him; but there were seasons of spiritual poverty and desertion, in which he feared that he had not a solid foundation on which to rest his hopes of eternal happiness, yet through mercy, the prevailing desire of his heart was, to be endued with patience and resignation. He remarked one evening—"It is trying lying so long here. My illness continues long—there is nothing [will do for me] but seeking for Divine support. Sometimes a little hope springs up, and then again it seems as if I must give up all and be prepared."

On the 20th of the seventh month, addressing his beloved mother, he said, "It is difficult to be resigned—to live so as to be prepared to die." The hope was expressed that he was at times favoured to attain to some feeling of resignation; when he added, "Yes—sometimes, but it is hard work to leave all, relations and friends, and resign all the promised pleasures of time. Oh! I look back and see that I have been too earnest in pursuing the things of this life, not altogether on my own account; my mind [has been] too full of them; and then, in some of our meetings how poor and barren my mind has been."

The following evening, after the reading of the forty-sixth Psalm, which beautifully describes the confidence and hope of those who have God for their refuge, a solemn stillness occurred when he observed with great tenderness, "I believe the Almighty has been my refuge in time of trouble, and has been

near and supported me." At another time he said "he had frequently desired to be enabled to say, Thy will be done; and endeavoured to feel after the Divine presence, but found it difficult." He was encouraged by a relation present, to keep his mind stayed upon the Almighty, and an allusion being made to the comparative innocency of his life, he replied by the humble acknowledgment, "I have endeavoured after a degree of watchfulness, but I have not worshipped my heavenly Father as I ought."

On the 5th of the ninth month, this patient sufferer was evidently enduring the pressure of severe disease, and after lying quietly awhile, with a countenance expressive of heavenly serenity, he said, "I trust I have a well grounded hope of a better inheritance; but it is all of mercy—great mercy—It is not by works of righteousness which we have done, no, no, but according to his mercy he saveth us, or where would be my hope—Oh! how precious this love of Jesus! I have felt it *very precious*. He gave his life as an atonement for our sins—an atonement—yes, and a propitiatory sacrifice. How precious has the recollection of this been to me!" His father expressed his joy that his son was thus comforted, and his hope that should lengthened days be allotted him, the recollection of these precious moments would accompany his future steps through life: he replied, "Yes, I hope so; but oh! the deceitfulness, the allurements—the temptations, of this world. I know they are powerful, and I fear I should fall. It is hard work to maintain our steadfastness through all, and be good examples in the great cause. I think I had rather go now."

On the 25th of ninth month, after having passed a very distressing night from coughing, he said, "I often try to get down to the source of patience, but am so weak—though I think I may exclaim, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' for his mercies are ever new." Many times, when tried with severe pain, he prayed for patience and strength to endure the allotted conflicts. During the following day he was evidently sinking, and expressed very little, but on one occasion said, "I want to go home to-night;" very early the following morning he gently

sunk away; being as we humbly trust, rendered meet for an inheritance among the saints in light, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

DEBORAH B. MASSEY, daughter of William Massey, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, England, deceased the 24th of the first month, 1827, aged about twenty years.

After having been unwell for some time, she expressed a desire to know the opinion of the doctors respecting her case; adding, "It signifies little when we die, if we are prepared; and should it be the will of Providence to remove me, I hope to be more fit for the change than I now feel myself to be. The things of time have had too much place in my heart."

On the 8th and 9th of twelfth month, 1826, her mind endured much close conflict; and in the afternoon of the latter day she was seized with violent convulsions, which seemed to threaten speedy dissolution. The paroxysm, however, gradually subsided; she leaned on her father, and taking a beloved uncle by the hand, said in a distinct, though altered tone of voice, "O my dear uncle—O my dear father—I am going—this is death. I had no idea that dying was like this, but I can bear it." Then addressing the Almighty, "Thou enablest me to bear it—Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Jesus, receive my spirit. Oh, take me to thyself." Afterwards, to her mother, "I thought I was going; I am disappointed, but I desire patiently to wait the Almighty's time."

On the 11th, her uncle coming to her, she remarked, "I am very ill. I much desire I may trust in the Lord to the end, and not cast away my confidence. I believe I have tasted what death is, and I find it is quite supportable. I am not afraid of death now, and Oh! how glad I am that I can say so with sincerity." A solemn silence ensued, and her uncle supplicated at the throne of grace on her behalf; soon after which, her father coming into the room, she looked at him with much affection, and observed, "I am very comfortable"—adding with great emphasis, "I can now say—for all I thank thee—most, for the severe."

First-day, the 14th, was a time of much bodily suffering to her; being in great pain, she prayed thus—"Almighty God, release me from my troubles, if it be thy Divine will—if not, grant me patience and resignation." On third-day, after her father had read a portion of Scripture to her, she said, "I hope my dear Saviour will be near to support me. I was greatly distressed a little while ago. I thought he had left me." Some time after, she remarked, "I am not so deeply tried as in the morning, but I want to feel more peace. I want to feel fully forgiven."

In the evening of the 21st, she prayed again, "Lord, have mercy. Why art thou so long in coming? Oh, may it please thee now to take me." Afterwards, under the returning feeling of the withdrawing of the Divine presence, she plaintively said, "Oh, my Saviour! where art thou gone—why hast thou left me?" He who is abundant in mercy and compassion to all those who trust in his name, and who for wise purposes was pleased thus to try her with bodily pain and poverty of spirit, now saw meet to change the dispensation, and cause both her outward sufferings and inward conflicts to cease; and under a humble sense of the unmerited favour, she gratefully acknowledged the change.

On third-day, the 23rd, her uncle coming to the bed-side, she repeated the following lines—

> "Oh! teach me, in the trying hour,
> When anguish swells the dewy tear,
> To still my sorrows—own thy power—
> Thy goodness love—thy justice fear.'

Her pain returning, she interceded after this manner, "Gracious Lord, be pleased to mitigate my pain, or enable me to bear it with patience"—again, "Blessed Jesus, why [dost thou] tarry—why do thy chariot wheels delay?" In the morning of the 24th, her father standing by her, she said, "My Saviour is coming. I have been distressed. I thought he had forsaken me—but he is coming—he is coming"—and about half past six she quietly expired.

Springett Penn, the eldest son of William Penn, Governor of Pennsylvania, deceased in the twenty-second year of his age.

For a considerable time before it pleased the Lord to visit him with sickness, his mind was seriously impressed: he became retired in his habits, much disengaged from youthful delights, and evinced great tenderness of spirit in religious meetings, even when they were silent.

When his illness increased so that his recovery became doubtful, he turned his mind and meditations more earnestly towards heaven and heavenly things, often praying with fervency to the Lord, and offering thanksgiving and praises to his holy name. He was entirely given up to the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, saying, "I am resigned to what God pleaseth. He knows what is best—I would live, if it pleased Him, that I might serve Him; but, O Lord, not my will but thy will be done."

In reply to some observation respecting the things of the world, he remarked, "My eye looks another way where the truest pleasure is." His father being about leaving him to go to meeting, he said, "Remember me, my dear father, before the Lord. Though I cannot go to meetings, yet I have many good meetings. The Lord comes in upon my spirit. I have heavenly meetings with Him by myself." Fixing his eyes on his sister, he took her by the hand, saying, with much affection, "One drop of the love of God is worth more than all the world—I know it—I have tasted it. I have felt as much, or more of the love of God in this weakness, than in all my life before."

Taking something one night just before going to rest, he sat up and reverently prayed thus—"O Lord God! thou whose Son said to his disciples, 'Whatsoever ye ask in my name, ye shall receive,' I pray thee in His name, bless this to me this night, and give me rest, if it be thy blessed will, O, Lord." This supplication was mercifully answered, and he passed a comfortable night, which he thankfully acknowledged. Having inadvertently said "he was resolved he would have such a thing done," the positive manner in which he expressed him-

self produced uneasiness in his mind; he checked himself, and with much contrition made this acknowledgment—"O Lord, forgive me that irreverent and hasty expression. I am a poor weak creature and live by thee, and therefore I should have said, if it pleaseth thee that I live, I intend to do so and so. Lord, forgive my rash expression."

With a countenance expressive of the awfulness which covered his spirit, he thus addressed his brother, "Be a good boy; and know that there is a God—a great and mighty God, who is a rewarder of the righteous, and so he is of the wicked, but their rewards are not the same. Have a care of idle company, and love good company and good Friends, and the Lord will bless thee." Taking leave of his relatives, he said, "Come life — come death — I am resigned. Oh! the love of God overcomes my soul." Soon after which he expired.

MARY ANN GILPIN, daughter of James and Mary Gilpin, of Bristol, England, died the 11th of sixth month, 1838, aged twenty years.

In very early life she was favoured with the visitations of the Holy Spirit, which strives with children when very young. She was the subject of frequent attacks of severe disease, which brought her down to the borders of the grave, often with very little hope of recovery, yet she was again and again raised up to testify to the mercy and goodness of that blessed Saviour, whom she loved and endeavored to serve. She endured much bodily suffering, yet there is good reason to believe that these afflictions were sanctified to her, tending to wean her affections from everything earthly and to fix them on heaven, engaging her to walk as a pilgrim and stranger upon earth.

In the year 1830, she was attacked with a disease which was considered to be mortal, and was brought so low that her medical attendants believed her to be dying. She took leave of her beloved connexions with sweet composure, saying, "May the evening of your day, my beloved parents, be soothed by the

consolations of religion; and may you my beloved brothers and sisters, now in the morning of your day, choose the Lord for your portion." Her mind was preserved in great peace; and in humble reliance on her Saviour, she was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

From this extreme illness she gradually recovered, and it required no small degree of faith and resignation to be willing to return to the busy scenes of active life, after having been permitted such a near approach to, and blessed foretaste of, the joys of heaven. Her humble and consistent walk, her subsequent dedication to the will of God, her holy watchfulness and fear, showed that she did not forget the lessons learned upon the bed of languishing, but was engaged with increasing earnestness to devote herself wholly to the will of the Lord. While recovering from this illness, some prospects of religious duty were opened to her view, in reference to which she thus wrote to a friend: "When conversing with thee this morning on my future prospects, I mentioned my youth and inexperience, but I have since regretted that I did not allude to that goodness and mercy which have hitherto followed me. Although a very unworthy little one, I have, in the midst of affliction, been borne at seasons above its deep waters, and I can indeed sing of mercy as well as judgment. I have been most tenderly dealt with; and O, I do most earnestly desire that I may not in the least frustrate the gracious design of my heavenly Father concerning me, but that I may simply and faithfully follow the intimations of his will who alone can lead his children in the way in which they should go."

In the fifth month 1837, she experienced the first attack of the disease which terminated her life; respecting which she makes the following remarks, viz: "The last two days have been passed in bed, in bodily suffering. A sweet sense of the love which marked the chastening was, however, very present with me, and I was enabled in a good degree to commit my all to the Lord. The night of the 16th was one of suffering from the state of my chest. I was also deeply tried with believing that I was receiving chastisement for want of faithfulness, and

in agony of heart I was ready to adopt language similar to this, 'Lord, I am ready to go with thee to prison and to death.' But although in searching the motives which prompted this, I was made sensible of my great frailty, I continued to desire ability closely to follow Jesus in whatever way he may point out for me to walk in. I do desire to be wholly his, and I crave this blessing for many loved ones, when endeavouring to commend them to the care of the Shepherd of Israel."

"The 21st was a day long to be remembered. I was bowed under a renewed sense of unworthiness, but did not sufficiently realize the fulness which is in Christ. Oh! with what unutterable tenderness has he dealt with his wandering child. How gently has he again and again chastened me with the rod of his love, whilst upholding me with the staff of his power! Gracious and omnipotent Father! I do at this time afresh desire to commit myself unto thee, craving for my Saviour's sake, the blessed privilege of being brought nearer to thee; of having my way tried, my thoughts proved by thee. Ah, leave me not until thy work is fully accomplished in and by me; until I am made wholly thine. Although it may be needful for me to pass through even deeper waters than I have yet done, if my Saviour, my Shepherd, is there, I know the billows will not be permitted to overwhelm."

Sixth month 8th. "The appearance of a symptom of disease I never had before, and serious in its nature, has placed afresh before me the great uncertainty of my long continuance here, and renewed my very earnest longings to be made fully meet for an inheritance with the saints in bliss; having my robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, knowing the sanctifying, purifying influence of the Spirit of Jesus. Under a deep sense of divine love and mercy, I have been at times almost overwhelmed with the fear of wandering from my heavenly Leader, and not sufficiently realizing his power and willingness to save."

In the eighth month, she was removed from Leominster, where she had been staying some time, to the residence of her father, respecting which she thus writes: "It has been thought

best for me to return to my beloved family, and now amongst them, I desire to give up my whole heart to the solemn work of preparation, whether it be for life or death; to seek more and more the fulness of the blessing of the gospel. The night before I left Leominster was one of refreshment to my spirit; one precious promise after another was recalled to my remembrance, to my unspeakable comfort, and I was enabled to commit myself and all dear to me, unto the Lord. Then, in sincerity of soul, I cried, "I come to thee [O Lord,] to be made whatsoever is pleasing in thy sight."

Ninth month 5th. "In my time of retirement I earnestly sought ability to watch unto prayer; and although during the morning my thoughts wandered too much to terrestrial things, many and ardent longings were felt after heavenly good. In the afternoon and evening I suffered much from unwatchfulness; but ere I closed my eyes to sleep, I was strengthened to approach the footstool of mercy, and to feel the unspeakable privilege of having an Advocate with the Father."

She was, from conviction, closely attached to the principles of the Society of Friends, and often was her spirit clothed with mourning at the inconsistency of many of its members. She longed that Friends might live more in conformity with the simplicity which the Gospel enjoins, and she felt it cause for regret that some who were looked up to as examples should so widely depart from that simplicity in the furniture of their houses. "O, I do wish," she would exclaim, "that Friends were more simple."

From the 13th of second month, 1837, she was wholly confined to a recumbent posture and almost entirely to her bed. In reference to the state of her mind, she remarked on the 21st, "My body has again been brought very low, but I have been most tenderly dealt with. Last night was a restless one, but I was unspeakably happy. No doubt appeared to darken the future, and I was favoured to feel entire resignation to the divine will." To one of her brothers she said, in taking leave of him, "Do not think of me as I am now, in a state of suffering, but think of me as a joyful partaker of the grace of life,

though very unworthy. O do not weep for me—I am very happy—our separation may be a very short one—Oh! look forward to the time when we shall meet again. Thou knowest how exceedingly I have dreaded sinning—O how joyful to be where temptation cannot enter! I shall see his face, and never, never sin. It seems to me as if the very absence of all sin would of itself make heaven a very bright and a very glorious place."

On the evening of 9th of fourth month, being in extreme suffering, she repeated with much emphasis:

> How sweet to think of rest at last,
> To feel that death is gain!

On the 11th a faintness came over her, which induced her to say, "O mother, I am either very faint or I am going,—am I going?" Her mother replied, that if she was going, she trusted she was quite ready; "O yes," she rejoined, "quite, quite, ready." Something being given her to revive her, she partook of a little, but soon put it aside, saying, "I am going, I am going—to my happy—happy home." Articulation had nearly failed, but it being remarked that her Saviour was with her through the dark valley, with a heavenly smile on her countenance, and considerable effort, she exclaimed, "O yes —yes—very—very—happy—" and peacefully expired.

Maria Cross, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Cross, of Colchester, England, departed this life on the 18th day of the twelfth month, 1821, aged twenty-one years.

She was of a lively, cheerful disposition, and being in declining health for a considerable time before her decease, her mind became seriously impressed, and through divine grace she was enabled to bear her affliction with patience and resignation. One of her sisters taking leave of her, inquired how she felt, to which she made little reply at the time; but on her sister's return, said, "I wanted to see thee to tell thee what I could

not when thou left me—that fears and doubts are now all removed and my way seems clear. It is now all sweetness."

She gave some salutary advice to one of her brothers, pressing upon him the necessity of guarding carefully against lightness in conduct and conversation. On first-day, as the family were going out to meeting, she observed to her mother, "I view the principles of Friends in a very different light to what I did when in health, and now see the beauty there is in silence—if I ever should go to meetings, I hope to sit in a very different frame of mind." She impressively addressed two of her brothers who had families, on the importance of their charge, at the same time seriously advising them not to put off the great work of salvation till they came to a sick-bed. To another brother she said, "I have nothing to do but to die—all is peace —sweet peace."

One of her sisters coming into the room, she said to her, "I think I am going. I dreamed last night, that I was trimming my lamp, and it was full of oil, which was very comfortable. All I have to do now is to pray that patience may hold out to the end."

A near relation going to see her, she spoke of his making her coffin and added,

> "I long to see my Saviour's face,
> That I may sing redeeming grace"—

Nearly the last words she uttered were, "Lord Jesus, if it be thy most holy will, come quickly—quickly—quickly," and with a sweet smile resting on her fixed features, quietly departed to her home in heaven.

William Baynes of North Shields, in England, deceased the 25th of sixth month, 1843 in the 21st year of his age.

He was much beloved for his kind and amiable disposition and circumspect deportment, which endeared him to a large circle of friends. His illness was of long continuance, yet he evinced great patience and humble submission to the Divine

Will. Some time before his decease he endured much deep exercise of mind, not being able to attain that true and solid peace with God, which he greatly longed for; but, through redeeming love and mercy, he was at length permitted to partake of that faith, hope and joy which were his consolation and support during the residue of his days. He could now testify that he had indeed found the pearl of great price, and that it was worth seeking after and parting with all to obtain. To one of his sisters, he said, with much affection, "Seek the Lord now in the time of health: do not leave it until thou art laid upon a bed of sickness. I have not been so watchful as I ought to have been, but I hope all my sins are now forgiven me, through Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross. Read the Scriptures more than thou hast done; also Friends' books, particularly Barclay's Apology"—He frequently said he thought Barclay's Apology was not enough read; that every member of the Society of Friends should read it carefully; adding, that he had received much instruction from it.

Near his close he was favoured with great composure of mind; and on one occasion after being very still for some time, he said, "Oh! how peaceful I feel. I am thankful for all the blessings received. You must look to the Lord Almighty for your reward. Oh! I could sing praises, praises, and give glory." It being remarked that he bore his sufferings with much patience, he said with much humility, "What are my sufferings compared with our Saviour's, who died upon the cross." His medical attendant saying it must be a comfort to his friends to hear that his hopes were fixed on his Saviour, he replied, "There is nothing like it at such a time as this." His quiet, peaceful end furnishes the consoling assurance that his spirit is entered into the joy of his Lord.

RACHEL TANNER of Winthill, Somersetshire, England, deceased the 16th of the sixth month, 1841, in the 21st year of her age.

She was the only child of her parents; and from an early period of life had manifested much seriousness of mind and stability of deportment. In the autumn before her decease, she was attacked with symptoms of a pulmonary character, respecting which she thus wrote to her mother; "I believe it right to use means to restore health, yet at the same time I have so [fully] experienced the fallacy of all earthly pleasure, as to feel perfectly resigned to the Lord's will; and when at any time I feel a love for life, it is my prayer that I may be given to see that the great object of my life should be to prepare for another."

On the 17th of twelfth month, 1840, she remarked, "It is very humiliating to be brought so low in so short a time;" and on the 22nd, in allusion to an attack of fainting which threatened her dissolution, she said, "I thought I was going—Oh! how dreadful must such a change be to those who are not prepared for it—I hope my faith will not become weak. I felt that if I had gone [then,] the Lord in his mercy would have taken me. I used in health to have sweet communion with heaven, so much so, that I thought I could enter into its joys, I felt such a participation in them. When reading the Scriptures, I was favoured to feel my spirit ascend and they became the subject of my prayers.—I should like to have a fresh foretaste of the joys of heaven. I would not lift up a finger to frustrate any of the Lord's designs: my prayer is, Thy will be done. It has, of late, often been my prayer that I might not place my affections on things below, but that they might all be centered on things above. I used to think that when my time for leaving this world should come, trusting in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, it would be a joyful departure: I now fear whether the feelings of the poor body may not occasion it to be otherwise, but I do not mistrust the mercy of the Lord—May it please Him to permit me to pass from time, rejoicingly, for your sakes."

On the 9th of fifth month, 1841, she said, "It would be wrong to wish for it, but I should be very thankful to be released—Oh! very thankful,—pray for me—I have need of all your

prayers." She was asked whether she wished them to pray that she might be released from suffering; her reply was "No —for patience to be enabled to bear it." On the 14th she said to her mother, "O, I have cause to praise the Lord; He has assured me my end shall be peace"—and a few days after, "I am a poor creature both in body and mind. Is it not said, 'God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes?' and there is another encouraging passage, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'—yet it seems very trying to me to feel so much desertion, after having had such happy moments. There was a short time in the early part of my illness, when I felt dissatisfied with myself for my lukewarmness; and after feeling a sensation like death, I became more earnest to know the Lord; I looked to him, and saw him full of love."

On the 30th she exclaimed, "O that I could praise the Lord! that I could feel my heart expand with love to Him, as I used to do in health; but this is not permitted—what a privation!" The 5th of sixth month, symptoms of approaching dissolution were apparent, and her few remaining days were mostly passed in great suffering; but her patience was mercifully renewed from time to time, and she often joyfully anticipated a release from the afflicted tabernacle. She remarked, "I cannot say I would not wish one pain removed: I should be very thankful for a little relief—I have long been willing, but I should now be very thankful, to be taken." The 13th verse of the 68th Psalm being read at her request, she observed, "I have been among the pots, when seeking repentance; now how beautiful it would be to fly away! My sufferings are great, but my blessings are many"—and after repeating the passage, "they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented," she said, "My afflictions are light compared with what the saints suffered formerly." Reviving from a fainting fit, she petitioned, "O Lord, be pleased to release me, and take me to thy kingdom. Come quickly, if it be thy will. 'Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly'"—desiring that the rest of the hymn might be read to her.

Alluding to her being apparently so nearly gone, she said,

"I do not know that I have anything more to say or do; the Lord loves me—when will he take me? Again, "How happy I am, though suffering so much! but what is [suffering] compared with the glory that shall be revealed." At another time, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints: perhaps the Lord considers me one of his saints—I hope I am not exalting myself—I feel very humble and lowly. I have everything to humble me." Again she remarked, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. I never saw that passage so beautiful before—fear him."

The day before her close, after a time of silence, she was asked if she had been asleep—and replied, "Not sleeping, but happy, happy—I thought I was going, but I may be with you another day before I shall sleep and be with Jesus, where there is no more pain—no more death." In the midst of her sufferings, she would often pray for patience and for a release, but adding, "Not my will but thine be done." Once she said, "I never doubted the Lord's promise, 'thy end shall be peace,' it was so distinctly sounded in my ear—O, no, I have never doubted." A little season of ease was granted to her before the close, and she quietly ceased to breathe, leaving the consoling assurance that for her dear Saviour's sake, she was numbered among those who surround the throne of God.

SARAH DREWRY, of Whitehaven, died the 21st of first month, 1825, at the age of twenty-one.

In the early part of her illness, she evinced considerable anxiety to recover, but her mind was soon seriously impressed with a belief that she should not, which caused her to be very thoughtful, and at times, her spirits were much depressed. Yet through the tender mercy of the Most High, these discouraging feelings were removed, and her mind sweetly comforted by the consolations of the Gospel of Christ, under the precious sense of which she was enabled to resign herself to the will of heaven. So great was the peace with which she was at times

favoured, that she was tempted to fear whether it might not be a delusion, but checking herself for such a thought, said, "Oh! 'tis the enemy, I know it is the insinuation of the enemy."

During an illness of six months' continuance, a considerable portion of which time she was confined to her bed, and suffered much from bodily weakness, not a murmur escaped her. On one occasion she observed, "'Tis all in wisdom that I am thus afflicted—for I felt before I was taken ill, that I was getting high; and if things had continued to prosper with me, I believe I should have got very high—so that 'tis all in wisdom I am to be taken away." Again—"I have no desire to get better, unless it be the will of the Almighty; then I feel as if I should be willing to recover."

Her sister remarking how little she appeared to suffer in mind, to what many did at such a time, she replied, "But thou little knowest what I had to suffer before I attained to this state, yet things have been made easier to me than I ever expected." At another time, feeling herself grow weaker, she remarked with a sweet smile upon her countenance, "'Tis a happy thought—I shall soon leave this weary world—I hope it will be soon. How pleasant when I can rest in peace—in sweet, happy peace."

She advised her sister not to devote much attention to dress, saying, "Although I dressed consistently, I have now to regret that I should have been so particular in wishing to have my apparel of the finest quality: were I to recover, my clothing should be plain and homely." She also advised her against reading unprofitable books; and her sentiments on this subject, which were found in her pocket-book, are worthy of serious attention, viz. "It is cause of sorrow to me that so much of my precious time should have been devoted to reading books of that kind which are supposed to improve the style of writing [merely;] though they may contain nothing of a hurtful tendency, the perusal of them never yielded me any solid satisfaction. Did young people consider how short their time may be here, and how soon the blessing of health may be taken from them, I believe they would be more careful in employing it to the best advantage."

The following lines were found pencilled in her pocket-book, viz.

"Sweet the hours of resignation
When the soul can firmly cry,
Lord! each painful tribulation
Patiently to bear, I'll try.

"Oft, the mind knows no restriction
'Till the pangs of anguish come;
Softened then by each affliction,
Gladly it would seek a home.

"Sweeter than a couch of roses,
Does this bed of sickness prove,
While my soul in faith reposes
On the Saviour's arm of love.

"Jesus! mayest thou still be near me,
May thy light for ever shine;
May thy holy presence cheer me—
And, at last, may I be thine."

JOSEPH ELLIOTT, of Liskeard, deceased the 22nd of seventh month, 1841.

From a child he was remarkably steady and serious, dutiful to his parents, affectionate to his brothers and sisters, and of a kind and condescending disposition. He was fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and possessing abilities beyond many, made great proficiency in the mathematics, ancient languages, and other branches of useful learning. Whilst a school-boy, he was in the practice of frequent retirement, which he continued to the end of life. He was very watchful and circumspect in his deportment and conversation, and particularly careful not to say anything which would cast a shadow over the character of another. When he saw any of his young friends deviating from the plainness of their religious profession, it appeared to give him much concern, which he sometimes expressed. He frequently visited the poor, read to them in the Bible, and in other ways evinced his desires for their spiritual welfare, besides administering to their outward wants.

In the beginning of 1841, he wrote thus in his diary: "In looking back on the past year [I feel] a good degree of peace, and freedom from condemnation, and I am ready to hope I have not much, if at all, gone back in my heavenward journey. But it has been rather a low time on the whole, in which I have not been permitted to feel much of the joys and consolations of religion. This may have been handed to me in very tender mercy, and I hope it will all work together for the good of myself or some other poor traveller."

In the fourth month of that year, he took a cold, followed by cough, and his lungs were pronounced to be decidedly diseased. On the 14th of sixth month he writes in reference to this circumstance: "This information neither alarms nor disappoints me, which is a favour." It being remarked to him that it was hoped he could adopt the lines,

"Sweet to lie passive in his hand
And know no will but his,"

he was silent for some time, and then said, "'And know no will but his,' is saying a great deal; but I hope I can say as much."

On the 16th of seventh month he was removed to Plymouth for change of air, and the next day remarked, "How many comforts I am surrounded with! [I have] everything I want, though I am not able to enjoy them much. Perhaps the change of air may do me good, but if not, it will be in the right time I am taken, and I hope the change will be a happy one," adding with emphasis, "Oh! people ought to think of their latter end."

On the 20th he was taken home, without amendment, and next morning the shortness of his breathing, and other symptoms, evinced that his end was not far distant. He said, "O, if my day's work were done, glad should I be to be gone. It would be joyful—joyful. He appeared at a loss for strength and for words to express his delight at the prospect of an early release, and addressing those present, said, "O that you all may do your day's work in the day time. Mind best things; and retire often; the soul needs daily bread. Try to keep the

world under—seek often for best help; don't let difficulties prevent retirement, and don't let it be a matter of form." He again pressed upon those present the great importance of retirement, and of minding the words of the Psalmist, "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray."

The prospect of the happy state into which he was soon to enter, filled his heart with a joy which beamed from his countenance, and he exclaimed, "glories—glories—glories," desiring to be released before another night, if consistent with the divine will; yet he repeatedly prayed that patience might be granted him. On being told that his pulse was becoming more feeble, he looked up with a sweet smile, and said, "It is good news—O how pleasant—I have nothing to offer—It is all of mercy." Reviving a little, he said to those about him, "Let me press upon you what I have said before, do your day's work in the day time—and O remember retirement—retirement—there is a work which must be done." About 10 o'clock he said, "Going to my happy—happy home—to my heavenly Father." He then gave some directions about his funeral, and while his widowed mother was wiping the cold perspiration from his face, observed, "I think I feel the cold hand of death coming over me"—sweetly adding, "The Lord will come in his own good time." Soon after, his purified spirit took its flight, as we humbly trust, to the regions of unclouded day.

William Coates, of Sutton, in the Forest, Yorkshire, deceased the 22nd of second month, 1824, in the twenty-third year of his age. He was of a kind and compassionate temper towards all around him, very affectionate and tender to his parents, and a diligent attender of religious meetings. Being the eldest and only surviving son of his parents, he evinced much sympathy with them in the prospect of his being taken from them; and in the fore part of his illness when a little hope was entertained of his recovery, he remarked that he sometimes thought he might be restored for the sake of his father and mother.

As his disease grew worse, his father inquired after the state of his mind in the prospect of futurity, to which he replied, "There appeared nothing to stand in his way, but that he did not witness so clear an evidence as he could desire." One morning, calling his parents to him, he expressed his dear love for them, but said he was going to leave them, yet he hoped they should meet again. He then prayed with much fervour—"Sweet Jesus! look upon me and help me, that I may be as one of thy sons, and have an admittance granted me into thy Father's kingdom, if consistent with thy holy will—Oh! sweet Jesus, thy name is dear to me."

At another time he supplicated after this manner: "O Lord, consider my weakness—my poor weak state, and let me have a little hope of being admitted into thy glorious kingdom. Teach me, gracious Saviour, to pray aright, that I may be where there is no sorrow or crying—I thank thee, Lord Jesus Christ, for enabling me to put up these humble petitions."

On another occasion he thus breathed out his fervent supplication: "O Lord, if consistent with thy holy will, I humbly pray thee to make me love Thee above all; indeed, I can with sincerity say, I do love thee above all. Be pleased to grant me an admittance into thy glorious kingdom, where there is no sorrow, and where nothing that is unholy must ever enter—where praises, honour and renown, are ascribed to thy great name for ever and ever. Amen."

He observed that "he had done with the world, and had committed all to the Almighty, who was a gracious God, merciful and worthy to be praised. He had done all things for him, who could do nothing for himself," saying repeatedly, "Thy will be done." During the course of his illness he often expressed in a very lively manner, the Lord's tender love towards him, and at one time broke forth in this manner—"Father continue thy love to me, and make me fit for thy kingdom. Sometime since I was afraid to call thee Father. I love the Almighty, and I hope he loves me. Seek and ye shall find—what encouragement! I have sought him with all my might; I feel as much love as ever."

His bodily weakness increased, yet his faith and confidence in the Divine Arm seemed to strengthen, and he continued in a sweet composed frame of spirit, resigned to the Lord's will—on one occasion he ejaculated "Sweet Jesus, strengthen me and make me fit for thy glorious kingdom, where there is nothing but peace and good will toward men: Honour, dominion, and majesty for ever and ever [be to thee.] Just and true are thy ways, thou King of kings—Honour and glory to thy name." The few last days of his life he was so weak and his voice so low that it was with difficulty he could be heard. About an hour before the solemn close, he appeared to be in supplication, very little of which could be understood: the last words he was heard to say were, "Lord receive me;" he then fell into a calm slumber, and quietly passed away.

Thomas Phillips Wright, was a child of early piety, and throughout the course of his life maintained a steady rectitude of conduct; being exemplary in his conversation, dress and address, dutiful to his parents, and during his apprenticeship, very diligent in his master's business. In a letter written to his parents in the eighth month, 1820, he says,

"It is far from my desire to depart in the least degree from that simplicity and plainness in which I have hitherto been brought up. I do not expect to be great, nor indeed do I wish it—and so often as we see the contaminating effects of riches, surely they cannot be desirable; but it is much better, and more desirable to be good than great. And although I am very far from the former, yet I do at seasons feel as if covered with the Divine hand, which is a comfortable state for the mind to be in. It is a state that I am at times favoured to feel in our silent meetings, which are seasons of great refreshment to the mind, if we are rightly disposed to seek after the good Shepherd, who will lead us by the still waters and into the green pastures."

Fourth month, 1825. In a letter written to his father dur-

ing his last illness, he says of his health, "These little amendments are somewhat encouraging, and yet to build upon them will not do. I do not know when I feel more comfortable than when I endeavour to resign myself to Him who doth not willingly afflict. This state is hard to come at." "I have lately thought what a consolation it is to feel an evidence of the Divine origin of the Scriptures of Truth, more than can be conveyed by mere reading and education. They may be interesting and pleasing, but surely not so profitable, unless we are favoured to see the spirituality thereof. I sometimes have a hope that, should I be taken hence, I shall be happy, though it must be entirely through the mercy of our blessed Redeemer, who pleadeth for us poor mortals."

Seventh month 20th: He remarked to one of his parents that, "if he had been removed in the forepart of his illness, he was not prepared, and therefore it had been lengthened out in mercy—and what a mercy," added he, "should I be prepared to enter one of the heavenly mansions—the least—the very least—not for anything that I have done, but all in mercy." On the 27th, in the evening, he said, "What poor creatures we are, if left to ourselves, without support! I can experimentally say that God not only hears but answers prayers, for I had a remarkable proof of it in the forepart of this affliction. Wonderful—wonderful!" said he, "how wonderful is the love of God! it is too deep for us to comprehend."

The love of God and the stupendous mercy of our blessed Saviour in dying for our sins, were often his delightful theme. The day before he died, being in great bodily suffering, he said to his father, "Oh! what should I have done without a Saviour? Wonderful—for Jesus to take upon himself to bear our infirmities! I cannot help expressing it again. I think I was not enough sensible of it in the forepart of my illness, but now I feel it." He presently added, "Sweet Jesus! I hope he will soon come and take me to himself."

A few hours before his close, the conflict of expiring nature being very distressing, he prayed as follows: "O, most holy, most gracious God, be pleased, if consistent with thy most holy

will, to release my spirit, but not my will but thine be done." Afterward he said, "Now let us all be still," and thought himself just going, but in a little while observed to a friend who sat up with him, "It is an awful thing to die, but I am not afraid of death." He was favoured with a remarkably peaceful and quiet exit on the 5th of eighth month, 1825, being twenty-three years of age.

MARY BARRON, wife of George Barron, of Birmingham, deceased the 5th of first month, 1827, aged twenty-three years. In the early part of her illness, her mind was under sorrow and conviction on account of omissions of duty, and she observed to a friend, "I do not feel quite easy; I have many sins to repent of. I have not prayed as I should have done;" after which, with much earnestness, she added, "The enemy is very busy, I feel him so." There is reason to believe that the sincere engagement of her spirit, in seeking a place of repentance was graciously accepted by Him "who keepeth mercy for thousands," and pardoneth iniquity and transgression; for soon after this, her mind became tranquil and composed, and she repeated the Lord's prayer in a very distinct and feeling manner. A few hours after, she prayed thus: "O Lord, have mercy upon me. Though I have been unmindful of praying unto Thee, even from my cradle, yet thou hast had compassion on me and given me to taste of thy sweetness, such as I never before felt, and if it should please Thee to raise me up at this time, I hope I shall endeavour to live in thy fear and continually pray unto Thee. O, sanctify this affliction to my dear husband, and bring him to know and fear Thee, that he may not neglect to pray, as I have done. Enable me, O Lord, to bear thy hand upon me, and if it please Thee that this cup should not pass from me, enable me to say, Thy will be done. O, Lord, send a blessing upon all my friends, every one of them. Amen, Amen."

She observed that "she had often heard the benefit of prayer spoken of, but never knew the sweet efficacy of it until laid on

a bed of sickness." How sorrowful is it that persons professing to be Christians, should thus neglect one of the greatest consolations and purest sources of spiritual strength which the Gospel affords, and risk the salvation of an immortal soul on the uncertainty of a death-bed repentance, when it often happens that the pain and disease of the body, disqualify the mind for attention to the all-important concerns of eternity!

On taking a final leave of her husband, to whom she had been married not quite twelve months, she observed, "We have loved each other too much and the Lord too little." A friend coming to see her, she remarked, "The love of life holds very close to me;" and after a short pause, interceded for Divine support, saying, "O heavenly Father, be with me! I am weak and cannot fix my mind in prayer as I wish to do." To her medical attendant she observed, "It is an awful thing to die—I feel it so." The last words she uttered were, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!" soon after which she departed this life.

Hannah H. Hartshorne, daughter of John and Hannah Hartshorne, of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, evinced from early childhood a tenderness of feeling under religious impressions, a lively sense of Divine love and mercy, and a desire to become of the number of those children concerning whom the blessed Saviour said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Being of a sprightly and active disposition, she felt the restraints of a guarded education a cross to her natural inclination, especially in wearing plain and simple attire.

From the time she was twelve years of age, it was her frequent practice to retire alone to her chamber, to wait upon the Lord, and hold communion with Him who had graciously touched her heart with His love, entering into a close examination of her conduct during the day; and such were the sweet peace and comfort she derived from this Christian duty, that she found even her bodily pains mitigated, when she could re-

trospect the past with an approving conscience, and offer the evening oblation with innocency and acceptance.

In the ordering of Divine providence she was tried with a long and painful sickness, being confined to the bed about three years, during two of which she was deprived of the use of nearly all her limbs. The disease was attended with severe and protracted suffering, which she was divinely strengthened to endure with patience and resignation, meekly yielding to the painful dispensation, in the humble belief that it was permitted in wisdom, for some good end, remarking, "I believe if I entirely resign my own will, that power which has been with me [hitherto] will continue with me to the end of my pilgrimage."

Though many trials and privations attended her situation, yet her mind was preserved from murmuring or repining at her lot, being rather disposed to commemorate the Lord's mercies, as appears by the following extract from her diary:

"Can I be grateful enough for the many blessings I daily receive from that good hand which has been near me? Poor and unworthy as I am, my heavenly Father is mindful of me, and has graciously condescended to sweeten the bitter cup of suffering which in mercy He has seen meet I should drink of. And although at times grievous to be borne, I believe my afflictions have been blessed to me many ways; they have had a tendency to wean me from the world, and stain the enjoyments thereof in my view. O, that all my young friends knew the incalculable benefit arising from an early dedication to the Lord! We can never begin too soon to prepare for death. I now see there is more real enjoyment in humbly submitting to His will concerning us, than in all the pleasures of this world, which soon pass away, and will never afford peace of mind. May others see the Lord's hand in my illness; the marvellous loving-kindness of my God, who has wonderfully been my support."

Her mind was often introduced into a feeling of great poverty and desertion, which, joined to the diffidence and timidity of her disposition, led her to fear that she had offended her

heavenly Father. Being thus brought under close exercise, and weaned from all dependence on former experiences of divine good, she was earnest in seeking daily supplies of that bread which cometh from above and endureth unto everlasting life. Of this she was, from time to time, permitted to partake, and thereby strengthened to bear without a murmur, all that her dear Redeemer was pleased to appoint for her purification and refinement, saying, "If it is the will of my heavenly Father, I think at times I could cheerfully suffer, if possible, more than I have already gone through; but when He is pleased to say it is enough, I shall be thankful, though I know it is an awful thing to die."—"I am a poor creature, but I feel quiet, and hope it is not a false rest. I have nothing of my own to trust to, but the grace and the merits of my blessed Saviour, who has done much for me."

On one occasion, after giving some directions and leaving messages for some of her friends, she said, "Live so as to be prepared in health for such a time as this. Read the Scriptures; I have found great comfort in reading them, and though I sometimes could not feel that [benefit which] I have at other times felt, yet it now affords me satisfaction. How differently things appear to us on a sick-bed! Many opportunities I have not improved. I am sorry for not having been careful enough when at meeting to have my mind engaged as it ought to be—Now I feel [how great is] the privilege of attending meetings—Oh! prize it."

She spoke of her dissolution with much composure, remarking, "I believe my death will be without a struggle; I feel that it will be peaceful, and that you will be spared the trial of seeing me suffer at the last." "How dreadful it must be to feel distress at such a time as this—what can be equal to it?"

At another time she said, "It is through the crucified Immanuel I hope for acceptance; I have done nothing to merit the favour. I have had a bitter cup, but it has been sweetened to me; I have not had one pain too much. Sweet peace has followed taking up the cross: many things were a cross to my inclination, but I endeavoured to be faithful, and have been

rewarded. Dress is trifling—I have considered it so since being sick; it is vanity, the world with all its follies. Oh! if the light in us becomes darkness, how great is that darkness! —It is necessary to have oil in our vessel. Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh. —As my bodily powers weaken, I am stronger in the inner man."

After hearing a chapter read, she broke forth in this manner: "O, the prospect I have had this morning of the happy state! I want to go to join in singing praises and thanksgivings,—I long to enjoy what I have been favoured to see.—It is but a foretaste, yet almost too much for any clothed with mortality to feel!—What is to be compared to a happy eternity!"

Having passed through a season of deep mental conflict, through adorable mercy her exercise was succeeded by a holy calm and serenity, under which feeling she exclaimed, "Rejoice with me—I have had a sweet prospect of angels coming to carry me to the bosom of my Saviour. I have seen the white robe, and a new name, and it fully compensates for all my sufferings—I long to be gone." Some days after, in a feeble voice, she was heard to say, "Receive me into thy kingdom—O, the quiet and sweet peace! I only asked for the lowest seat, and the arms of my Saviour are open to receive me."

A few weeks previous to her decease, the power of articulation entirely failed, leaving her mental faculties unimpaired, and her body relieved from pain. At this period, she and her friends apprehended the close was near, a clear prospect being given her of entering into rest, and that a crown of glory awaited her, which she intimated in an impressive manner, and with a composed and pleasant countenance. But in unsearchable wisdom she was again permitted to be deeply tried in body and mind; yet through it all the everlasting Arm was evidently underneath to stay and support her exercised mind. She informed those about her, by writing, that she had been too anxious to be released to enjoy the blessed rest of which

she had so bright a prospect, but that she now felt peace in being resigned to life or death, adding, "I believe it is not entirely on my own account that I am continued in suffering."

At another time—"As much as I suffer, I would not change my situation for anything in this world; for what is it to me now? I feel nothing in my way. Let not the world nor the things of the world ever stand in the way of duty: the cross must be borne, if we expect to obtain the crown."

She continued from this time in a quiet and peaceful state, her mind being stayed on Christ Jesus the captain of her salvation; and agreeably to her prospect previously expressed, she was favoured with an easy passage. A few hours before the solemn close her speech returned, and the last word she pronounced was "Resignation"—a virtue, the excellence of which, through the Lord's assistance, she had been enabled eminently to show forth during her long and painful illness. She sunk away as one going into a gentle slumber, and deceased the 6th of the fifth month, 1828, in the twenty-third year of her age.

This instructive instance of the power of true religion to sustain and comfort the mind under long and painful sufferings, weaning it from all lower and visible gratifications and filling it with those consolations which are in Christ Jesus, ought to encourage us to bow to the secret pleadings of the Divine witness in our hearts, that by faithfully following its dictates we may grow up in the fear and love of God and experience preservation from the pollutions which are in the world. Then, should it be our lot to suffer long with illness, we may hope to have the comfort of Divine support, know the Lord to make our bed in sickness, and when he sees that the appointed time is come for our release, we shall have a blessed hope of eternal life, being enabled to say with the holy apostle, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed hereafter."

Mary Brook Swetman, of Street, near Glastonbury, England, deceased in the twelfth month, 1819.

She had been for some years occasionally indisposed with a disease which was very flattering, its effects being sometimes scarcely perceptible. In the twelfth month, however, it returned with more alarming and dangerous symptoms, and about three days before her death she was entirely confined to her bed.

On the 18th, one of her sisters being with her, she said, "Why should I be afraid to die? No—I am not afraid—I shall be happy—quite happy—all will be well." Next morning she remarked, "All my worldly expectations and youthful pleasures are nipped in the bud; but it is all right—it is all in best wisdom."

On various occasions, her expressions evinced that her mind was centred in resignation to the Divine will, and her trust and confidence in the mercy and goodness of the Lord unshaken.

At another time, speaking to the friend to whom she was soon to have been married, she said, "I have often thought if thou and I had lived together a few years, I might have forgotten better things." Her friend informing her of the dangerous situation she was in, and the probability she would hardly live a week, and of the conflict he had endured in attaining a degree of resignation, she paused awhile and calmly replied, "I am resigned to the will of Him who knoweth what is best." After this she expressed to her sister, "I do not feel afraid to die, but I have not that full assurance [I desire,] and how am I to attain it—Oh! how am I to attain it?" Her sister recommending prayer, she answered, "How shall I pray —Oh! how shall I pray?" But the Holy Spirit, which is graciously vouchsafed to help our infirmities, and to teach us how to pray, was not withdrawn from her, and she soon appeared to be engaged in mental supplication. Her friend coming into the room, read some portions of the Bible to her, after which an interval of silence occurred; when she observed, "Oh! the wonderful goodness of the Almighty! Oh,

thou kind and sweet Saviour! how vain and trifling are all the pleasures of this life compared with the joys of the realms above!"

On second-day morning, the 20th, she desired her friends might be called, and looking with a pleasant countenance on all around her, she said, "O my dear father and mother, I am happy—yes, very happy—I did not call you because I thought there was any immediate danger, but thought I would say what I could whilst I felt able." Then with great earnestness she added, "I am going to heaven—you will, I hope, soon meet me there, through the goodness of the Almighty." After a little pause, she proceeded, "This body must drop—but the soul will never die. Oh! the sweet peace I feel! I am blest every way, far more than I deserve, and may you all be blest."

At another time she said, "Oh! what a privilege to be thus called so early from this troublesome world! If I had lived, I might not have done what I ought. Not my will, but thine be done, O God. Oh! the wonderful goodness of the Almighty." When in great pain, she frequently petitioned the Lord to favour her with patience sufficient to preserve her from murmuring. To one of her sisters she remarked, "O sister, I am happy—happy—happy; what a satisfaction it must be to you all to see me leave this world without regret, and with an assurance of eternal happiness."

On one occasion she expressed herself thus: "Thou hast said thou wilt love those who love Thee. I have loved Thee, and do love Thee. Oh! this is a sweet promise and there are many more." She then took an affectionate leave of each individual, sent messages of love to some of her absent relatives and friends, and desired they might be informed that "she was happy and glad to leave this world for the joys of heaven." This affecting scene being over, she said, "Oh! what composure I feel, in giving you all up. I have many ties to bind me here, but now I give you all up with pleasure." After a pause, "I have often thought this a beautiful hymn," and repeated the first stanza:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Observing that those around her were weeping, she said, "You are all in tears, but I have not dropped a tear since I first knew my danger. How is that?—It is the goodness of the Almighty that thus enables me to be resigned. Oh! what a mercy—the Lord is so kind to me. Not my will, but thine be done, O God, has been my earnest prayer ever since I had an idea of danger. Soon after this she exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! May you never forget," looking upon those around her, "that the pains of death are made sweet,—though hard to bear, yet they are sweet,—though hard to bear, yet they are sweet when borne without a murmur."

Suffering acute pain from the violence of the disease, she remarked to her attendants, "Were not my hopes fixed on heaven, what should I do! But mine are fixed never to be moved. When wilt thou take me, thou kind Almighty, thou great and good Being! It is wrong to murmur—yes—very wrong." She soon appeared to be in a calm slumber, which continued a few minutes, when she addressed those present, "Farewell—Farewell—I think I am going—O, come quickly, —come quickly,—sweet Saviour—if it be thy holy will—and take me—to thyself. I am happy—happy—happy. O thou—sweet Saviour—thy countenance has indeed shone round about me." After a short pause, "O kind and merciful Lord God—Thou hast not—forsaken me—nor wilt thou." She then peacefully expired.

Anna Maria Boyce, daughter of Jonathan and Anna Boyce, of Lynn, Massachusetts, deceased the 18th of first month, 1831.

Being of a lively, animated disposition, she had, contrary to the advice of her parents, suffered her mind to be drawn aside

from the simplicity of truth as professed by Friends: and although in other respects she had been in a good degree careful to perform her filial and social duties, yet her indulging in some of the prevailing fashions of the day, was a source of much painful conflict to her when laid upon a sick-bed. But being brought, through the manifestations of the light of Christ in her conscience, to perceive their vanity and sinfulness, and to feel that godly sorrow which worketh repentance, she was favoured to experience the remission of her sins, and to place her whole confidence in her dear Redeemer. Thus she obtained a well-grounded hope that a mansion was prepared for her in his heavenly kingdom; and during her long and protracted illness, was preserved in much sweetness and composure, evincing great patience and resignation, although her sufferings at times were very severe.

The conflict and distress of mind which she experienced for her departures from those Christian testimonies, furnish an admonition to others to be more faithful in supporting them, that they may not, on a dying-bed, in addition to the pains of the body, have the bitter reflection of having been unwilling to take up the cross, and follow their blessed Saviour in the way of his leadings.

After having been confined to her chamber about two months, her disease began to assume a more serious aspect, and she informed her sister, with great composure, that the physician had told her that her case was very doubtful, which was no more than she expected.

To another sister she said: "I must soon be laid in the silent grave. Remember my sickness; and not, as some have done before, too easily forget the advice and admonition that a dying sister has left them: but take warning, and be making preparation for eternity. It is the will of Providence that I should be cut off in my youth from all earthly pleasure—all things here are uncertain—place no dependence on anything here below; but remember that we are placed here to make preparation for eternity."

She tenderly advised them to be faithful in the maintenance

of our precious testimonies, that so they might be ornaments in society; and enjoined upon them the necessity of daily reading the Holy Scriptures, and of shunning the vain fashions and maxims of the world. She entreated them to be diligent in attending meetings for Divine worship, and to endeavour, when there, in humble reverence to wait upon the Lord, that so their spiritual strength might be renewed, and they preserved from running into sin and temptation. She expressed her thankfulness that she had time to prepare for death, and frequently said; Oh! what would have become of me, if I had been taken as some have been, without a moment's warning, and no time to make preparation. I hope soon to meet my Saviour and my God in peace; and I hope, also, to meet you there."

On seeing two of her former associates enter the chamber, she addressed them as follows: "You are young as well as myself, and are liable to be taken down on a sick-bed. Do, friends, be preparing yourselves; for when you are brought down to a sick-bed, the pains of the body will be enough to bear, without the stings of a guilty conscience. I want you to be on the watch before the midnight cry is heard."

At another time, when some of her young friends called to see her, she said, "The last time I was visiting was at your house; and I have often thought how vainly and idling we have been in the practice of spending our time; passing away the evenings in what is called innocent amusement, which tends not to profit, nor to afford us any instruction or benefit. I have often thought, when returning home, that I received no good from it, although I took an active part with you and went astray."

Ninth month 28th, 1830.—She requested a private interview with her parents, to whom she expressed herself as follows: "I have but a very short time to live! Will you forgive me, your disobedient, ungrateful child? I have been ungrateful—you have done much for me, and more than I have deserved." They answered they felt nothing but love towards her; and she continued: "You must soon follow me—do not put off the work, but be prepared; and be careful that the cares of your

family do not choke the good seed; for I believe it is often the case. I have been greatly distressed in my mind; and how it will be with me, I cannot yet see."

It appeared that her faith was often tried, as it were to a hair's breadth; yet her confidence and faith in her Redeemer never forsook her; and she was finally given to feel that assurance of peace which she longed for.

After relating some circumstances which had recently exercised her mind, she remarked to her brother: "I feel very differently now from what I have ever done before; there appears nothing in my way. I have always hoped I should see such a state, but have entertained fears about it."

After her brother withdrew, she sent for others of the family, to inform them of the great change she had experienced in her mind, saying: "Mountains have been removed. I have a new song put in my mouth, even praises to Him who hath delivered me and pardoned my sins. All I have to say is, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! forget not all his mercies—praises, living praises be to his holy Name!'"

A female in the neighbourhood, who had been one of her associates, being also in a declining state of health, and beyond the reach of human help, she frequently expressed much anxiety on her account, and several times proposed writing to her. After having it on her mind a number of days, she informed her friends that she could not preserve peace of mind, without having it done, and accordingly dictated as follows:

"My dear C——e: I have long thought of thee, with much anxiety for thy welfare both here and hereafter; and I could not feel easy in my mind without addressing thee. I have long been confined to a bed of sickness, during which time I have suffered much and enjoyed much. I believe there is a great lesson for us all to learn, which is, resignation to the Divine will. Alas! my dear C., but a few months ago thou and I joined in the circle of youthful hilarity—we are now confined to our sick-chambers, where I suspect our days will end, believing we are both ill of the same disorder. This shows us the uncertainty of human life, and the instability of all earthly

enjoyments. Oh, C.! I hope thou wilt be favoured to put thy trust in the Lord Jehovah; for in Him is everlasting strength. If thou wishest to find a place of repentance, pray to thy heavenly Father in secret, and He will reward thee openly.

"Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry: 'Behold, he prays!'"

"It was by prayer that I obtained remission of sins; and it is by prayer that thou wilt find a place of repentance. I have long been desirous for thy eternal and everlasting welfare; and I hope thou wilt be favoured to realize a place of rest: we are all candidates for eternity, and must either be happy or miserable. It matters not whether we are taken from this state of existence in the bloom of life, or at a more advanced age, if we are only prepared to meet our blessed Saviour, who is ready to receive those who trust in Him. These are the genuine feelings of my heart. As I am too weak to say much more, I must therefore bid thee farewell; and as we never expect to meet on earth, may we meet in that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

"From thy truly attached friend,

"Anna Maria Boyce."

The letter was written a few days before the death of her friend, who received much satisfaction and encouragement therefrom, and who was in the end favoured with the blessed prospect of inheriting a crown of life.

Feeling a desire to leave a testimony for her young friends, she dictated the following: "I have thought much, during my sickness, of my dear young friends, on account of dress and address; believing there never was a time when the love of dress prevailed more among young Friends than at the present day. Is it not sorrowfully the case, that many of you can scarcely be distinguished as Friends? Oh, my dear friends! what will all your gay dress avail you when cast upon a sick-bed and a rolling pillow? I was once one of your companions, and joined in the giddy circle—I am now confined to a

bed of sickness and suffering, from which I never expect to arise. I feel it my duty to leave this testimony, hoping it may be a warning to some to leave all fading, perishable enjoyments, and become followers of the dear Son of God, who is ever able to save those who come unto Him in sincerity of heart. Oh! my young friends, if you could feel the necessity of becoming followers of the dear Lamb of God, I believe you would no longer remain in the way of sin and transgression. Although my bodily strength is nearly exhausted, yet my mind is preserved calm and tranquil;—billow after billow has past over me, yet the Lord has been my helper and support, which compensates for all bodily suffering. Oh! that my dear young friends would not put off the great important work of their soul's salvation; for we have no lease of our lives. Our minutes are dealt out to us as it were by number; and we know not how soon we may be called upon to give an account of the deeds done in the body. We have all sinned, and fallen short of the glory of God. But there is a way and a means provided, whereby we may become initiated into His holy presence; even by the pardoning love of our Redeemer.

"But a short time must elapse, ere I shall be laid in my solitary grave—I am now young like you, but must be cut off in the bloom of life. I desire you may so conduct yourselves in the simplicity of the truth, that when the awful summons shall arrive, you may be prepared to meet the answer of, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, therefore I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"I have much cause to be thankful for the many favours and blessings bestowed upon me during my long protracted illness: I believe the Lord has been my support in the day of trial and suffering; and that He visited and revisited me, ere I knew his precious countenance to shine upon me in so remarkable a manner. 'He brought me up out of the miry clay, and established my goings; and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise to His name.

"O Lord! thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens, and thy

faithfulness unto the clouds: for thou hast redeemed those that were afar off, and called in sons and daughters who had gone astray as sheep from thy fold!"

A concern also resting upon her mind on account of her brothers and sisters, she dictated an affectionate address to them: the admonition it contains is mostly comprised in the foregoing.

Twelfth month 21st.—She exclaimed to one of her sisters, "Oh, when will the happy time arrive that I shall be released from suffering!" Her sister asked her if she felt willing to go; to which she very emphatically answered, "Yes—it will be a very happy time to me;" and she informed another friend, she thought she felt a well-grounded hope. During the whole of her sickness, she appeared very desirous that all her dear relations and friends might come to the saving knowledge of the truth, and that her death might be sanctified to them for good.

Twelfth month 22nd.—She remarked that she had suffered much, and how much longer she had to suffer she could not tell; perhaps months, and perhaps not more than a week; but "that life is long which answers life's great end." "Many times have I said, O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! and I hope I shall still say so with a clear conscience in the sight of heaven."

She observed, that it had been difficult for her at times to keep her mind centred upon the Source of all good, and that she was afraid she should be drawn off the watch, and grow impatient, from lying so long in such suffering," and added—"not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

Twelfth month 24th.—A friend calling to see her, she expressed her thankfulness for having retained her senses through her sickness, and for having time and opportunity to prepare for the change; and further said, she had a pleasing hope, that she should soon meet her dear Saviour, face to face.

The day before her death, she was impressed with a belief that her end was at hand; and several times mentioned it. In the evening she told the family to prepare for the coming night,

as she believed it would be her last. About midnight her cough stopped, and she wished her brothers and sisters to be sent for; they arrived in time to participate in the solemn parting. She appeared to overflow with love towards them, and expressed her thanks to the Author of all good, for the great care that had been taken of her during her sickness. She entreated them not to mourn for her, but to mourn for themselves; saying she was going in peace to the happy place, and longed for the time of her departure.

A few minutes before her death, she bid them all an affectionate farewell; and then, appearing to fall into a gentle sleep, quietly departed, aged twenty-four years.

Lydia S. Rogers, daughter of John and Elizabeth Jones, of the city of Philadelphia, was born the 16th of sixth month, 1810.

Her disposition was amiable, and being naturally of a cheerful and lively temper, she was drawn by the temptations of the enemy into lightness and frivolity, and to take much delight in gaiety of apparel, which deviations from the Christian path were causes of condemnation and sorrow to her mind when the awful period of dissolution was approaching.

She was attacked with bleeding from the lungs in the eighth month, 1833, but after a confinement of two weeks she nearly recovered her usual state of health, although some symptoms of pulmonary disease still remained.

In the third month, 1834, she was married to Samuel Rogers, and was able to attend to her domestic concerns until the eleventh month following, when she became seriously indisposed. The prospect of separation from those she loved, the fear of death and a sense of her own unfitness to meet its solemn summons, produced great conflict of mind. She was frequently occupied in reading the Holy Scriptures, and the society of serious and religious persons became peculiarly pleasant to her. She was evidently aware of the danger of her

situation, and on being asked about this time what she thought respecting it, observed, "Perhaps I may last until spring, but I do not expect to get well, nor do I wish it."

Under the exercises which she passed through during this period, there is cause to believe that the Holy Spirit, who is a reprover for sin as well as a comforter for well-doing, and whose operations are compared to a refiner's fire and fuller's soap, was secretly at work in her heart, setting her sins in order before her, and producing that godly sorrow which worketh unfeigned repentance. Many times her spirit was much contrited, and she would entreat her friends to pray for her; mourning over her misspent time and her multiplied transgressions, saying, "I fear my sins are too many ever to be forgiven."

During this time the enemy was permitted to buffet her with his suggestions, which induced her to exclaim, "O, what an unwearied adversary! how he tempts me!" and to her sister she remarked, "Can it be that I shall be forgiven my many sins?" But although thus tried with doubts and fears, He whose mercy is over all his works, was pleased in his own time to grant her an evidence of pardon and reconciliation, and to animate her drooping spirit with the humble hope that she should at last be received into the kingdom of heaven. One day, after some hours of quiet retirement, she broke forth in this manner—"Now I feel as I never felt [before]—I shall be received—I am perfectly resigned to live or die—I am very happy—O my dears, do not weep for me, I can truly say this is the happiest evening of my life—Praise the Lord, O my soul—bless his holy name." Afterwards she observed, "I want nothing worldly to divert me from the great work."

In looking back over her past life, and her indifference and neglect respecting the great duties of religion, she seemed almost ready to question whether the evidence of forgiveness could be real, and on the 14th of first month, 1835, again asked her sister if she thought it possible her sins were forgiven; adding, "I have been so neglectful when I had strength, will the Lord receive me at this late hour?" After a time of

solemn silence she desired to be helped to a kneeling posture, and then feelingly petitioned the Most High for the aid of his grace, and that she might be thoroughly washed and purified. A female minister of the Gospel calling to visit her, spake encouragingly to her state, and was also engaged in fervent supplication on her behalf. These religious exercises afforded her much comfort; her mind was peaceful, and appeared to overflow with gratitude and love.

Continuing in this inward frame of mind, and steadily abiding under the refining baptisms of the Holy Spirit, she experienced sweet peace to flow in her heart, and a grateful sense of the Lord's mercies to her. On the 15th she seemed full of comfort, and several times remarked, "How little I suffer, and how much the dear Master suffered! O, how kind he is to me!" And again, "O, the sweet peace!—I cannot be mistaken; it is all the heavenly Father's work." She often mentioned what a comfort the Bible was to her, and what a blessing it was that she could now understand it, and take hold of the promises it contained, after having neglected it so much.

She expressed deep concern on account of such as do not believe in the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, saying, "What can they have in an hour like this to rest their hopes upon?" and mentioned her desire, that such might be brought to feel the efficacy of the Redeemer's love; adding, "He gave His precious life for us."

On the 16th she expressed great love for all her friends, many of whom she named, and remarked, "I would be glad to do something for the blessed cause: I feel that I have espoused it, and if it will do any one good to see me here entirely changed, I should be glad some of my thoughtless friends should see me."

On the 17th she was under much inward conflict and trial, but in the evening observed, "It comes sweetly into my mind that we need not be dwelling so much on our past sins, but just lay them all open before our blessed Father—he can see them all at one glance, and as quickly forgive them."

Being now brought in good degree to the blessed teaching

of the spirit of Christ in her own heart, she found it to be indeed a light to her mind, unfolding the mysteries of redemption and giving her to see clearly the true meaning, as well as the precious value of the Holy Scriptures. She spent much time in reading these, particularly the New Testament—and one morning, after having been so employed, she looked up with a joyful countenance and exclaimed, "This has been a sealed book to me, but *now* what beauty and consistency I see in it! Oh, what can they have to rest upon, who do not believe in the Saviour! I would not exchange my belief for a thousand worlds."

In the ordering of Him whose dealings with his ransomed children are all in perfect wisdom and goodness, though past our finding out, she was permitted, on the 20th, to experience a season of great tossing and distress; and when, through mercy, a degree of calmness was restored, she remarked, "I feel better now—but what an agonizing time has my poor mind had! I fear I have taken hold of promises that do not belong to me. O, I have been such a sinner!" This painful dispensation gradually passed away, and on the morning of the 22nd she could say, "All is peace and comfort, though I am very weak. There are some clouds through the day, but my nights are all joyous. The Father is very near me this morning."

Soon after this she was thought to be dying, and her connexions being called she took an affectionate leave of them, saying, "I am going home;" and seemed filled with holy joy. In the afternoon she faintly articulated, as though replying to a query respecting her removal, "Not yet—not yet—stay a little longer;" and when still further recovered from the state of great exhaustion in which she had been lying, she remarked, "I believe my time is to be prolonged." From this period until her decease, her mind was more engaged on behalf of others than during the previous part of her illness, and many opportunities occurred in which she imparted impressive admonition to her friends.

On the evening of the 24th, she had an attack of suffocation

which rendered it doubtful whether she would survive the night, in allusion to which, she sweetly remarked, "If I do not, there need be no bustle—I believe all is done, everything is ready." Next morning the state of her mind was very peaceful and heavenly, and she observed, "This is a sweet morning to me,—Praise the Lord, O my soul." Although her weakness was great and much suffering consequent on the disease, yet her mind was so absorbed in the contemplation of heavenly things, as scarcely to have any sense of suffering. At her request the family were collected, and after a time of solemn waiting in silence, she addressed them in earnest entreaty to close in with the offers of Divine mercy and not put off the period of submission, testifying from her own experience, that the Lord is not an hard master, requiring more than he enables to perform.

On the 26th, her mind appeared much exercised, and often engaged in prayer. She remarked that she could not communicate anything to those around her, unless her dear Father gave it to her; adding, "Remember, Joshua's army compassed the city seven times before they were commanded to shout. If I dared to speak of myself I should say a great deal, for I am earnest for your help." The next day she saw many of her friends: great was the exercise she underwent on their account, and deep her sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, under which impressions her mouth was opened in a wonderful and affecting manner to speak to the states of those who came into her room.

A few days previous to her dissolution her sufferings became extreme, and though mercifully strengthened to endure them with much patience and resignation, she said, "I hope my patience will hold out—I fear I do not bear trial as I ought—It is not my wish to be relieved from suffering, but to bear it to the honour of my Lord: if he saw meet, he could relieve me—I only desire what will tend most to His glory." She seemed afraid that her friends paid too much attention to her wants, often saying, "You are all taken up with me—I wish some poor neglected one could have part of what I

receive;" and on one of her visiters remarking that she was comfortably situated, she answered, "Yes—I have every earthly comfort, but that will not satisfy the soul."

One of her dresses which had ruffles on the sleeves being put upon her, the sight of them seemed to affect her; she desired a pair of scissors to be brought, and had them cut off, saying, "O! these ruffles illy become dying hands." She also requested to have some ornamental articles of her dress burnt, observing, "They will be useful to no one—finery is indeed a great burden."

On the evening of the 10th of second month, she had the fourteenth chapter of John read to her, which had been her daily practice for some time previous. Her weakness rapidly increased; it was evident that the solemn change was near, and the family were collected around her dying-bed. To her husband she said, "The dear Saviour is the way—he is the door—knock and it shall be opened — all that will come may come." She took a most affectionate and impressive leave of her family, saying, "Farewell—farewell—love to all. The horses are come—the chariot of Israel, to carry me home. Take me to thyself, if thou hast purified. Happy—happy—happy! O, praise Him!—he is a God of love. These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

She called one in the room to her, and gave her sweet counsel, enjoining upon her to let the Lord have the first place in her affections, saying, "Love Him first—Him last—and through all—then all will go well." Presently after, as if all the energies of her dying frame were summoned to the effort, she broke forth in a loud voice, urging on those present the necessity of bowing to the cross of Christ: "The dear Saviour," said she, "hung nailed to the tree, bleeding for us—for our sins;" and afterwards, "It is hard work to die—but the sting of death is gone—thanks be to God—he hath given me the victory—O, help me to praise the Lord."

Thus, with an hymn of praise on her expiring lips, this dear young woman ceased to breathe on the morning of the 11th

of second month, 1835, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Her ransomed spirit, we joyfully believe, was received into the mansion prepared for it by Him who had so marvellously redeemed her unto himself, and is now one of that happy company who surround the throne of God and the Lamb, with the unceasing anthem of "Salvation, and glory, and honour, to Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever."

May this memorable instance of the uncertainty of life and of all temporal enjoyments; of the adorable mercy of God in Christ Jesus to the sincere penitent; and of the power of his blessed spirit in purifying the soul, weaning it from earthly attachments, filling it with the pure and precious consolations of the Gospel, and conferring on it a hope full of immortality and eternal life, encourage others to yield in unreserved obedience to the early visitations of heavenly love; that thus living in the fear and love of God, they may experience preservation from the snares which beset the paths of youth; know the light of Christ Jesus to be their safe guide through the trials and temptations of the present changeful life, and in the awful close have a well-grounded hope of admission into the mansions of eternal glory.

Thomas Hattersly, died at Hansworth Woodhouse, England, on the 16th of seventh month, 1843, aged 24 years.

He was brought up to the business of a teacher, in which he was employed for some years before his death, and his unwearied diligence, exemplary and upright deportment, and the concern he manifested for the religious welfare of the scholars, won for him in a remarkable degree their lasting esteem and affection. Early in 1843 he was attacked with pulmonary disease, which left little hope of his recovery, and separated him from his school, and those for whose well-being he had been so solicitous. The pupils felt this event keenly, and addressed to him several letters expressive of their affectionate interest and concern. In his reply he says, "Though you have

had line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, I have felt a wish that this further warning may not be lost upon you. You know that but a few short months ago, I seemed as healthy, as strong and as hearty as any of you; and as likely to reach old age as most. I had never, that I recollect, previous to that period, experienced three days' illness, except at school, when at least fifty other boys were laid upon a sick-bed. I mention these things to mark the contrast. I am now [labouring] under a complaint which has very often proved fatal; how it may terminate in my case, I know not. It may be supposed that I feel weary of sitting or reclining, day after day, not allowed to write, or to read but in the strictest moderation, but that is far from being the case. I am truly thankful [in being able] to say, that those silent and solitary hours have been passed with much pleasure and much profit."

His disease made rapid progress. On the 19th of sixth month, his sister enquiring whether he felt comfortable in the prospect before him, he replied, "Since I came here, I believe I may say it has been my constant prayer to be entirely resigned to the will of God; to have my past sins forgiven for the sake of Jesus Christ; to be purified from every defilement; that I might be preserved from [using] a mere form of words, without the heart accompanying them, and that, if it pleased the Almighty, I might have some evidence of my being forgiven. I think I may say I have had a great degree of resignation granted me, and at times a feeling of the presence of God in my prayers."

During times of much trial, he frequently expressed his sense of the presence of his blessed Redeemer being near to support him, and on one occasion said, "I have heard within me, more than once, the language, "Thy sins are forgiven thee for His name's sake."

On the 24th he expressed that he felt increased comfort from the renewed and clearer evidence he was favoured with that his sins were forgiven him by his gracious Saviour, who was both able and willing to save him; and at another time,

his sister remarking that he had looked very happy that day, and asking him if it was not so, he sweetly and calmly replied, "*Quiet trust.*" This precious state of mind seemed to be permitted to remain during the short remnant of his days, and his confiding and tranquil departure has left in the minds of his bereaved friends the consoling belief, that through the mercy of Him in whom he trusted, his blessed portion is, "quietness and assurance for ever."

ISAAC ALEXANDER, son of Thomas and Alice Alexander, of Bendrig, in Killington, Westmoreland, was a youth of sober and innocent deportment, and much engaged for the salvation of his soul. In the fourteenth year of his age, he was convinced of the principles of the Christian religion as held by the society of Friends, and joined in fellowship with that despised people. Continuing in patient obedience to the manifestations of the Spirit of Christ in his mind, he received a gift in the Gospel ministry, and about the seventeenth year of his age believed himself required to preach unto others the way of life and salvation, which he had found to his own unspeakable peace and consolation.

Being faithful in the exercise of the gift, he became an able minister of Christ, capable of dividing the word aright to the various conditions of those among whom he laboured; and freely devoting himself to the Lord's work, he visited nearly all the meetings of Friends in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, many of them more than once, to the satisfaction and edification of his brethren.

In the twenty-fifth year of his age his health began to decline, and though for a time he continued to get out to meetings, yet he was soon entirely confined. During the course of his illness he was enabled to show forth the blessed effects of the religion he had preached to others, and his mind being filled with that peace and consolation which the Lord is at times pleased to bestow on his obedient servants he seemed

raised above all pain and weakness, and enabled to triumph in Christ over death and the grave.

Several friends sitting by him on one occasion, his mind seemed contrited in humble admiration of the goodness of God in sending his beloved Son into the world to save us from our sins, and in freely giving to all a manifestation of his blessed spirit as a light and guide to them in the work of salvation, when he exclaimed, "To thee, O Lord, to thee be salvation and praise; this is a day of great salvation"—observing what a mercy it was that the Lord should visit us in our young years and make known the way of salvation to our souls. Again he remarked, "How good has the Lord been to me in the time of my sickness! Although I have formerly felt much of his power and presence, yet I never enjoyed such plenty thereof as since I have been visited with this sickness."

At another time he said, "O, what an excellent thing it is to keep in the Truth and visit one another in the life of it;" drawing a contrast between those who visit the sick in a serious and religious frame of mind, and such as go merely to talk upon common topics of conversation. Speaking to some of his brethren, he earnestly said, "Friends, get into an inward acquaintance with the Lord in spirit, for it is a good thing to retire to the Rock—there is safety—there is good standing, an excellent bottom and room enough. If any go out of the bounds of Truth, thinking thereby to bring others in, they will find themselves to be in slippery places. Beware of joining with false unsettled spirits."

Two friends sitting by him one day, and his heart being filled with the presence and love of God, he sang praises to Him in a heavenly manner, observing afterward, "My heart is full—though I can truly say I have no desire to speak but as I feel it spring from the Divine life." Again; "As I lay on my bed, very weak in body, I thought I could never die better, for I felt my salvation sealed unto me. O, love God—love God, for he is worthy. You may love anything else too much, but you can never love God too much. Oh! what hath he done for my soul! He hath given me everlasting comfort. It is enough—it is enough indeed."

"There are two things," said he, "which are my great satisfaction. The first is, that ever since the Lord manifested himself to me, I have freely given myself up to his requirings, and delivered his word faithfully; and have not sought to please men, neither did I look for great things. What I desired was, that I might have a place among the sanctified. Secondly, I have always been against libertine spirits, and have had no familiarity with them. These things are now my comfort."

At another time he broke forth in this manner: "Oh! I have seen glorious things, yea, such things as I never saw before—I beheld a friend lately deceased, in a glorious place, and that I was to be with him, and I said it is enough to be there. Oh! such salvation! I am glad I can say, O death, where is thy sting! and grave, where is thy victory!"

Some friends sitting by him, he related to them how the Lord had raised him up from nothing to bear a testimony for His name and Truth—and that wheresoever the Lord by his spirit had drawn him, he had endeavoured to follow him, and sought not favour or interest from men. He also warned the negligent to be diligent and faithful, and come up in the service of Christ; "for," said he, "the Lord will cause a dreadful day to overtake the disobedient and negligent. It is sealed to my soul that it hastens on apace!"

Being in great weakness of body, he said, "I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ; but the Lord's will be done. The Lord's presence is here." He gratefully acknowledged the Divine support and consolation he had experienced in the course of his illness, observing, "I never wanted comfort from the Lord in this time of sickness. Friends, it is an excellent thing to have a conscience void of offence towards God. Keep your hearts clean. I have discharged my duty to all people, so that I find nothing but that I am fully clear—I am fully clear."

A little while after he broke forth in melody to the Lord, praising his goodness and mercy, saying, "O, Lord God, though my exercises and pain of body abound, thy life and

power much more abounds and carries me over all. Worthy, worthy, worthy art thou, O Lord, of all honour, thanksgiving and praise." He fervently besought the Lord to be with all His faithful labourers the world over; and, if consistent with His blessed will, to grant him an easy passage out of this world. This petition was remarkably answered, for he soon fell into a sweet sleep, and after some hours awoke and requested a friend present to lay his head in a better position for dying, which being done, he said, "Now I will fall asleep" —and immediately departed this life, as though he had fallen into an easy slumber. He died the 12th of twelfth month, 1705, aged twenty-five years.

DANIEL BOWLY, Jr., son of Daniel and Sarah Bowly, of Cirencester, England, was a young man of good understanding and amiable disposition; the pliability of which, together with an employment which exposed him to many temptations, promoted a wide deviation in his conduct from the religious principles in which he had been educated. Of this deviation he became painfully sensible during the course of a long illness, which he acknowledged to be a mercy from that Divine providence whose fatherly care had many times preserved him from sudden death while unprepared.

In the commencement of his sickness, his mind seemed to be deeply affected with the danger of his situation, though he expressed but little. As the disorder increased, he remarked how exceedingly awful the prospect of the final change appeared, earnestly desiring that he might be prepared for eternity, and experience the Divine presence to be near, when the time came. He now saw that his past conduct had been very erroneous, which caused him much sorrow; but he observed that his supplications for forgiveness, during his illness, had been attended with such sweet refreshment as to induce the hope that they would be availing. Yet at other seasons, his sins appeared so great that he could hardly entertain a hope it would be well with him. "What can be ex-

pected," said he, "from a death-bed repentance? That is a time when all would gladly be saved. There will not, probably, be an opportunity given me of proving my sincerity by an amendment of life, so that men may doubt it; but the omniscient Being knoweth how far I am sincere, and I hope, if it really be so, it will be accepted by Him. Yet there is nothing equal to a proper dedication of time [while] in health."

At another time he said, "I hope the Almighty will forgive my sins. It is mercy alone that can save me, who have devoted so much of my time to business and the amusements of this world—pleasure, as it is generally called; but it is a strange sort of pleasure. It is pain, I feel it [to be] pain." Again, "What I have to deliver, is from a prospect of the awfulness of death, which in a short time will be my lot. Mankind in general are certainly under strong delusions; yet how kindly the Almighty condescends, from time to time, to give a degree of his light and help! But man may outlive this day of grace, which, through the merciful mediation of my dear Saviour, is now extended to me."

On another occasion he observed, "I long that my friends would begin the work of religion in the life of it: for if the first offers are slighted, Oh! how does the visitation deaden on the mind!" "How comfortable would it be to meet my relations in that state of happiness, where I believe a residence to be preparing for my soul. I believe the Almighty detains me here as an example of his great mercy, and as a warning to some; but I earnestly entreat that none will depend upon the same singular act of mercy." "All the friendships of this world must be given up—and if the mind be not illuminated with an immediate proof of the presence of our dear Saviour, yet it should be resigned, and prepare for the reception thereof, by a surrender of everything which does not appear consistent with a state of preparation."

At one time he remarked, "In the forepart of my illness, a few times, I asked for recovery if consistent with the Divine will, with desires to be strengthened to lead a different life

from my past, and serve that good Master whose doctrines I have, as it were, trampled under foot; but I have since seen the favour it may be to me, to be taken from such a trial." "What a favour it is to be members of our society! Its rules forbid nothing that is good for us. How earnestly do I wish that my near connexions in particular may keep to the truth! Though the path may appear hard at first, yet as they follow their Leader with a single eye, it will become more easy. There may be times of withdrawing of the Divine presence, and then the enemy will seek to enter; but by earnest supplication, preservation will be granted, and at times, a comforting foretaste of future happiness—the prospect of getting every day nearer to such an incomprehensible reward, is a favour beyond expression."

"How little satisfaction results from a life of pleasure; attending places of diversion, &c. Ah! the disappointments such meet with! I believe bitter portions are often their lot." Observing also, that he had been struck with the conviction, when at those places of amusement, that he was far more blameable than his companions, who had not had so guarded an education, and however innocently some of them might go, it was not so with him.

One morning, inquiring if to-morrow would not be meeting day, and being answered in the affirmative, he said, "I almost long to go. How pleasant is the thought of being retired there from the world, when the generality of the people are in the height of its engagements. How foolish and unwise are men who are bartering their souls for gold,—paltry gold! The too eager pursuit of it, is a great hurt to some of our society. If I were to recover, and found business stood in my way to peace of mind, I would give it up entirely, or do but little and live accordingly. What signifies grandeur, or curious food? The taste goes no further than the mouth, and then it is over. If some men heard me talk thus, they would think me foolish; but in this I am wise, and know what I say."

A friend asking him how he did, he replied, "I am very weak, but I hope I shall be willing to bear every thing the

Almighty may be pleased to lay upon me, so that I can but just get within the gates of peace." At another time, "I wish I had served my dear Saviour in my health! Oh! he is a kind Master. How much time have I lost! How distressing must be the situation of those who are sleeping the sleep of death, until the last trumpet be sounded in their ears!"

Several friends being in his chamber one evening, he spoke of the gift of the Holy Spirit which is dispensed to all mankind through our Lord Jesus Christ, and earnestly recommended an immediate compliance with its sacred discoveries; "for," said he, "since these illuminations are not at our command, it is very unsafe to trifle with them, by giving way to the suggestions of the enemy; but rather [let us] resign whatever may be called for,"—adding, "Can we not return a part to Him who gave the whole? What if it deprive us of a few luxuries? We can have but food and raiment, which only differ a little in kind between rich and poor."

"Our profession," said he, "is a very exalted one, and if we keep to it, would make us as lights in the world. Our religion teaches us to believe in immediate communication with God, through his beloved Son, which is an unspeakable privilege to all who attend to it; and wonderful condescension, that he who is Lord of all, should thus notice poor man, and time after time, be visiting [us] with the offers of his mercy, to insure our happiness. [These] visitations we should be very careful not to reject, as being a common favour, and think we will accept them at some future time; for though the Almighty is long-forbearing and delighteth in mercy, we know not when may be the last offer of his grace to assist us in the work of salvation. What a dreadful thing would it be to withstand the last!"

Speaking of the evidence he had of his future peace, he said, "I have a clear view that I shall be received into the kingdom of rest and peace. I see the gates of heaven standing open to receive me, and thousands of the just waiting to embrace me. I desire but just to get within the pales of safety, to be in the presence of the Lord, and to behold his

glorious countenance. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Christ taketh away the sting of death. My dear Saviour is reconciled to me—I know he is. His mercy is very great. I cannot speak enough of his mercy."

It being remarked, how rapidly the preceding three weeks had passed, he replied, "Yes, and perhaps there are some who have not done anything in the time; which is a serious consideration, for in one week a man may be taken sick and die, and if we do not close in with the visitations of God, in time, we shall be lost for ever." Again, "Let us be earnest in making ready for the glorious kingdom of rest and peace, where, Oh, that we may enter! And all may if they will. Let us endeavour to do a little every day; let none be discouraged, though their progress in religion may be slow, yet let them keep on in their little way. I believe our kind Saviour may, at times, withdraw his sensible presence from us to try how our faith will continue; yet if we hold on, our reward at last will be great, as much as those who feel a present one."

At another time he said, "Be religious, and then you will have our Saviour's arm to lean upon: Oh! he is a merciful Saviour! I have found him such; an easy Master, a kind Friend. Ah! how I regret that I neglected serving him for some years. Think what a superior education we have had, to most; what a nice institution is ours—the peculiar institution of God, and I believe it is not to die away, although some of our society have gone from it, for whom I am sorry."

"I believe great advantage may arise from frequently comparing time with eternity; an awful eternity! It appears to me exceedingly awful! Heaven and hell are placed before us. We have our choice; and we know what wretches hell is composed of—foul minds, full of remorse for ever, for their worm never dieth. On the other hand, in heaven there is great harmony. Oh! I have had beautiful prospects! I have seen the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of good men. But how is it? We are ashamed of not comply-

ing with man, and not ashamed of doing so to God. We can apologize to men, and say we are sorry we did not do so or so, and we can directly commit neglect before God, and feel no sorrow for it. Oh! what mercy there is! In great wisdom and unspeakable kindness is the good Mediator given, to reconcile us and work redemption in us. Do not let us fear man; what is he? Look upon *me*, and see a poor weak thing that can hardly speak."

After this he was much exhausted, and desiring to be put to bed, uttered the following short ejaculation: "O Lord God Almighty, be thou pleased to look down upon, and be with us." It was with difficulty he got to bed, and for some hours his symptoms seemed to threaten dissolution, but after having slept some time he revived.

Cautioning some of his friends to beware of the incumbrances and fatigues of business, he observed, "It will not do for those who have been all the week in the hurry of business, to go to meeting and appear before the Lord in form only. A man whose time is wholly engrossed in business in common, [although] he goes to meeting pretty constantly, and sits there two hours, yet it is to be feared his thoughts will be engaged on that which takes up the greater part of his time; and if it be so, it is great mockery of God. Neither will it do to go in an outward show of dress and address, if not true worshippers of the Lord in spirit and in truth. They must daily give up their minds to him — daily retire to worship him. I know a man ought to provide for his family, and carry on a proper business, which I believe to be right, but it should by no means be the first object, for riches will be nothing in the end. What would I give now for all the world? Nothing at all."

"I don't regard what the natural man may advance in opposition to the doctrine of giving up all for the sake of religion. I am now upon the brink of death to the body, but opening into the life of the spirit. I am going to live for ever; and I am certain nothing will do but giving up every earthly obstruction for the cause of God. Make him a sacri-

fice; offer up all you have; offer up your lives to Him, as Christ did His for your sakes and mine. Perhaps some may, from the strength of health and abilities, be ready to conclude that what I say proceeds from weakness. I know it does not, but that it is the truth, and you will all find that it is so: that man who trusts to the strength of his own mind or natural understanding, will be wrong, for nothing will do without God. Now remember this; think of it upon your death-bed, and you will feel that it is true."

The 12th of the eighth month he said to one of his sisters, "How many times have I been preserved from death! times more than I can remember. Ah! how often, sister, have some of us been raised, as it were, from death. We should often think of it, and how we have answered the kind intention. It may not be so again. The next may be the last time. Then do let us begin to prepare and do everything that is required of us. I believe plainness of dress is. We are indeed a chosen people, and what may not be wrong in others, is so in us. Plainness of dress is an hedge about us. The world is not then seeking our company. Do remember what our Saviour said, 'Whosoever denieth me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven.'" After this he impressively said, "The enemy is still very busy with his insinuations, and would persuade me that all is done, and so lead to neglect; but I must watch and pray to the end, and be very earnest with the Almighty to continue his favours and that he will support me through all."

For some time he was proved with deep poverty of spirit, added to great bodily weakness, but he earnestly desired to be favoured with patience; observing, "It is very trying to bear such great lowness and sinking of body and mind. What can I do but endeavour patiently to bear it, looking constantly to the Almighty?" His strength being considerably increased for a few days, the possibility of a recovery was mentioned to him, which seemed almost more than he could bear, but after a pause he said, "In this also I will endeavour to seek after resignation, and keep mine eye to my Saviour, who I ardently

hope will now take me, having in kind mercy so prepared me for my change. Can it be, after the near prospect I have had [of death,] that I shall enter life again? I must endeavour, earnestly endeavour, after patience." Some hours after, being asked how he was, he replied, "I feel myself quite resigned. I have supplicated for patience, and hope I shall be contented to live if it be the Lord's will. I know he can preserve and keep me. Indeed I have experienced such resignation, that I think I could feel pleasure in living, that I might bear my cross in the world."

He was preserved in a state of humble, patient waiting, and expressed but little for some days, but the sweetness and solidity of his deportment evinced that his spirit was centred to the Source of Divine life. On the 1st of ninth month he remarked, "The state I expect to enter is that of calmness and peace, divine peace; the purest spirituality. I hope to live in the presence of God and to feel constant support from him, and I do not wish to know more." The following day he was very weak, and left his chamber with reluctance. Soon after, he was seized with so violent a fit of coughing, that the hour of his dissolution seemed near at hand. In a short respite from the paroxysms, he triumphantly said—"I am happy—I am happy—If I never speak more, give my dear love in Christ Jesus to all my friends." After getting into bed he remarked, "Death is awful! very awful! but I have full faith in my foundation."

At another time, "I believe my dear Saviour is ready to receive me into purity, and that is what all good minds desire to enter into." In the evening, some one remarking how hard it rained, he said, "I like to hear it—the sound of it is solemn—it is the work of the Almighty. The withdrawing of the sun, and darkness, is like what good souls experience in the work of redemption, when Divine light is withdrawn from them. In these seasons, what strange ideas is the mind tried with such as are very apt to cast down the timid—but there is a sweet support sustains, though at such times not sensibly felt." On the 3d, he seemed anxious to be gone and

prayed thus: "O, Lord God Almighty! have pity upon me. It was thou who created both soul and body." Some time after, he said to a near friend, "I believe the enemy has now almost done with me."

On the 4th, he was very weak, but calm and composed, remarking that he was going to the Father and the Son, and bade his friends farewell. About twelve o'clock, he took an affectionate leave of two cousins who waited on him, and his voice became so weak that little he said could be heard: the last sentence which was distinctly understood, proved as a seal to the foregoing truths, viz: "I have the satisfaction to say that I have been washed in Jordan." He put off mortality in the manner for which he had often prayed, without a groan or even a sigh, aged twenty-five years and eight months.

HANNAH QUINBY was the daughter of Josiah Quinby, of North Castle, Westchester county, New York. She was enabled, through Divine assistance, to maintain an innocent life and conversation, was an example of obedience to her parents from childhood, a diligent attender of religious meetings, and would often use her endeavours to excite her brothers and sisters to faithfulness in the same important duty, and also to the frequent perusal of the Holy Scriptures. She was favoured with the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted good health until the summer of 1820, when she took a heavy cold, attended with cough, which continued for several months, and terminated in consumption.

She was confined to the house nearly three months, and in the early part of her illness apprehended her recovery doubtful, and was often under close exercise of mind, yet she said little as to her future prospects.

About the beginning of the second month, 1821, she appeared like one who had gained that victory over sin, which is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to the humble and penitent seeker. Having through adorable mercy

received an evidence of salvation, she expressed her entire resignation to the Divine will, and that the feeling of her mind was joy and quietness, evincing the truth of that saying of the Psalmist, "The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and the upright in heart shall glory."

Although the peace of God which passeth the understanding, and love to Him and to all her fellow-creatures seemed the almost constant clothing of her redeemed spirit, yet there were seasons in which she was tried with doubts and fears, saying, "I am afraid that I am deceived—my peace is so great—I am fearful that I have not suffered enough to be worthy of the peace and comfort I now enjoy." The pain and languor of a long and tedious illness she bore with Christian patience, and was never heard to murmur, or utter a complaint, but freely and cheerfully submitted to the disposal of that kind Providence who doeth all things well.

On the 7th of the second month, recovering from a fainting fit, she said, "Oh! that I might lay down my head in the mansions of bliss—it is all I ask—It is all I desire"—then addressing the family—"I want you to prepare for such an hour as this—it will soon overtake you—when the grasshopper shall be a burden—Although Paul may plant and Apollos water, it is God that giveth the increase." Alluding to the care that had been taken of her in sickness, and the exertions used for her recovery, she proceeded; "You have had the physician and done all you can for me—Oh! don't mourn for me—don't hold me, if my time is come. Oh! the sweet love that I feel to flow towards you, my dear brothers, was never so strong as since I have been cast on this bed of sickness. I want you to go to meeting—you will never have cause to repent of it. May you love one another and not provoke each other, and if provoked do not revile—it is better to suffer wrong than do wrong."

The 9th, she expressed as follows: "The day is approaching when we must all appear before the tribunal bar of Justice, there to be tried for the deeds done in the body. If I had a thousand—yea—ten thousand worlds, what would it

avail me in such an hour as this—they would be no more than a drop from the bucket, or as the dust of the balance. O, my dear brothers, I want you to endeavour to live in the fear of the Lord, for one hour in his presence is worth a thousand elsewhere; his hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor his ear heavy that it cannot hear. Dear father and mother, I want you to be faithful, that we may meet in the mansions of bliss."

To her brothers and sisters she said, "I have craved that you may be preserved from going in the road that leads to destruction. I desire you to choose the Lord for your portion, and the God of Jacob for the lot of your inheritance. It will be like crowns upon your heads, and chains of gold about your necks. I want you to give up while you are young and forsake the vanities and pleasures of this world—in so doing, you will never have cause to repent. Cast your care upon Him while you are young, for youth are not exempt from the stroke of death—you now behold it. Oh! the comfort I have taken on this bed of sickness—I feel as if I had been in heavenly places in Christ Jesus—don't mourn for me, but rather mourn for yourselves. It seems as if his everlasting arm was round about you—there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there, who sits as a refiner to purify the sons of Levi. Oh! that you may be healed and cleansed, that your robes may be made white as wool. He is not a God afar off, but he is near. I know what I say. My heart glows with love towards you, that have grown up with me. May you forsake the friendships and pleasures of this world, for the day is approaching when we must all appear before the bar of Divine justice, there to give an account for the deeds done in the body. We cannot do the work one for another, but each [of us] must do his own work; be entreated to take his yoke upon you, for his yoke is easy and his burden is light. I want you to give up while young; there is no time so acceptable as in the days of youth; I have experienced it; and what a comfort it has been to me on this bed of sickness! it has eased my pains and made my bed comparable to a bed of roses."

On the morning of the 16th of third month, she seemed nearly gone, but reviving a little, said, "Sweet Jesus, give me ease, for in Thee is life and peace; thou art near at hand to succour all those that put their trust in Thee." Soon after this, she took an affectionate and solemn leave of all the family, earnestly pressing on them the necessity of being faithful to the revealed will of God, and that a preparation for everlasting happiness must be effected while here. "There is no returning," said she, "to tread the path over again; there is no repentance hereafter; I fervently desire that all may be engaged to begin this great work."

It seemed difficult for her fully to convey to her brothers the ardent solicitude she felt for them, saying, "Do remember your Creator in the morning of your days. I want you to choose the good that you may lay down your heads in peace." To the eldest she said, "I want thee to be faithful in the discharge of thy duty to the younger branches of the family. I think much depends on thy faithfulness in encouraging them to attend meetings, and in keeping them together on the first day of the week." Some of the neighbours coming in, she addressed them: "Dear people, the day is approaching when you must appear before your final Judge, and there be tried for the deeds done in the body."

Several near connexions coming to visit her, she imparted suitable advice to them, exhorting to faithfulness in the discharge of manifested duty; after which she was very quiet and calm, as one whose day's work was nearly done, and with much sweetness ejaculated, "O Father, now let thy servant depart in peace." On the 18th she said to a person present, "I desire thee to put away pernicious books, and to read good books, and attend religious meetings. If thou wilt truly confess thy sins, they will be blotted out and remembered no more; although they be as scarlet or as crimson dye, they will be washed and made white as wool or snow." She then observed to him, "What an awful thing it would be when brought before the bar of the Almighty, to hear the voice, Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I know you not—and

then to be cast into utter darkness, where will be weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Thou hast no more lease for thy life than I have."

She then addressed her father, saying, "I desire thy everlasting welfare. Oh! that thou mayest lay down thy head in peace." And to her mother, "Don't mourn for me; I shall be better off." The day before she died she observed to her parents, "I must leave you. The Lord will bless you; he has blessed you." A few minutes before her departure, with great sweetness of spirit, she took a last leave of her mother, embraced her in her arms, and said, "I must leave thee," and looking on those around her with a solemn and composed countenance, without a sigh, quietly breathed her last, entering, as we have no doubt, into that everlasting rest of which she was permitted to enjoy a blessed foretaste.

She died the 24th of the third month, 1821, aged twenty-five years.

John Pim, son of Samuel and Margaret Pim, of Waterford, in Ireland, was a young man of an amiable disposition. He was early deprived by death of his beloved father, and after serving his apprenticeship in Cork with fidelity, he returned to Waterford and resided with his mother and sisters, to whom he was an affectionate son and brother. He inherited considerable property, and did not engage in any business. His leisure presented a temptation to indulge in some amusements which were adverse to the increase of true religion in his heart. He took particular delight in hunting, an employment very far from promotive of that meekness and tenderness of spirit, and that watchfulness and circumspection, which are incumbent on all who profess to be the followers of Christ; and which so highly become us, as dependent creatures, liable, as in the twinkling of an eye, to be summoned before the tribunal of Infinite justice. In the midst of prosperity and enjoyment, in the 25th year of his age, he was suddenly arrested by mortal disease. He was taken ill on the 13th of the

seventh month, 1811. During the four following days, his physicians employed every means which appeared likely to relieve him, but in vain. For a short time some favourable effect appeared to be produced, but symptoms of extreme danger quickly returned, and his situation was pronounced to be beyond the reach of human aid. On being apprized of this, his agitation and anxiety indicated a strong sense of the awful prospect that opened before him. To one of his sisters he said, "My dear sister, the sentence is passed! 'Tis an awful thing to die! Dost thou think I can make my peace with God?" earnestly repeating the inquiry, "Can I make my peace?" desiring his sisters to pray for him. He exclaimed, "I am in such pain, I am afraid I cannot pray for myself as I ought! When I might have prayed, I did not do it as often as I should." He bade his mother and sisters farewell, saying, "Farewell, once more, whilst I am able to speak, for by and by I shall not be able." He said, "What a blessing health is, and how many thousands there are who trifle with it! If I had but a short time longer, I would devote it to the service of the Lord. I am a sinner, a miserable sinner! though I have not committed any of what the world calls gross sins, yet I have neglected serving the Almighty as I should have done. He is a most gracious God, worthy to be served. It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than to enjoy all the gratifications of this world." He then prayed earnestly, "Oh Lord! be pleased, if consistent with thy will, to make me the very lowest doorkeeper in thy house." And then, as though sensible of some degree of access to Him who heareth prayer, he said, "Oh, I have a most merciful Saviour to deal with me!" To a friend whom he much and justly esteemed, he said, "I might have taken thy warning: thou now seest the state I am in. What shall I do? How long dost thou think I can continue?" On being told the time was reduced to hours, he seemed awfully affected; and exclaimed, "I have *so much* to do, and time is *so short*."

On being asked what he had to do, he replied, "I have my peace to make, and to settle my outward affairs, but that

seems impossible to be done now." On being told that much could be done in a little time, if he could be composed, he said, "Dost thou think so?" and then gave directions for that purpose. After he was relieved from this last worldly care, he appeared more tranquil, and endured his bodily sufferings with patient submission. To a friend who stood by his bedside, he expressed, with much feeling, his sense of the awfulness of his situation. On being reminded that the Lord is merciful, he exclaimed, "O mercy, mercy!" and sometimes, as if enabled to *lay hold* of this mercy, in a sense of its extension towards himself, he added, "For thy mercy endureth for ever:" yet thinking himself unworthy of it, on account of his own forgetfulness. To the same friend he very sweetly observed, "Ah! thou often advised me, if I had but minded it. Do pray for me—wilt not thou pray for me? I am a great sinner—shall I obtain salvation?" He acknowledged that the errors of his past life were fully brought into his view, and deeply affected him; and that it grieved him that he had not attended week-day meetings; but hoped the young people would now attend them, and that they would before long be different from what they had been; intimating that his illness and death ought to be a warning and produce a change.

After repeatedly mentioning his desire to see his aunt, and being told she was come, he answered, with emphasis, "Bring her up, bring her up with the family." She came immediately—and then addressing her, he said, "My dear aunt, I wished to see thee; I am about to die. It is an awful thing to die! pray for me! stay by me, and see me die, if thou canst bear it. Oh, I have a short warning! if I were spared a little longer, I would live a very different life."

Several young men, his relatives and intimate associates, being present, he took an affectionate farewell of them, and declared his hope, that his death would deeply impress on their minds the uncertainty of all things here; adding, "they are vanity! yea, lighter than vanity! and all the pleasures of this world are but for a moment."

On seeing a particular friend, he said, "My dear ——, I

wish thou hadst come sooner; tell thy sons, with my love, to read this lesson, and take care of themselves:" and to his immediate relatives he repeatedly said, "*Serve the Lord.* I hope through mercy, I shall be admitted into the Lord's vineyard: at first it seemed very hard for me to die; but I now find it has been made easy, more so than I thought was possible. Oh! I have a most merciful Saviour to deal with me: now I can testify that my Redeemer liveth. I hope we shall all meet in Heaven." He further remarked, "Oh! when the awful sentence was passed 'Time to thee shall be no longer,' I had as little thought this morning of being in the state I now am, as any one here," and expressed his fear that some present were not prepared; often desiring, that those about him, and every one, might be instructed, particularly the youth. To a young man, who was much affected with this impressive scene, he said, "Be prepared, be prepared;" recommending that none should defer making their peace till a dying hour, and added, "What can be expected from a death-bed repentance? It is only to serve ourselves. Oh! He only that rules in heaven above and in the earth beneath, is worthy to be served, for his mercy endureth for ever, even to the very ends of the earth."

He several times said, "Farewell, farewell, in the Lord! I hope we shall all meet in a better place:" and near the close he said, "I have no doubt, no, not the smallest doubt of an entrance into rest," or words to the same effect.

During the last solemn and deeply interesting hours of this dear young man's life, several friends were favoured to join his wrestling spirit in supplication; this appeared consoling to him, and we humbly trust was regarded by the Shepherd of Israel, whose compassions fail not.

Mary Ann Harris, wife of John Harris, of Darlington, England, deceased the 11th of fifth month, 1838, aged 26 years.

Her removal presents a striking proof of the uncertainty of

all temporal things, and the necessity of having the affections fixed on heaven. She was married a short time before her death, and in every respect comfortably settled in life — but was soon laid upon a bed of languishing, and called to leave all her earthly enjoyments. But the messenger of death did not find her unprepared. She had been taught in the school of Christ the value of true religion, and frequent attacks of illness had led her to anticipate, at no distant period, the full fruition of its blessings in another world.

The following memorandum, made on her 22nd birth-day, will serve to illustrate the exercise of her mind : "I have been reading over the notes I made on my last [birth-day] and I wish to draw a comparison between my feelings then and at the present time. I desire this self-examination may be made in sincerity, meekness and humility. I think I can say that I feel I have greatly erred by not more diligently persevering in watchfulness unto prayer. I believe the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit has very often been shed upon me, and the still small voice has sounded in my mental ear, 'Come, that thou mayest have life.' Alas! how much have I lost by not giving more heed to the heavenly Monitor. I feel more than ever I did before that my heart is very corrupt, and that of myself, I can do nothing to cleanse it. Yet, I feel hope and comfort in those precious words, 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Oh, I desire and fervently pray that I may know my heart to be sprinkled with that blood.

"Fourth month 12th, first-day. A precious day to those who love the Lord. I trust I have in some degree been enabled to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and I have indeed longed to know more of this worship—I have this evening been sweetly favoured in prayer. O it is a delightful and unspeakably gracious privilege thus to be permitted and even required to pour out all our wants and weaknesses, all our trials, all our hopes and fears, before one who is ever ready both to hear and to help. My heart is joyful, for I am as it were resting beneath the covert of my Father's wing. How refreshing are such seasons as these—how they show forth the goodness of

the Lord! But I must not expect it always thus—I know that in the world I shall find tribulation, if in the world to come I would have life eternal. Dearest Father! for the Saviour's sake, guide me by thy Holy Spirit in all things. Show me the way in which I must walk—Strengthen and uphold me in the hour of temptation, and enable me to give myself wholly unto thee."

On her 26th birth-day, she remarks, "I have again had the prospect of an awful eternity brought very near to my view. I have again seen the vanity and insufficiency of all earthly things; and, (Oh that my heavenly Father may enable me to perform it,) I have again resolved, looking, I trust, for help from above, to enter into fresh covenant with the Lord, to devote myself to Him in everything."

During her illness her mind was sweetly sustained in peace, a favour which she frequently acknowledged with feelings of deep gratitude to her heavenly Father. On one occasion, when alluding to the early visitations of Divine grace to her soul, she said, "When I was about 8 years of age, my dear father, who was then upon his death-bed, took me by the hand, and after imparting much affectionate counsel, encouraged me to trust in the Lord, who would be a Father to me—adding 'He is a Father to the fatherless.' Though I have been a poor wandering creature, yet this has been fulfilled to me all my life long."

Alluding to the peaceful state of her mind, she said, "From the first, I have never been permitted to doubt. The love of my heavenly Father seems always around me. I feel afraid of returning to the things of time, having been favoured to resign them all. I have no strength of my own. I often think it quite a miracle that one so poor and weak, should be permitted to trust so entirely in the mercy of my Redeemer." At another time, "I am like a little child, casting all my care upon my heavenly Father. He will not suffer me to be deceived. I feel his love around me. I often think what a mercy it is my mind has been so long preparing for this solemn change."

On the day of her death, her sufferings became extreme, and she prayed for a little relief, saying: "O most merciful Father, give me a little ease. Blessed Saviour, take me in mercy. Grant me patience — thou knowest my sufferings. O most merciful Father, send the moment of release." Again she exclaimed, "O most merciful Father, take me—O take me." She soon after peacefully passed away, giving evidence that unto her the victory was granted through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The subject of the following memoir, ANNE HARFORD LURY, was the daughter of John and Sarah Lury, of Bristol.

She was of a retiring disposition, but possessed a kind and affectionate heart. A tenderness of conscience and scrupulous adherence to truth, marked her character in very early life. A few pieces which she then wrote, show the thoughtful habit of her mind, and induce the belief, that even in childhood she was frequently engaged in self-examination.

About the close of the year 1808, she lost her dear father, an event which appears to have made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. In one of her memoranda, dated in the year 1811, she mentions his decease; accompanied with a desire to meet on that angelic shore, where, in his Saviour's presence, she believed him to be partaking of unmixed joy. At this time she appeared to be often engaged in religious meditation, in watching against the assaults of the enemy of her soul, and in seeking for ability to live in the fear of the Lord.

In the year 1812, it pleased Divine Providence to visit her with a fever: during the course of this illness, she passed through some mental exercise, which tended to bring her increasingly under the power of Redeeming Love. From this period it became more evident to those around her, that her thoughts were frequently abstracted from terrestrial objects and selfish considerations, and fixed on Him whom to know is life eternal; and that he was gradually drawing her nearer to Himself.

In 1816 her sister Maria died with consumption, when about fourteen years of age. In a letter to a friend after this afflicting event, she mentioned that she found she must not dare to grieve, for it was the Lord's will; and she believed it was designed as a signal mercy to herself. In another letter she says, "My feelings and affections appeared to be superior to natural ties, and my heart seemed fixed on heaven, resolved on dedication. I felt death to be awful; and thought I might be the next; that this might only be the prelude to my own: I cannot give thee an idea how I felt at the interment; exquisite natural feeling, refined or checked by the command, 'Be still.' We had a very impressive opportunity. Nearly all the young Friends in Bristol attended, and I think every heart must have felt the occasion."

From this time her health became impaired, and she was incapacitated for much exertion, being frequently confined as an invalid. It is a pleasing and consoling reflection, that during the whole course of her illness, the early impressions of religious feeling were gradually deepening, and the preparation for that awful change which a few short years were to produce, was proceeding in her heart. In some memoranda made in the latter end of 1816 she says, in speaking of true religion—

"I understand it to be a faithful and willing following of our Lord and Saviour. I do believe that every sincere heart will be shown its respective line of duty. My duty, I feel persuaded, is to be still, and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. I do not entertain this opinion of duty from education or from prejudice; but I feel it to be the will of God revealed in the secret of my soul. When blessed with this *silence of all flesh*, when self is laid in the deepest abasement, and I know no will of my own, no secret aspiration or desire but what the Divine influence immediately inspires, then and then only, do I feel perfect peace, and a blessed foretaste of the saints' rest.

"I think it very dangerous for a tender mind to be searching into different doctrines and controversies. I find that the

enemy is sometimes endeavouring to stagger my faith, and on these points I have so great a disposition to reason, that I am afraid to take up a book of the kind."

After alluding to the baptism of the Spirit as the only saving baptism, and expressing her belief that those whose minds are Divinely enlightened would feast largely in stillness on the saints' communion, she adds, "they would need no outward ceremony, they would know that they might obtain redemption and remission of sins, and acceptance with God the Father, through the merits and intercession of his Son Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the whole world, who gave himself for us, and died on the cross that we might obtain salvation. 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' said Christ to the multitudes. 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls: for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.'"

In a memorandum dated 2nd month, 1817, she says—

"I have often felt anxious to know what is real religion, and have entreated my heavenly Guide to lead me into it, however painful the surrender of heart and life may be; for I find that without it, there is no true and lasting peace to be found, and no preparation for the enjoyment of the Divine presence in a state of perfect holiness hereafter.

"I have at different times, been desirous to know whether that profession in which I have been educated is the right one for me to retain, or whether any other form of worship will be more acceptable to God from me. I believe my secret prayers were accepted by Him who knew the sincerity in which they were addressed. After waiting to be instructed, my desires are, at length, fully answered; *mine* must be a religion of stillness and total *resignation* of self; that whether the feeling of devotion be that of prayer, praise, gratitude or adoration, I must be immediately influenced by the Spirit of Christ, before I can feel union and communion with my heavenly Father; this, whether words are used or not, constitutes the *essence of worship*. I feel convinced, whatever the outward

form of worship may be, the only true and acceptable offering is a *sacrifice of the heart;* and the more I feel of a devotional spirit, the more I am led *to be still*, and not to look for instrumental aid; for I feel that Christ, the inward Teacher and Comforter, is all-sufficient, and that he is waiting to do me good."

The disposition of this dear young Friend was so retired, that little was known of the state of her mind; though enough remains of her memoranda to show that mental conflicts and discouragements at times attended her for the trial of her faith in Him, whom she was ultimately enabled fully to rely on as her stay and support, her Comforter and Redeemer, her only "Hope of glory."

In the year 1820, the complaint from which she was suffering, advanced so greatly, that hope of her eventual recovery was no longer cherished. During this time she felt much consolation from religious meditation, and manifested a desire that those around her might be brought more seriously to consider their eternal interests. She occasionally disclosed her views of the vanity of all sublunary things, and the incomparable importance of those which were to endure through all eternity, pressing her friends to use all diligence to make their calling and election sure.

On the 9th of the eighth month, 1820, she said, "Mother, I wish to explain more fully my answer to thee the other day, respecting the state of my mind. About two weeks ago I felt myself so extremely ill and declining, that I apprehended I might not be afforded much more time. I then queried with myself, 'Am I in a fit state to meet perfect purity?' I felt uncomfortable, and was made sensible of my extreme mental weakness. No human help was likely to avail me; no works of my own were at all availing. After some time I was made sensible that if I placed my reliance on the Redeemer, all would be well. The words, 'Look unto me and be ye saved,' came forcibly into my mind.

"Since that time I have been so happy, no one can tell or even think. I want no outward sacraments; though at one

time I thought there was a need of it. I have found great comfort in reading the Scriptures to myself: many times I have not been in a fit state to receive good; at others, when I have been uncomfortable or under discouragement, some beautiful passages have been presented, which were very consoling, such as 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.' 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'"

About a week afterwards, writing to a friend, she says, "I hang almost between time and eternity; everything seems for the latter, but I know God is all-powerful, and may be pleased to restore me. I do not see the end fully, but I rely on Him. My anticipations of approaching beatitude are sweet and frequent, and more calm, more bright, than I can express.

"In this awful moment, in past sickness, in comparative health, I have been taught that God is the best, the only safe Guide. To be a child of His, we must give up to do his will, at least to strive to do it without reserve."

The awful change from time to eternity, anticipated in the above letter, was yet distant about two months; it occurred on the 28th of the tenth month, 1820. On the day preceding, observing her sister, she said, "Dear Sarah, I cannot enough impress on your minds the vanity and folly of the world;" and repeated something to the same effect, when her younger sisters came into the room. During the few previous weeks, she often spoke of the blissful state that awaited her; and to one of her aunts she observed, "Floods of bliss were in store for her." But it was not until the night previous to her death, that she felt fully at liberty to express her feelings: she then aroused in an unusual manner, describing with animation, how happy and delightful her prospects were, and her gratitude to her Redeemer for having thus early prepared her. "I impute," said she, "nothing to the creature, I impute all to the Creator; I place all my hope of mercy in the merits of our Saviour, in faith in his birth, his miracles, his death, his resurrection and ascension, his mediation and redemption."

Almost in an ecstacy of pleasure, she said, "My prospects are bright, very bright; you may try to imagine, but you can have no conception of my delight."

After having spoken for some time, she took an affectionate leave of several of her relatives individually. She requested to have the chapter of the Revelations read, containing the words, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they?" While the chapter was sought for, she fell asleep; in which state she continued several hours, and at length, without again speaking, quietly breathed her last.

ANNE ASHWORTH, of Poynton near Stockport, England, deceased the 2nd of fifth month, 1838, aged twenty-six years. She was the wife of Thomas Ashworth and daughter of Thomas and Rebecca Christy. Her health having become very delicate, she endured much suffering, and several times expressed her apprehension that she should not recover. Early in the first month, 1838, a slight hemorrhage from the lungs appeared to awaken her mind to a still deeper sense of the uncertainty of her life, and much conflict of mind ensued. She remarked to her husband, "It is an awful thing to be placed as between time and eternity!" and the language of her exercised mind, was, "What shall I do to be saved?" In endeavouring to attain a state of resignation to the Divine will under the prospect of leaving her beloved husband and babe, she passed through many conflicts, in allusion to which she afterward remarked, "None can tell what I passed through;" but she was enabled to add, They are now no tie to me.

Although her mind was mostly in a calm and settled state, yet as her disease made progress, she greatly desired to feel a clearer assurance of her acceptance, and writing to one of her sisters, she said, "I fear my dear brothers and sisters think too highly of my religious attainments. Surely it requires great preparation of heart to be made fit for that pure and holy place—Oh! do not weep, but pray for me!"

On the 19th of 3rd month, she said to her husband; "It seems hard to bear these pains: my only regret is to leave thee—but I cannot look back, all seems so gloomy, and to look forward so pleasant: Heaven must be a blessed place. We read, eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. Oh! that I may have patience, and never allow a murmur to come from my lips. On the 8th of the 4th month, she said, "I feel that I must be entirely resigned to the will of the Almighty, whether I ever get better or not. I endeavour to press forward; and in doing so, I find the greatest peace and comfort, but I dare not look back into the world." Some days after, her father asking her if she felt resigned to go and leave all, she replied, "I am willing to leave all, but I feel greatly for my dear husband: I dare not let my thoughts go back into the world for a moment; if I do, I cannot be comfortable until I get back to that which is good." At another time, when several of her relations were present, she said, "I would have you all begin now to have your peace made with the Lord. Be careful when you go to meetings to avoid restlessness and unsettlement, and remember who it is you go there to worship. Oh, I have felt such support during my illness, and at times such peace, I can hardly describe it; yet, at other times, I have felt much poverty."

She several times expressed the comfort she had experienced in silently waiting upon the Almighty in our religious meetings; but added, "I have not always employed my time and thoughts profitably." On the afternoon of the 22nd of 4th month, several of her relations being around her bed, she said, "I hope all my brothers and sisters will begin *now*, in time of health, to make their peace with the Lord, for a sick bed is not the time. Some may say, sickness and pain bring us nearer the Lord, but let them be careful how they reason in this way and put off. I trust they all will be careful how they let their impressions about my illness pass away from them: how apt is the mind to forget these things, and get from under them!" She afterwards added, "I have endeavoured to live

in the fear of the Lord, and before entering into anything of importance, (and regarding my marriage in particular,) I have sought his counsel; and Oh, how clearly has he shown me what was right!"

At one time when under great suffering of body, she said, "This has been a most comforting afternoon. Oh, I have felt so comfortable in the midst of all my affliction, I thought I could say, Not my will, but thine be done; though I feel myself so unworthy; I know I am nothing but what the Lord is pleased to make me." At other times, however, it pleased the Lord to prove her faith and patience by the withdrawing of his blessed presence, and on one of these occasions, she remarked, with tears, "I have lately felt such poverty, it seems as though I was quite deserted."

On the 23rd, while recounting the Lord's mercies to her from very early life, she said, "I have loved the Lord. He has been very good to me; when I was a child, I have fervently prayed to the Lord that he would be pleased to forgive me my sins." On the 26th, in reference to the state of her mind, she remarked, "I think it feels peaceful. Oh! how is my whole heart and mind engaged in supplicating my Saviour that he would be pleased to make me fit for his heavenly kingdom, and although my prayers are feeble, he knows they are sincere."

She felt much concern on account of some of her relations engaged in business, and observed, "I have heard people talk about their great trades and business, and make them of much importance. Oh, I have seen that they are nothing at all, compared with the salvation of the immortal soul."

On the 27th, she said, "The Almighty is often very near to us, when we are not at the time sensible of it;—but Oh! we should ever keep on the watch, and then we should never lose his blessed teachings and instructions." She expressed a desire that if consistent with the Divine will, she might be spared the severe sufferings which some have to pass through at the close; saying, "What a favour it would be!"

Fourth month, 28th. She said, "This has been a trying day to me; my mind has been so poor and depressed. Oh! my Saviour, be pleased to intercede for me. Be pleased to purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow: enable me to bear with patience all that is needful for my refinement; and grant me the lowest seat in thy house, that I may praise thee for ever. Amen."

On the 29th, she remarked, "Many times in the [last] night, my supplications were put up to the Lord that he would be pleased to grant me patience to bear all, and I believe my prayer was answered." In the afternoon she sent for her father and said, "Now I feel happy. O, if I had strength and voice, how could I sing praises with his saints! I seem already to have been among them. How long dost thou think it will be before the time will come?" Afterward, when in great pain, "I wish you all to pray for me. I feel such joy and peacefulness; I believe my peace is made, and no one need be afraid to die if they feel the peace I feel." After this season of heavenly consolation, the dear sufferer had again to pass through another trying baptism, doubtless designed for her further purification and the trial of her faith and love, during which, she remarked, "I feel so poor, as though my blessed Saviour had withdrawn himself. Oh! I feel so discouraged; though I do not feel condemnation."

On the 1st of fifth month, after being engaged in supplication for support under the approaching trial, she said, "I feel more comfortable now, and a calmness and stillness—how precious to feel it"—and in sending a message to one of her sisters, she said, "Tell her that I am very happy, but feel the need of keeping near to my Saviour."

She frequently expressed her gratitude and concern for those who so carefully waited on her, and in one of her prayers said, "Bless all those who have waited upon me, with the best of thy blessings, O Lord." During a violent paroxysm on the 2nd she appeared to be dying, and with a clear and audible voice and joy depicted in her countenance, exclaimed, "I am going to heaven—pray for me. Do not mind the

world—All of you do anything to get to heaven—it is a glorious place—I dare not look at the end, it is so glorious—O pray for me that my passage may be soon and easy."—A very solemn and affecting scene ensued, in which she took leave of all present, and addressed pertinent counsel to each of her domestics. Her mind appeared to be expanded with divine love toward all, desiring they might all be brought to experience the blessings of true religion, saying, "I am going to the glorious kingdom of heaven"—and to her husband, "Keep near the Lord—do not weep, thou couldst not wish me back—I cannot weep, I am so happy—what a happy family shall we be if we all meet in heaven—press forward to heaven and meet me there." She then broke forth in prayer for the preservation of her beloved husband and father; and also interceded, "I thank thee for all thy matchless mercies, and pray that thou wilt not forsake me, but carry my head over the remaining waves and billows safely into thy kingdom." Again, "O Lord, blessed Saviour, when it shall please thee to release me, O Lord Jesus, come—Thy will be done—give me fortitude to bear these afflictions;" and in allusion to her suffering, said, "Not one pain too many, Lord, if it be the means of preparing me for thy blessed kingdom." She continued almost constantly engaged in prayer until the solemn close, in which her petition was remarkably answered, for she passed away without any struggle, and we doubt not has been permitted to join the multitude before the throne in celebrating the praises of her God and Saviour.

Thomas Williams was born at Ramsgate, in England, in the year 1806. He was not by birthright a member of the Society of Friends, but being placed at a Friend's school and afterwards apprenticed to a member, his mind became early impressed with a sense of the privileges of having a right in this religious society, and applying for admission, his request was acceded to.

His conduct was consistent and exemplary, his uprightness and integrity gaining him the respect of his acquaintances. He was diligent and attentive to his business, yet at the same time evinced that he was seeking a better inheritance than this world can give, and which will never fade away. His business was one which required very close attention, and though he managed it without an assistant, yet he did not allow it to prevent his regular attendance at religious meetings both on first and other days.

The illness which terminated his life, was, during the last few weeks of its course, rapid in its progress. His mind was preserved in great calmness and composure, and his expressions furnish ground to hope that through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, his spirit, when released from the bonds of mortality, was joyfully gathered to the just of all generations.

A few days before his close he remarked to one of his sisters, "What an unspeakable favour it is to be a member of our religious society!" and expressed regret that many who possess this privilege do not value it sufficiently. He observed that he was not afraid to die, but hoped through mercy to be taken from the trials of life to a place of rest; adding, "All will be well, either way." To a friend who called to see him he remarked, with much sweetness, that he hoped he could, without presumption, adopt the language of John Woolman, "O, my Father—my Father, how comfortable art thou to my soul at this trying season!" adding, "I feel such peace—such sweet peace!"

He frequently spoke of his situation with great composure, and on one occasion, when he felt extremely weak, said, "I hope I shall have patience; it is trying to nature not to see the event, but (as if checking himself for this expression) Providence is abundantly kind." Such were the resignation and contentment of mind with which he was favoured, that when taking the medicines prescribed for him, he would frequently smile and say, "Even my medicine is sweet to me."

On the 6th of the sixth month, he received a farewell visit

from two friends whom he highly esteemed, and in replying to some observations which had been made, remarked to them, "I have not been what I ought; but through mercy I feel that precious union and communion with Infinite Love, or rather so grafted into the spirit of love, that I do not doubt." Love seemed to be the clothing of his spirit, and selfishness to be removed; experiencing, as he expressed himself, "*I* to be annihilated, and love implanted.'

In the course of the 7th, he sweetly referred to the character of our blessed Lord, who was tempted as we are, yet without sin; and added, "O, that my temptations may be without sin." On the following day he said, "What a blessed thing it is to be a true Quaker, and how few know it! The goodness and mercy of God have been very great towards me." After recovering from a spell of exhaustion and faintness, he prayed, "O gracious Lord! grant me patience. Preserve me from temptation—O gracious Lord! let me not sin against thee in my weakness."

His mother and sister standing around him at one time, he looked at them with much emotion, and then smiling said very affectionately, "All looks very pleasant—I would long if I dared"—adding, "May the blessings of heaven which have been so abundantly showered down upon me from the beginning, descend upon you!" On recovering from another fainting fit, he said, "O what a blessed thing it was!" meaning no doubt the bright prospect he had had of heaven—"in one moment more I thought I should have been in eternity—one little struggle."

After a visit from his physician, he inquired his opinion of him; and on being told he considered him worse, he said to his mother and sisters, "Pray for me, my dears, that in my weakness I may not be assailed by temptation. I have a most pleasant prospect; but I hope I shall be able to bear what He may be pleased to lay upon me first. What some poor creatures suffer without the consolations of religion! What an unspeakable favour to be brought under its influence and to know it truly—O, it is of unutterable value!"

His sister remarking that it was pleasant to see him smile

Yes," said he, "I do smile, though I do not feel quite so clear as I wish—the things of the world will pass before me, yet as I do not wilfully sin, and my great weakness is not a fault, I hope I have no cause but to smile."

During the night previous to his decease, he was greatly exhausted by continued fainting fits, and on recovering from one of them, his countenance beaming with joyful anticipation, he said, "O, how beautiful! just at the gates and saw the beautiful company! O how unspeakably beautiful! I was just at the gates, but could not get in; could not break the silver cord, though only a thread. What a disappointment! and now for patience to wait a little longer." It was not long, however, that his redeemed spirit had to wait for an entrance, for it pleased his gracious and compassionate Lord, shortly after to proclaim his release from his afflicted tabernacle and admit him, as we trust, within that glorious holy city, "None of whose inhabitants can say, I am sick, for the people that dwell therein are forgiven their iniquities."

He peacefully expired on the 9th of the sixth month, 1833, in the 28th year of his age.

Abigail Backhouse was carefully brought up by her parents, but it does not appear that she fully experienced the blessings of true religion, until near the close of life. In the 4th month, 1841, she was attacked with illness of an alarming character. On the 30th, desiring to hear that passage read, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," she remarked to her sister, "Although I have not said much, I have not been insensible to my danger, and I feel as though I might die at any time. I do not seem to have that sense of acceptance which I should like. Dost thou think there is any hope for me? I know that I have neglected to do many things that I ought to have done, and I feel sorry now: But then, is there not a difference between feeling very sorry for our sins,

and feeling a sense of the love and mercy of God in the pardon of them? I ought to have thought more about these things sooner. I feel that I love God; but I know that I ought to have loved him more." Her mind being brought under great exercise and concern for her salvation, she prayed with much fervency as follows: O Lord God! thou who seest us altogether as we are; thou knowest my many sins of omission and commission. Thou knowest that I have suffered the world, the flesh and the devil too much to draw my affections from thee. O Lord, I am very sorry. Be pleased to look down upon me, and to blot out my sins, for the sake of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ; and if it be thy will, that at this time I should lay down my life, O be pleased to grant me an admittance into that city, where there shall be no more sin."

To her husband she remarked, "Where much is given, much is required; but where little is given, little is required. I have not been faithful in the little; but how true it is that all we can do of ourselves is of no avail—I see that if I recover, I must do very differently to what I have done"—"I have often heard of people making good resolutions on a sick-bed, and forgetting them when restored to health." The engagement of her soul on her own account continued to be fervent, and she was much tried with a sense of desertion of heavenly good, and much cast down—and on the 5th of 5th month, desiring to be left alone, her attendants overheard her earnestly petitioning for mercy; and on their returning into the room, she said to them with clasped and trembling hands, "O, the feelings of my mind are beyond all description. O, my sins are so great—It seems to me as though not one action of my life had ever been accepted. I thought I knew what it was to take up the daily cross—I talked about it and I heard others talk; and I thought I knew as much as they did; but now I see that I knew nothing about it.—I never did know what it was to take up the daily cross, to be divinely directed; and therefore what can I expect now? Dost thou think there can be any mercy for me?" She was reminded that it was a mercy to be enabled thus to see herself a sinner, and that all

her own righteousness could avail her nothing; that nothing short of the Holy Spirit could effect this work, and that a broken and contrite heart, God would accept—she replied, "I do indeed see myself to be a poor lost creature, and can most earnestly pray, God be merciful to me a sinner; but then my sins are so great." It was remarked that they were not greater than the remedy provided, nor than Christ was both able and willing to forgive, and that it is declared, he willeth not the death of any, but that all should return to him, repent and live—"That," she rejoined, "is a comfort to me, and also the promise, Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out—Oh! that he may have compassion upon me." She soon after supplicated very earnestly, "God be merciful to me a sinner —Oh, pardon me, I beseech thee, most merciful God. I am very unworthy, but pardon me, I pray thee; blot out all my sins for thy Son's sake." Much more was said which cannot be recollected; but the anguish of her spirit did not seem to be abated, and with much feeling she said, "O, my feelings are distressing—dost thou think my prayers will be heard?" It pleased the Lord, whose ways are not as man's ways and whose wisdom is unsearchable, to withhold from her any sensible evidence of acceptance, and still to try her with desertion; and it being proposed that all present should sit down in silence around her bed and wait upon the Lord; after a time of stillness a very solemn feeling spread over the company, and it pleased the Lord in a remarkable manner to make known his power; to open the door of access to his footstool in prayer; and to speak the word of peace to her troubled and fainting soul. After a season of solemn silence, she said to her sister, "I believe it right for me to tell thee what a very remarkable change has taken place in my feelings. Such a flood of divine love and mercy is poured into my soul, as I never before had any conception of. I never comprehended the possibility of any one, in this state of existence, being favoured with such feelings. O, what a mercy! It is inexpressible! Such love! I can now fully believe that my sins are forgiven for Jesus' sake: a broken and contrite heart has been accepted."

The change in her feelings was apparent in her looks—

heavenly joy beamed in her countenance and gratitude to Him who had thus revealed his blessed light in her soul, flowed in her heart. "If I am permitted to recover," said she, "I hope I shall be strengthened to be a self-denying servant of the Lord." Under the feeling of the new life she had begun to live, and of the joys of God's salvation, she rejoiced in the prospect of the Lord's will being done in her and by her; saying, "If it is his will to take me to himself now, I can truly say, I am resigned. I have never done anything [to deserve such a favour,] it is all mercy, free unmerited mercy." Alluding to the parable of the labourers who were sent into the vineyard, she said, "They received every one a penny—even those who had but just entered, received the same as those who laboured long—Oh! what a mercy that I have been invited to enter at the eleventh hour—that I have been permitted to enter!—I was so very unworthy; but I feel that an entrance has indeed been granted me." Next day, she said, "It comes near to a mother's feelings to part with her children, but I can now say, I am perfectly resigned: I leave them to the Lord and to the care of their relations. It is my desire that they should be brought up in the fear of the Lord, and most decidedly as Friends."

It pleased the Lord to permit the peaceful and joyous state of her mind, to be interrupted by intervals of cloud; in which, for the trial of her faith, the light of his countenance was withdrawn, and a fear raised, lest something still stood in her way to final acceptance. At these times she was strengthened to make her appeal to Him in whom she had believed, and at length he was graciously pleased again to appear and dispel the darkness, giving her indubitable evidence that, although thus tried and proved, she stood accepted in his sight. A short time before her close, being asked if she continued to feel comfortable, she replied, "Yes—very—indeed"—and soon after, her spirit was released from its earthly tenement to join the company of those who having come out of great tribulation have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." She died the 7th of fifth month, 1841 aged 27 years.

James Nicholson, the son of Thomas and Elizabeth Nicholson, was born at Whitehaven, in the year 1795. It appears that in early life he was favoured with a sense of the convicting, regenerating power of the Holy Spirit; and yielding obedience to its dictates, he was made willing to bear his cross, and in humility to follow his gracious Redeemer. Being concerned to abide under the sanctifying influence of Divine grace, he experienced preservation; and was enabled to become a preacher of righteousness, in life and conversation, and to bring forth fruits to the praise of Him whose blessing peculiarly rests on an early surrender of heart to his service.

In the year 1823, he believed that it was required of him publicly to declare to others the unsearchable riches of Christ, and what had, in unmerited mercy, been done for his own soul.

His communications in the ministry were instructive and edifying. He was often earnestly engaged to impress upon Friends the importance of an early dedication of heart, and the need of watchfulness unto true prayer, that a preparation might be experienced, lest the solemn messenger should be sent in an unexpected moment.

His views of Christian redemption were clear, sound, and scriptural; a living faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ our Saviour, being accompanied with a full belief in the necessity of obedience to Divine grace in the soul.

In his solemn approaches to the footstool of Divine mercy, his mind was clothed with deep reverence, manifesting self-abasement, and much fervency of spirit.

He was often concerned to exhort Friends faithfully to maintain our various Christian testimonies, and that the affairs of society should be conducted under the influence and direction of Divine wisdom.

Love to God and to his fellow-men being sweetly portrayed in the character of this dear Friend, he was affectionately disposed to sympathize with the afflicted, and through the aboundings of the love of Christ, he was frequently enabled to administer comfort and consolation to minds bowed down in seasons of deep probation.

In the year 1832, he was united in marriage to his friend Sarah Waite, a member of the same meeting; but this endearing tie was soon severed, no doubt in unerring wisdom.

Having been in a declining state of health, (and the fatal nature of his complaint not being for some time apprehended,) and believing it right to use all suitable means for its restoration, he was induced to take a journey on that account. He reached Carlisle without much apparent fatigue, where, at the house of his brother-in-law, symptoms of approaching dissolution appeared. While the issue of the complaint was hid from his view, he had often to express, in much brokenness of spirit, his resignation to the Divine will, however it might terminate.

On the day preceding his death, which took place on the 9th of sixth month, 1836, a few friends calling to see him, he entered with much interest and feeling into the state of our society; and concluded some instructive observations in nearly these words: "I firmly believe that He who raised us to be a people will never suffer the Christian testimonies, of which we make a profession, to fall to the ground; but, Friends, hold to your principles, for we have not followed cunningly devised fables."

A short time before his decease, he said to a friend, "Oh, how my love abounds to my friends! I always loved them; but I think I never felt it so much before: perhaps I am not going to be long amongst you." On the last morning of his life, his dear wife was strengthened to inform him, that it was the opinion of his medical attendant his close drew near; and soon after inquired if anything rested upon his mind. He with much composure, replied, "No; I feel quite resigned, and am perfectly easy in body and mind. If anything further is required of me, time will be given." He again repeated, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables." He then desired his dear love to be given to many of his friends, and in a short time afterwards very peacefully passed away.

Thus closed the life of our much loved friend. He had, we believe, in time of health endeavoured to know an establish-

ment on the only sure foundation—Christ Jesus, the Rock of Ages; and thus, through the infinite mercy and loving-kindness of our God, we humbly trust his spirit was permitted to enter into His glorious kingdom, to unite with the just of all generations, in singing praises to the Lord God, and to the Lamb, for evermore.

ARTHUR GILKES was the son of Benjamin and Maria Gilkes, of Nailsworth, in the county of Gloucestershire, and was educated by his father, who kept a school at that place. He was deprived of the care and attentions of his affectionate mother, when he was about thirteen years of age, a loss which he sensibly felt. When he had attained his eighteenth year, he was engaged as an assistant to his brother in a school.

It was during the time of his being thus employed, that his mind was evidently brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit; and he felt the necessity of that change of heart, that new birth, without which it is impossible to enter the kingdom of heaven. He said very little on these important subjects except to his nearest relatives; and the work that was then going forward in his mind was not known to the superficial observer, but to those who were made acquainted with his feelings it was evidently a time in which he was concerned to enter into covenant with his God.

Some weeks previous to the vacation, which took place in the sixth month, 1833, his health became delicate, and he was affected with cough, but no immediate cause of alarm was apparent. In the following month he became worse, a medical friend was consulted, and it was hoped that a change of air by the sea-side might tend to restore him to health; but this was not the case, and the symptoms of consumption were soon developed.

It was now evident, that the disease had, though in a great degree unsuspected, been for some time undermining his constitution. On his return to London, further medical advice was obtained, he was removed from thence to Nailsworth, in

the hope that his native air might be beneficial; but it was ordered otherwise, and it soon appeared right to apprize him of his real situation, which was done with all the tenderness that duty and affection could suggest.

He received the information with calmness and submission, and it was manifest that although he felt the seriousness of his situation, and his own unworthiness, he could look with an humble hope to his Saviour and his God.

Notwithstanding the anxious fears of his friends that the disease was rapidly hastening him to the grave, it pleased his heavenly Father to prove his faith and patience by an illness of nearly thirteen months. During this time of trial it was cause of great thankfulness to those around him, to see how his heart was influenced by the love of God, how it strengthened him in weakness, and enabled him to rejoice in the Lord his Redeemer as he approached "the valley of the shadow of death."

In a letter which he wrote soon after the disease had assumed alarming symptoms, he says: "I have much time to spend alone, and I assure thee, my dear uncle, that during these moments I do endeavour to offer up a silent prayer to the Almighty, that He may be pleased to direct my feeble steps aright, and lead me in that path wherein alone there is true peace and comfort."

Not very long afterwards, he writes thus: "I can say that I have often felt thankful for the lenient afflictions which I have to bear, for they have been the cause by which I have been brought to a fuller sense of my own unworthiness, and have made me humbly endeavour to offer up petitions for help to Him from whom true help can alone be procured." In another part of the same letter he says: "I am quite aware that in such cases as mine, there is very little hope of recovery; this knowledge makes me endeavour more and more to attain to that state in which I may in confidence say, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

In another letter he remarks: "It is with pleasure I am able to inform thee that the Almighty, in his mercy, has permitted me to enjoy a peaceful and comfortable state of mind, though I have at times been brought very low, and have been led to consider my own utter unworthiness." Although he was aware of the gradual, but certain approach of death, yet so gentle were the dealings of the Lord with him, that he had hitherto been spared much acute suffering, and was still capable of social enjoyment, and able to rise early in the day. His mind seemed to be awakened to a lively sense of the continued mercies of his heavenly Father, and to a grateful acknowledgment that all, even his domestic comforts, were to be attributed to his loving-kindness.

To many of his later memoranda he appended passages of Scripture which had impressed his mind, and which in some cases were strikingly appropriate to his situation. After having passed a comfortable night, he remarks: "I saw clearly that it is the duty of every Christian, to return thanks for the mercies of the night, and humbly to seek for the protection and guidance of the Almighty throughout the day, and for an increase of faith in Jesus Christ our Saviour;" which is followed by this quotation, "The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in Him, and all the upright in heart shall glory." On one occasion, alluding to the state of his mind in the morning, he observes, "The remainder of the day I was permitted to feel a more patient resignation to the Divine will;" and in the record of the same day there occurs this extract, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am." He was enabled with cheerfulness to endure his trials, and through all to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord. On one occasion he remarks: "Though in much pain, I was permitted to feel content, and to look upon my afflictions as blessings from the Almighty, who orders all things aright:" and immediately subjoins, "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways;" and he further adds: "I will sing unto the Lord because he hath dealt bountifully with me."

Having so richly experienced the loving-kindness of the Lord, his faith was strengthened, and to use his own terms, he was permitted to feel an entire resignation to the Divine will, and a willingness to put himself into the hands of the Almighty ; and on reviewing his past life, an "humble desire was raised" in his heart, "that the remainder of it might be spent in the praise and service of the Almighty."

In reference to a disappointment he had met with, he says, "But I hope I was preserved in a Christian spirit, and was better able to command my temper, for which I felt thankful;" and then adds: "Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever." Again he says: "I endeavoured humbly to return thanks for the many mercies of the past week, and to ask for a continuance of them. Though unable to attend meeting, I was permitted to spend the time in a peaceful and resigned state of mind, and to have comfort in feeling that though alone, yet God was with me." He then adds, "I will praise thee, Oh, Lord my God, with all my heart, and I will glorify thy name for evermore." On another occasion he says: "Not quite so well to-day, but patient and resigned to the Divine will, feeling confident that the Almighty will watch over and assist those who humbly endeavour to draw near to Him, through faith in Jesus Christ."

The following remark in his journal, evinces his endeavour to seek the Lord. "Some of the family attended meeting, whilst I was permitted to spend most of an hour, I think I may say, in communion with my Maker. Enjoyed peace of mind during the remainder of the day." At this time he seems to have kept closely on the watch, and was often in the practice of reviewing his conduct. He says, "I looked back upon the actions of the past days, and endeavoured humbly to seek forgiveness for all that I have omitted to do, and for what I have done amiss, and also for assistance to conduct myself in a manner which shall be pleasing in the Divine sight." As the strength of the dear invalid decreased, he was particularly fearful of giving way to feelings of impatience,

and was much concerned to attain a state of true resignation to the Divine will.

In a letter to his uncle, he remarks: "I am able to say that I do feel that Jesus Christ *did indeed die for me;* that He is my Saviour, and that by and through Him alone, I can hope for salvation." His strength continued to decline, and in his journal is the following record: "I found myself very weak, but felt able and willing to trust in the mercy and goodness of the Almighty;" and again, "My bodily weakness increases, but I hope that my mind is strengthened by faith and trust in the Almighty, through Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer."

On the evening of the 26th of seventh month, 1834, after sitting up and conversing cheerfully for some time, he retired to rest without any apparent symptom of dissolution; but about midnight he appeared to be sinking, and the family were summoned to his bed-side: his breathing became very difficult, and the power of utterance nearly failed; but on being inquired of as to the clearness of his prospect, he intimated in reply that he was *quite happy;* and shortly after passed quietly away, in the 21st year of his age.

Richard Stansfield, late of Lothersdale in Yorkshire, was the youngest son of John Stansfield, one of the seven Friends who, in the years 1795 and 1796, suffered much loss of property, and a tedious imprisonment in York Castle, in consequence of refusing, for conscience sake, to pay tithes. The gracious regard of that blessed Redeemer, for whose sake the father was made willing to endure persecution, was very early extended to his child, who was, in his tender years, favoured with serious impressions. His disposition was meek and amiable, and he appears to have been, through Divine grace, much preserved in the fear of God; and to some of the exercises of his mind in his youthful days, he referred at a later period of his life, in an instructive manner.

After leaving Ackworth school, he was introduced into the wool trade; but on the expiration of his apprenticeship, his inclination not leading him to mercantile pursuits, he entered on a farm. His capital was very limited, and it was only through great industry and care that he was able, with credit and respectability, to maintain his family. After being a house-keeper about two years, he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Dixon; to her he was a most affectionate husband, and to his children a tender and judicious father. He possessed a very diffident mind, and his demeanour was remarkably mild and unassuming. The circle in which he moved was not an extended one, but by such as had the opportunity of being acquainted with him, he was highly esteemed. He lived much secluded from the world, but there is good ground to believe that it was his primary concern to seek communion with his Maker.

In the course of a lingering illness, which commenced with inflammation of the lungs, in the sixth month, 1835, he manifested a remarkable degree of patience and resignation to the Divine will; and often expressed his thankfulness even for his sufferings, believing they were intended for his further purification, and his confidence that the Lord would not lay upon him more than He would enable him to bear.

During the first month, 1836, the inflammatory symptoms had much abated, yet the physician gave no hope of his ultimate restoration to health; he appeared to be fully aware of his critical situation, and to be often engaged in mental supplication. He remarked to his wife, in speaking of his dear children, that it was his earnest prayer they might choose the Lord for their portion, and he believed they would be provided for; "yes," he said, "the Lord will provide." His cough becoming relieved, he said, "How thankful I feel, that my cough is better; it allows me more time for reflection." Appearing on one occasion much tried, his wife inquired the cause; to which he replied, "I have cause to mourn my many backslidings;" but in a short time he spoke of the Lord's mercy, saying, "He is very gracious to poor unworthy sin-

ners.—'Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow.'" On the 29th of the same month he expressed his assurance that he should be enabled to bear his pain, saying that the Lord laid nothing on his children but what he would strengthen them to bear, and added, "It is very little that we have to suffer, in comparison with what our Saviour suffered. Oh, what adorable love, that God sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." On the 30th, he enjoyed much of the presence of his Saviour, and remarked, "My heart overflows with love."

On another occasion, his heart being filled with divine love, he said, "Oh! how good the Lord is! I have had dark seasons; but He is very near,—He is waiting to be gracious.—What a favour it is to be afflicted! it allows us time to prepare; whilst some are taken very suddenly: we ought to rejoice instead of complaining." At another time, when his wife was sitting by him, he said, "Jesus is all I have to look to.—I have no righteousness of my own to boast of;—but He is very merciful to poor unworthy sinners;—I feel him very near.—Yes, He is waiting to be gracious to us and our dear offspring." Then addressing his wife, he said, "Let the Lord be thy chief delight; then he will be very near to thee: His protecting arm will be underneath thee; and He will support and guide thee. And if we are parted here, we shall meet again in Heaven, where parting will be no more. He will withhold no good thing from thee, if thou only put thy trust in Him."

A while after he said, "My dear, I have enjoyed much peace to-night; I feel quite refreshed; these are precious seasons."

31st. Two friends calling to see him, after a short time of silence, he said, "'Draw nigh unto the Lord, and He will draw nigh unto you.' He never did cast off any who came to Him in truth and uprightness. Seek the Lord while He may be found. I have found Him a present help in this time of need, for ever blessed and praised be His name, for He alone is worthy both now and for ever."

4th of second month. After a time of silence with two dear friends who visited him, he expressed much of the goodness of the Lord to his soul, and of the mercy of God in sending his Son Jesus Christ to die for sinful man. He petitioned for preparation for everlasting rest, and added, "'In my Father's house are many mansions;' our dear Saviour told his followers so for their encouragement; and if I am but permitted to enter the lowest room, where the unwearied enemy can no more disturb, it will be enough." He often said he felt much peace of mind, not such as the world giveth, nor, blessed be the Lord's holy Name, can take away.

5th of second month. Speaking of the love of God, he said, "We are without excuse, seeing He would draw us with the cords of His love, if we did not turn our backs on Him. How inviting are His promises, 'Come unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' He willeth not the death of any, but rather that all should return."

7th. He remarked that his heart was made to rejoice in his affliction, and to ascribe all praise and glory to God.

8th. He supplicated fervently, first on his own account, then for his dear children, and also for his wife, saying, "O Lord! I beseech thee, gather them under the shadow of thy wing; lead them gently, O Lord, in the way thou wouldst have them to go;—unto thy care I must leave them, for I have no other that I can trust: Thou alone canst guide them aright."

At another time, after having passed a restless night, he said, "How thankful I ought to be for all the benefits I enjoy! and I *do* feel thankful in my heart to my God for all His mercies to me. Sweet Jesus! I will look to Thee as long as I live; for Thou art my only hope. Continue with me to the end, if it be consistent with Thy most holy will. Purge me, and cleanse me, and make me fit for thy blessed kingdom. Take away everything which is not consistent with thy holy will; for Thou art my Shepherd, my Friend, my keeper!" He often spoke of the love and mercy of God in sending His dear Son to die for our sins.

At one time he said, "I am very weak; but the Lord in his tender mercy, is inclined still to look down with an eye of pity. He still hath regard for my poor soul that it may not be wholly lost. Oh! how good He is to a poor unworthy creature! His mercy is indeed very great:—Ah! what should I do without *Him?* All would be *lost!*—but He condescends in His love and adorable wisdom, to have regard to a poor unworthy creature. He has in a wonderful manner preserved me on every side.—Oh! it seems as if the enemy was not permitted to discourage me from looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith."

On another occasion, being asked how he was, he said, "I am very weak; but Christ is strong, and He is very willing to lend me His aid." A few friends being in his chamber, after a time of silence he remarked, "There is a passage of Scripture where our Saviour says, 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth;' oh no, it is quite of another nature; the peace of the world bringeth sorrow, but His peace is the fruit of righteousness."

On the evening preceding his decease, he was engaged in prayer to the following effect: "O, sweet Jesus! condescend in thy loving-kindness to look down upon a poor afflicted worm. I can do nothing of myself; therefore I have delivered all into thy care;—and Thou art very good! Continue thy loving-kindness unto the end, I beseech thee; and land me safe on that shore where I shall have done with this world of trouble. I do not doubt that Thou wilt be with me to the end, O my God! and it will be a great rejoicing to me:—then I shall be safe; the unwearied enemy will no more disturb me. I shall have nothing to do but to praise Thee! Then I can sing praises to Thy adorable name for ever!—but I must not crave it *too much.* Do with me, O my God! as seemeth best in thy most holy sight."

Early the next morning, being in great suffering, his sister asked what could be done for him? he replied, "Let us compose ourselves in the Lord: that is best for us." On one present remarking he was very ill, he said, "I would not change

for the whole world." A short time before his spirit took its flight, he exclaimed with great distinctness, though his breathing was very difficult, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints!"

He departed this life on the 29th of second month, 1836, aged 32 years.

Meditating on his peaceful transit from time to eternity, how forcibly does the triumphant exclamation of the Apostle suggest itself to the mind! "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

I APPREHEND few persons can read the foregoing pages without feeling desires raised in their minds, that when called to lie upon a dying-bed, they may enjoy the peace and consolation which crowned the closing days of the subjects of these brief memoirs, and be enabled to look forward to an endless eternity, with a well-grounded hope of being accepted through the merits and mediation of the adorable Son of God.

This happy state is undoubtedly attainable by all; and those who fail to realize it, will, in the end, be brought to the mournful acknowledgment that the fault is their own, and their destruction of themselves.

The means of salvation are freely offered for our acceptance, the terms upon which we may become the redeemed of the Lord are clearly pointed out in the sacred volume; and it rests with ourselves, either to choose the Lord Jesus for our portion, and thereby obtain an interest in that redemption which he purchased for us by his precious blood, or to deny Him and reject his blessed government in our hearts, the consequence of which, we are assured from the highest authority, will be, that in the day of final retribution, he also will deny

us before his Father and the holy angels, saying, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I know you not."

It is important for us to bear in mind, that neither good desires nor virtuous resolutions will avail us any thing, unless they are reduced to practice. If we wish to die the death of the righteous, we must live the life of the righteous. We must take up our cross and follow the footsteps of the flock of Christ's companions. "Ye are my friends," said our holy Redeemer, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." It follows as a necessary consequence, that if we do not keep his commandments, we cannot be his friends; we do not belong to that happy number whom he condescends to acknowledge as his brethren and sisters, and to whom, at the last day, he will address the joyful invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

To have Christ Jesus for our friend is the highest privilege and purest happiness of which a rational being is capable. It is to be united to Him who has all power in heaven and earth; whose faithfulness and love far surpass the most constant and disinterested earthly affection, and who is graciously disposed to do for us abundantly more than we can ask or think, as respects both our temporal comfort and our eternal felicity.

This unspeakable privilege is as freely conferred on youth, as it is on those of riper years. Even children may become the friends of Christ, if they comply with the terms on which he offers them his friendship. The Lord Jesus, when personally on earth, was pleased on several occasions to evince his love for little children. Some he healed of their diseases; others he raised from the dead; and when his disciples would have sent away those who brought them to receive his benediction, he rebuked them, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven:" and he took them in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them. He offered up his life as a propitiatory sacrifice for their sins in common with the rest of mankind, and voluntarily submitted to a painful and

ignominious death on the cross, in order to save their immortal souls from endless destruction. Such is his kindness and condescension, that he still continues to visit them by his good Spirit in their hearts; and though they may feel themselves unworthy of the regard and care of Him who is "now Lord of all," yet, if they faithfully serve him, and live in his fear, he will guide them by his counsel during the short and uncertain period of their stay on earth, and afterwards receive them up into glory.

In order to entitle us to the character of the friends of Christ, we must deny ourselves every sinful indulgence, and whatever is opposed to the purity and righteousness of his kingdom; for he declares, "Whosoever does not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple." To do this, requires a constant watchfulness over our own spirits and tempers; the subjection of our wills, and a continual mortification of our selfish appetites.

The Holy Scriptures inform us, that mankind universally inherit a fallen and corrupt nature, which is prone to evil as the sparks fly upward; and a little attention to what is passing in our own breasts, will confirm this truth in the experience of every unprejudiced observer. How often are children betrayed, by their wayward propensities, into anger, malice, revenge, falsehood, the use of bad language, disobedience to parents, and other evil actions and thoughts, which are offensive in the Divine sight. The enemy of their happiness, who is ever seeking to allure them from the paths of innocence and virtue, adapts his temptations to the weakness of their nature, and makes use of their untoward dispositions as a means of accomplishing his wicked designs.

It is, however, no sin to be tempted; the evil lies in yielding to the temptation and surrendering our hearts to the power of the tempter. If we "resist the devil, he will flee from us;" our strength will be increased to withstand his future assaults; the rich reward of peace will more than compensate us for every trial, and if we persevere, we shall at length be made "more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us."

He who was "tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin," and who was perfectly acquainted with the frailty of human nature, addressed his immediate followers in this emphatic language, "What I say unto you, I *say unto all*, WATCH! *Watch* and PRAY, lest ye enter into temptation:" and there is no lesson with which it is more important for young persons to be early acquainted, than the great duty of watchfulness over their thoughts and conduct, and daily prayer to the Lord for preservation from sin, and strength to withstand the various temptations with which the slippery paths of youth are surrounded.

Our dear Redeemer, whose providential care is extended over every part of his creation, beholds with tender compassion the frailty of his children. "He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are but dust." He "is touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and in order to assist us in working out the soul's salvation, has placed a manifestation of his own blessed Spirit in each of our hearts, as a swift witness against evil, and as a comforter when we do right. "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

The spirit of Christ or grace of God, strives with children while they are very young; forewarns them against the commission of evil, and condemns them when they have done amiss, producing distress and trouble of mind, even though their fault may be known to themselves only; and on the other hand, when they have been obedient to its monitions and endeavoured to do right, it imparts a peace and tranquillity which far transcend all the pleasures and delights of the world.

It is of the utmost importance that children should attentively listen to this inward monitor and implicitly obey its

instructions, for it is the messenger of Christ's love to their souls. It is "the still small voice" of mercy pleading with them—it is the angel of His presence, sent to conduct them safely through the difficulties and dangers of this ever-changing state of existence, to those "perpetually abiding habitations" which He has gone before to prepare for his obedient followers—and as they yield to its secret manifestations, it will not only "lead them into all truth," but preserve them from evil of every kind.

There are few temptations more common to youth, or so often fatal to their religious improvement as procrastination. No sooner are they awakened to a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the necessity of leading a religious life, than the tempter presents his suggestions to delay. He represents to them that they are young and have a long life in prospect, and it will be time enough to become religious some years hence—that they may take their ease and enjoy the gratifications of the world for a while, and at last make very good men and women; and he is not wanting in presenting instances of persons among their acquaintainces, who did not "take a serious turn" until they were much older than themselves, and yet became pious people. Year after year the minds of youth are thus unhappily diverted from the great work of the soul's salvation, still resolving, and perhaps with some sincerity, that by and by they will make a full surrender to what they know is right, and dedicate themselves to the Lord's service.

But alas! they know not that this "by and by," this "more convenient season," will ever come to them; they do not reflect on the awful uncertainty of life, or the possibility that the offers of mercy with which they are thus trifling, may be the last that will be tendered to them. The day of their visitation may quickly pass by, and the language become applicable to their situation, "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate, and the things which belong to your peace are hid from your

eyes." The cold night of the grave may ere long close over them, in which there is neither work nor knowledge, nor device; and even before the dawning of another day, their condition may be unalterably fixed for a never-ending eternity.

The preceding pages furnish ample evidence that the health and vigour of youth are not exempt from the stroke of death, and the occurrences of almost every day confirm the fact. How many of our young friends, who, but a little while ago, were as strong and lively and joyous as ourselves, and whose prospects of a long life were as flattering as our own, are now mouldering in the silent tomb! We have no certainty that it may not be our turn next; and inasmuch as there is no repentance in the grave, no returning to correct mistakes or repair the errors we have committed, how dangerous is the condition of those who are putting off the all-important work of redemption to a more convenient season!

The same reasons which now induce them to delay, will operate with equal or increased force in every succeeding year of their lives; new motives for procrastination will also be suggested, while the continued neglect of known duty, and long familiarity with sin, will enervate their virtuous resolutions, and render the mind an easy prey to the wiles of the tempter; until at length it becomes so entirely enslaved to his power, that there is little hope it will ever be emancipated from the loathsome bondage. With peculiar propriety, therefore, may the exhortation of the Apostle be addressed to youth, "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation."

The present is an age in which children enjoy peculiar advantages, as respects both literary and religious instruction, and it is unquestionably their duty to make a correspondent improvement. These advantages are blessings committed to our trust, to be improved to the glory and praise of the beneficent Giver, and for which we shall at last have to render an impartial account. If we neglect or misuse them, they will certainly add to our condemnation in that great day when the

Judge of all the earth shall reckon with us. When we contemplate the ample provision which is made for supplying all our wants, the profusion of spiritual and temporal benefits dispensed to us by the bounty of a kind Providence, and remember that "where much is given, much will be required," we cannot but acknowledge that the responsibility which rests on the present generation is serious, and that we owe a deep debt of gratitude and love to our Father who is in heaven.

Among these advantages it is not the least, that we are permitted to assemble unmolested, for the purpose of offering the tribute of grateful adoration to the Author of all our blessings. Those who properly estimate their dependent condition and the duty they owe to the Almighty, cannot omit the diligent performance of this reasonable service. They will not merely attend at their respective meeting places, but by watchfulness and prayer, strive to attain that "preparation of the heart" which will qualify them for reverent waiting on the Lord, and the performance of Divine worship in spirit and in truth. Indifference or neglect in this Christian duty is a certain evidence that our hearts are not right in the sight of God.

Another great blessing is, the free access to the society of pious persons, which is not only profitable as a means of religious improvement, but as a preservative from the pernicious influence of evil company—than which, there is not a deadlier bane to youthful piety and innocence. As evil communication is always found to corrupt good manners and destroy good morals, so a frequent intercourse with those who live in the habitual fear of God, tends to strengthen virtuous resolutions, to increase our love of holiness, and animate us to pursue with greater diligence the "things which accompany salvation."

It is not, however, the company of the profane and dissolute only, which young persons should shun. The friendships and pleasures of the world, and intimate association with those who are captivated by its vain pursuits, are prejudicial to a religious life. "If any man love the world, the love of the

Father is not in him." If our affections are set on heaven and heavenly things, our hearts and conversation will be there also, and we shall have little relish for the amusements and idle discourse which are too common even among many who profess the holy name of Christ. Not that we are to make religious subjects a common theme of discourse—this would be to err on the other hand—but we are to guard against unprofitable converse, and to observe, in all our association with the world, the injunction of Holy Scripture, "Let your conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ." If "for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgment," what a fearful reckoning will it be to those, the greater part of whose time is spent in trifling conversation, while the levity of their deportment manifests that "God is not in all their thoughts."

The Scriptures of Truth, which were written under the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and preserved through a long succession of years by the providence of the Almighty, constitute the richest outward treasure which the Christian possesses. They furnish an inexhaustible fund of doctrine, instruction, warning, reproof and consolation; and those who live in conformity with the teachings of the Spirit of Christ Jesus, cannot but have a reverent esteem for them, and be diligent in the perusal of their invaluable pages. This was a distinguishing trait in the character of those young persons whose peaceful deaths are recorded in the present volume, and in a country where the Bible is so easily accessible, it is scarcely possible that any advancement can be experienced in the work of religion, while a love for its precious contents or a frequent and serious perusal of it is wanting.

It is in the sacred volume that we are taught the doctrines of our holy religion. The existence of one Almighty Being, —the creation and fall of man—his accountability; the promise of a Deliverer; the Divine character, miraculous birth, holy life and mighty miracles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, his adorable condescension and mercy in voluntarily offering up his life a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of man-

kind, and that effusion of the Holy Spirit which constitutes the glory of these Gospel days, are all traced there in characters which cannot be mistaken. These important truths are necessary to be believed, not merely by a bare assent of the understanding to their literal accuracy, as recorded by the inspired penman, but by a practical and saving faith, which shall influence our hearts, and become the regulating principle of all our actions.

These solemn truths ought never to be made the subject of familiar and common conversation. We should approach them with reverence and fear, and rather accustom ourselves to meditate upon them in humble, silent admiration, than too freely to impart our thoughts and feelings to others. If we duly consider the import of these Scripture passages, "Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread," and "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity," we shall feel a holy care in making use of the awful names which are employed to describe the Supreme Being. The needless introduction of them into conversation, even though it be professedly religious, can scarcely be considered in any other light than as a violation of that injunction, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

We should also guard with vigilant caution against a disposition to think lightly, or to speak irreverently, of the Lord Jesus, of his glorious offices as our Redeemer, Mediator and Intercessor with the Father, or as the great Propitiation for the sins of the world. The more we contemplate his Divine character as delineated in Holy Scripture, his love for sinners, his compassion for the sorrows and sufferings of the human family, and the gracious offers of pardon and reconciliation which he holds out for our acceptance, the more our hearts will glow with reverent gratitude and adoration, and in humble acknowledgment of his unbounded mercy, be prepared to say, "What shall I render unto thee, O Lord, for all thy benefits?"

There is no ornament so lovely and engaging in youth, as that of "pure and undefiled religion"—nothing that will so effectually shield us from the dangers and snares that beset the path of life, or mitigate the afflictions and sorrows which are inseparable from the present imperfect state of existence. If we have in our possession this "pearl of great price," we may be happy in the most discouraging and trying circumstances, and meet sickness, pain, and even death itself, with calmness and resignation, in the humble assurance that, under the direction of a wise and beneficent Providence, all things will ultimately work together for our good.

Without the consolations of religion, our search for happiness will be fruitless. The world with all its glittering pleasures can yield us no solid enjoyment; the mind will be involved in continual anxiety and unsettlement, a prey to disappointment and vexation, and incapable of taking any real satisfaction, even in the good things of this life; while, as regards that which is to come, there will be "a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation." Like the mariner driven upon the boisterous ocean without a pilot or compass, we shall be the sport of every adverse gale, tossed by every angry billow, and continually in dread of being swallowed up in the threatening deep, without the cheering hope of being safely landed at last in the haven of eternal rest.

Inasmuch, therefore, as our present happiness and our everlasting salvation are at stake, with an awful uncertainty how soon the die may be cast, which will determine our portion for ever, either with the righteous or the wicked, it becomes us to be earnest in the inquiry, What are our hopes and prospects for eternity, and what would be our sentence, were we at this moment summoned before the judgment-seat of Christ?

If we are living in opposition to the convictions of Divine grace in our own minds, and to the doctrines and precepts of the Holy Scriptures, we have no reason to believe that we shall find acceptance, unless, by unfeigned repentance and amendment of life, we obtain an interest in the mercy and merits of Jesus Christ, our great atonement. Every moment's

delay is hazarding our immortal souls, and trifling with that omnipotent Being, who, though he "keepeth mercy for thousands, and forgiveth iniquity, transgression and sin," hath declared that "he will by no means clear the guilty." It surely behoves us, under such circumstances, to make an early sacrifice of our whole hearts to God, and by obedience to the teachings of his Holy Spirit, and a faithful improvement of those means of religious instruction with which he has blessed us, to "use all diligence to make our calling and election sure, before we go hence and are seen of men no more."

As it becomes the primary concern of our lives thus to regulate all our actions in conformity with the will of God, we shall often feel "the consolations of the Gospel to abound by Christ," and be prepared from living experience to adopt the devout language of the royal Psalmist, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a Rock. Therefore I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

FINIS.

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